

**PILGRIMS  
OF THE PRESS**

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**W. RUPERT DAVIES**

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*'Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.*

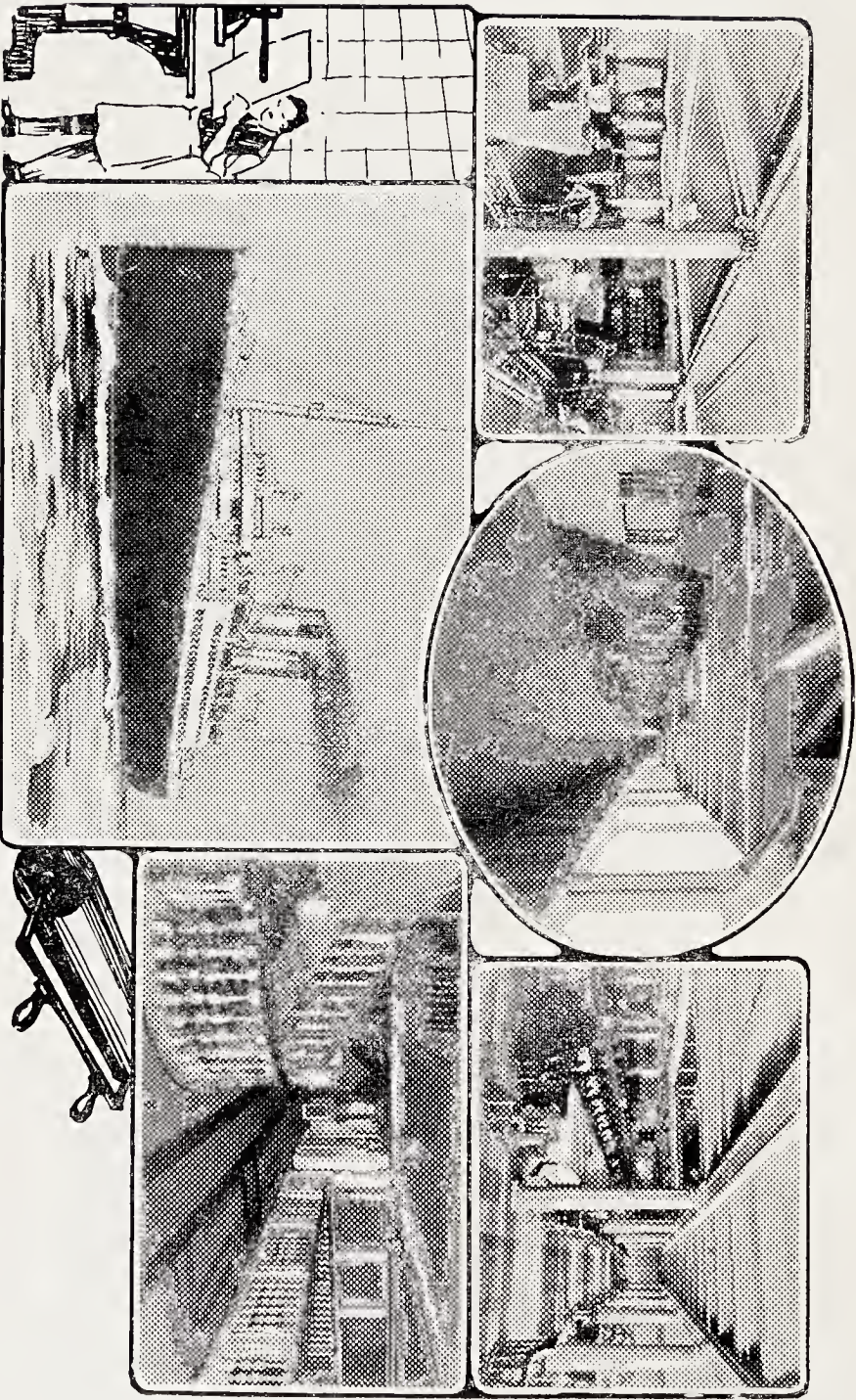
*—John Howard Payne.*







THE EDITORS' PARTY ABOARD THE MELITA



SOME VIEWS OF THE GOOD SHIP MELITA

# PILGRIMS *of the* PRESS

The Story of the Tour of the Canadian Weekly  
Newspaper Editors and Their Wives  
to Europe in 1924

By W. RUPERT DAVIES  
Organizer and Chairman of Arrangements



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# FOREWORD

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This little book is a reprint of a series of articles which appeared in *The Renfrew Mercury* during the late summer and fall of 1924. They tell the story in a more or less imperfect way of the visit of a party of Canadian weekly newspaper men and women to Belgium, France, England, Scotland and Ireland. We were a happy and congenial party, and this book does not begin to convey the enjoyment and delight that was crowded into those eight weeks. It will, however, serve to preserve a record of the tour in permanent form.

It would be an impossibility to say all I would like to say about the generosity and kindness of our friends everywhere, within the covers of a single book. I must content myself with saying that we were overwhelmed with kindness wherever we went, and shall never forget the boundless generosity of our friends overseas.

I would like to pay tribute to two men of our own party who did much to make the trip the success it was. First to Mr. Lorne Eedy, our president, who represented us in such a dignified and capable manner on so many occasions. Secondly to Mr. E. Roy Sayles, whose careful management of the finances contributed very largely to the success of the trip. Mr. Sayles had a worrying and exacting task but he was a faithful steward, and came home with a balance on the right side.

In conclusion, let me say that although I have now left the weekly newspaper field, many of my closest and dearest friends are in the C.W.N.A., and I shall ever retain the fondest memories of the glorious trips we have had together.

W. RUPERT DAVIES.

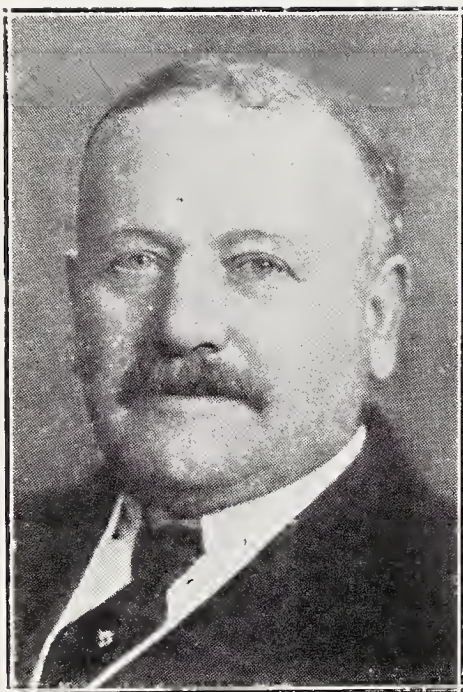
Kingston, Ontario.  
December 1st, 1925.





Their Most Gracious Majesties  
**King George V. and Queen Mary**

*To whom the members of our party were presented at  
Buckingham Palace on July 5th, 1924*



VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS BURNHAM

*From recent photographs.*



# PILGRIMS OF THE PRESS

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## CHAPTER I.

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### A Little Journey to Antwerp and Malines—Cardinal Mercier Visited

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IN introducing this series of articles on the recent visit of the Canadian weekly newspaper editors to Europe, it might be well to say something of the origin and objects of the trip. In 1920, the second Imperial Press Conference took place in the city of Ottawa, sessions being held in the Senate Chamber. Taking part in that conference were newspaper men from all

over the British Empire. At that time membership in the Empire Press Union was limited to daily newspapers, but owing to the fact that the Dominion and Provincial Governments were the hosts of these overseas visitors, the President of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association was invited. It happened that year to be the writer. The President of the Canadian Press Association, (Mr. E. Roy Sayles), which was then in existence as a sort of honorary body, was also invited. He having been appointed manager of the weekly newspaper association since he was honored with the presidency of the C.P.A., the weekly press of Canada was well represented. The matter of weekly membership in the Empire Press Union was brought up by Mr. Valentine Knapp, editor and chief owner of *The Surrey Comet*, a large and influential weekly published at Kingston-on-the-Thames. Mr. Knapp was president of

the English Newspaper Society, an organization comprising most of the daily and weekly newspapers of the English provinces. After some discussion it was referred to a committee which early the next year recommended that the weekly press be admitted to membership in the Empire Press Union.

The following year the editor of *The Mercury* paid a visit to England and at a luncheon tendered to him jointly by the Empire Press Union and the Newspaper Society, Lord Burnham, the President of the Empire Press Union, in the course of his speech referred to the decision of the committee and extended a hearty welcome to the weekly press of the Empire. The writer in responding expressed gratification at the decision of the committee to admit the weekly press to what is really the press parliament of the Empire, and later in discussing the proposal with Mr. Knapp, suggested that as an educational step in connection with the matter, it would be a splendid thing if a party of Canadian weekly editors, representative of all the provinces, could pay a visit to the Motherland, meet some of the leading editors of the country, and have the opportunity of hearing some of the Empire's great statesmen discuss Imperial questions. Mr. Knapp, who was again president of the Newspaper Society (having filled the office so well that he was elected three years in succession), received the suggestion with enthusiasm, as did also Lord Burnham, to whom he presented it. The result was that the writer, shortly after his return, placed the matter before the Board of Directors of the C.W.N.A., and while it looked like a big undertaking, he was appointed to proceed with the work of organization and see what could be accomplished. In April 1923 he again visited the Motherland, and conferred with a committee that had been appointed, consisting of three from the Empire Press Union and three from the English Newspaper Society, as follows, Sir James Owen, Sir Harry Brittain, Sir Frank Newnes, Messrs. Valentine Knapp, Percy Hurd, M.P., and Wm. Astle, O.B.E. Several meetings were held and everything possible done to help, in the work of organizing a successful tour. During the visit of the writer, a dinner was given at the Savoy Hotel by the

Empire Press Union to Messrs. Charles Crandall formerly of the Star of Montreal, J. H. Woods of the Calgary Herald, and himself, and here the opportunity was afforded of saying something about the project in view. Col. Amery, (then First Lord of the Admiralty), Col. Grant Morden, Miss Billington, of the Women's Press Club, and others, volunteered to help in the matter of entertainment. Other prominent newspaper men were either seen or communicated with during that visit, including Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Riddell, Sir Campbell Stuart and Sir Robert Baird of Belfast, and everywhere the proposed visit was received with enthusiasm, and excellent co-operation offered. In the work of organization after returning from England in 1923, the writer was ably assisted by the manager of the C.W.N.A., and while at times it looked very doubtful if a sufficient number could be secured to make the party really representative, when the C.P.R. steamship Melita sailed from Montreal on June 11th, 1924, there were 171 members in the party representing something over 100 weekly newspapers from the nine provinces of Canada.

This preface may not be of interest to the majority of our readers, but some have asked just what the tour was and the reason for it. It was organized as an educational tour with the idea, not only of establishing a closer relationship between the weekly editors of Canada and the newspaper fraternity of the Old Land, but in order that we should all get first-hand knowledge of the Mother Country, and some of its problems. So many different stories have been published that it will be well to have the actual facts recorded in print, and we know of no better place to publish them than in the columns of *The Mercury*. The trip was a big success. Everything was carried out as promised, and at less than the figure stated. In the perfecting of the arrangements much assistance was received from the officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway, particularly Mr. H. M. MacCallum, the assistant general passenger agent of the steamship department, to whom all the ocean passage arrangements were entrusted. The assistance of Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, the well-known tourist agents, was also sought, and their wonderful

organization placed at the disposal of the editors' party by L. F. Wellman, the Montreal manager with the result that from the time the party left Montreal until it returned to Quebec, the large majority of the members had not a single worry. More will be said later on about the wonderful system of Thos. Cook & Son, and the perfect manner in which they take care of every detail that in any way affects the comfort and convenience of the traveler. It should, perhaps, be mentioned that the original intention was to land at Glasgow, work through the provinces down to London, and then spend a week on the continent before returning home. Owing to conflicting with the dates set for the world's Sunday school convention this was found to be impossible so the itinerary was turned around and the visit to the continent made first.

Having taken up considerable space with a prosy introduction I will proceed to say something about the trip itself. The party sailed from Montreal at 10 o'clock on June 11th on the S.S. Melita, one of the new Canadian Pacific mono-class boats which have become so popular on the Atlantic routes. The Melita was built about 1918 and is about 14,000 tons. The commander is Captain Clews, a typical, bluff, bronzed sailorman, who has been in every port in the world. Before entering the C.P.R. service Captain Clews had a wide experience on sailing ships, and can recount many adventures experienced on the seven seas. He has been more than three months crossing the Atlantic in a sailing vessel, and when on a long trip has been away from his family for three years at a time. He took a great interest in the editors' party and ample opportunity was given for investigation of every part of the ship. It is a most interesting experience to go down into the working departments of an ocean liner and note how systematically and with what businesslike precision every detail is carried out. The kitchen, the bakeshop, the cold storage rooms, the engine rooms, and the stokehold were visited and inspected and everything found to be operated just exactly like a big business establishment on shore.

The trip across was uneventful. The weather was ideal the sea smooth and the ship steady. While there was, of course, some



*A group of C. P. R. Officials who helped make  
our trip a pleasant one.  
(See appendix note)*



**MR. L. F. WELLMAN**

*Manager of the Montreal Branch of Thos. Cook and Sons, who handled our party in Europe and the English Provinces.*

*Mr. Wellman was a tremendous help in planning the details of the tour.*

seasickness on board during the first few days, it was not serious, and everybody had an enjoyable time. The first port that we touched at was Cherbourg, France. We reached this town on Thursday afternoon. It was a bright, sunny day, and the sloping hills in the distance looked very attractive. Only a short stay was made here to put off and take on passengers. We then headed across the channel for Southampton, and had a most delightful sail along the coast of the Isle of Wight in the evening, passing Cowes, Osborne House, one of Queen Victoria's residences, and other beauty spots. We reached Southampton between nine and ten o'clock at night. All England observes daylight-saving time and it was still light when we docked. Here we were met by a delegation of the Canadian bowlers who had been bowling there that day, and by a number of London and local newspaper men. At Cherbourg, Mr. E. C. Gill, the London publicity representative of the C.P.R. joined the party, and he soon made the London newspaper men acquainted with the Canadians. Mr. Gill was a great help to the party and accompanied us through Belgium and France.

Next morning everyone was up early to get a glimpse of Old England. As soon as breakfast was over the Canadian Pacific Railway provided large motor buses, usually called charabancs, and took our party for an enjoyable drive around the important town of Southampton and out to the New Forest, that wonderful hunting ground of 145 square miles laid out by William the Conqueror shortly after he ascended the English throne, and where his son William Rufus met his death from a glancing arrow. The drive to the New Forest was very interesting, passing as we did through the finest residential sections of Southampton. Here the party had its first experience of English camera men, a feature of the trip to which we very soon became accustomed. There are lots of deer in the New Forest and also droves of wild horses. It seemed strange to see wild horses in such a settled country as the south of England, but we were assured by residents of that section that there are hundreds of them in the New Forest.

At 11 o'clock that morning we sailed from Southampton for Antwerp, where we were to begin our pilgrimage of Belgium and France. There came aboard at Southampton Hon. Gerard Power and Mrs. Power, and they were very pleased to meet so many Canadians. Hon. Gerard Power is a member of the Legislative Council of the Province of Quebec, and Chairman of the Quebec Harbor Commission. He had been in Europe for some weeks inspecting harbors with a view to making some extensive alterations to the harbor at Quebec. He came on board the *Melita* in order that he could study the Scheldt as we proceeded up that river early next morning. Mrs. Power is well acquainted in Renfrew and inquired after many friends. We arrived at Antwerp quite early, and were met by Mr. Stuart A. Bleakney, the Canadian Trade Commissioner at Brussels, and Mr. Stewart, an attache of the British Embassy. An official breakfast was given on board that morning by the C.P. R., which was presided over by Mr. W. D. Grosset, the Canadian Pacific representative at Antwerp. Present at the breakfast in addition to Mr. Bleakney, were Messrs. L. Straus, President of the Chamber of Commerce, Antwerp; Mr. A. J. Yapp, consul general of Great Britain; Mr. G. Laporte, consul general for France; Mr. Alph. Ooms of the Belgian Foreign office; Mr. Camille Joset, president of the Association of Belgian towns, and a director of Belgian Railways, and many other notables. After breakfast we were taken in charge by Messrs. Ooms and Joset on behalf of the Belgian Government, and we started to see Belgium.

It was fitting that the editors' party should land at Antwerp for that city was one of the very earliest places where the art of printing was known and practised in Europe. As far back as 1550 a political newspaper was published at Antwerp by Abraham Verhoeven, said to be the first published in Europe. Our stay in Belgium was to be four days and an admirable programme had been arranged by Messrs. Ooms and Bleakney. M. de Selys, the Belgian Consul General at Ottawa, had also been of great assistance in this respect and had done everything he could to arrange a pleasant visit for the Canadian press party. Four days does not seem a very long

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time to see a country like Belgium, but we had a very heavy itinerary planned and we were unable to accede to the desire of the Belgian Government that we make our stay longer. During the time we were in that country, however, the government did everything that they possibly could to make our stay an enjoyable one. Although a very important country, and situated most strategically, so far as Europe is concerned, Belgium is not a large country. It has an area of only about 11,000 square miles, and is about one-eighth the area of Great Britain. It is divided into nine provinces, and has a population of about 8,000,000. Antwerp is a very important European port if not the most important. We were told by someone while we were there that so far as shipping goes it was the third largest port in the world.

Antwerp is a very ancient city, tracing its history back to the sixth century, during which time a Saxon colony settled on the ruins of a Roman fortification. One story states that the inhabitants of the bank of the river were called Antwerpen from An't Werp (meaning "on the pier"). Another traces the name to a legend regarding a powerful giant who levied toll on all the craft which plied for trade on the banks of the Scheldt. This giant had the objectionable habit of cutting off the right hand of the mariners who refused to pay. One named Silvius Brabo, slew the giant, and cutting off his right hand threw it into the river as a token of delivery from this iniquitous tax. Then as habitations gradually came and extended around the spot where the dead tyrant had his stronghold, men spoke of it as the town of the Hand Werf, from the Teuton words "Hand" and "Werf" (to throw). In Flemish this gradually became Antwerpen, and remains so to this day although in the French it is called Anvers. A statue of this legendary hero, Silvius Brabo surmounts the fountain in the Grand Place, and is one of the best pieces of sculpture in the city.

The first place to which the Canadian editors were taken in Antwerp was the Hotel de Ville (city hall). Here they were received and welcomed by M. Van Cauwelaerf, the Burgomaster and the Councillors. In a brief speech, the Burgomaster expressed his

pleasure at their presence in the city and the joy it gave him to welcome such a large body of Canadians to Antwerp. Mr. Lorne Eedy of Walkerton, president of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association replied. The party was then shown through the historic and magnificent building. The foundation stone of this building, which is in the Renaissance style, was laid in 1561, but it was not completed until 1565. It was partly destroyed at the time of the Spanish Fury in 1576, and not until 1581 was it again completely rebuilt. From 1880 to 1884 the interior was again rebuilt, redecorated and refurnished and today is one of the sights of Antwerp. Space will not permit a detailed description of the Hotel de Ville, but some mention must be made of the mural paintings at the top of the grand staircase, or as it is called the "Staircase of Honor." There are five representing Navigation, Trade, Music, Fine Arts and Literature. Above these mural paintings runs a gallery on the walls of which hang portraits of all the famous men of Antwerp. The party was received in the Leys Rooms or Chamber of State of the Town Hall. Above the fireplace in the upper part of the marble mantel is a panoramic view of Antwerp in the sixteenth century, and above the four double doors are portraits of the ancient sovereigns. What attracted most attention, however, were the frescoes in the panels on the walls, the work of the celebrated Belgian painter, Jean Leys, who lived from 1815 to 1859. They represent various steps in the progress of the city as follows:

The Right of Autonomy; the Burgomaster is Chief of Police: The Duchess of Parma presenting the keys of the city to the magistrate, 1567.

The Right of Burgess: the Magistrate takes the oath of the Burghere; Battiata Palavinci receives the right of Burgess from the Magistrate, 1541.

The Right of Defence; the Burgomasters and Aldermen have the command of the citizens militia; Burgomaster Van Ursel gives orders to the militia to protect the city of Antwerp against Marten Van Rossem, 1542.

The Right of Existence: Joyous Entry of the lords of the land; Archduke Karel swearing to protect the communal privilege of Antwerp, 1514.

There are many other beautifully decorated chambers in this fine building, through which we were shown, but the most interesting was the marriage hall. It is right at the top of the grand staircase, and was filled with people watching the wedding ceremonies. It was a Saturday that we were there and during the morning 65 couples were married. The reason for the rush of business was that on Saturdays couples can be married free. On other days it costs something. We met several of the couples on the stairs and in the halls. They all looked happy, and did not seem to mind being stared at.

After our official reception at the Town Hall the entire party was taken for a trip around the harbor in two tenders. This was a very interesting experience and gave us all a chance to note the expansiveness of this modern harbor through which comes and goes so much merchandise, live stock and products of the field. The port is composed of two entirely distinct parts; 1st the river port, bordered with quay walls with wide quays; 2nd, the interior port, comprising locked basins, which are divided into maritime and barge docks. The party was taken over the entire harbor. Owing to the time it takes to get through the locks, we disembarked and walked across the locks to the basins, re-embarking for the trip around them in different boats. There were hundreds of craft of various kinds in the port of Antwerp on the day we were there. Several big freighters were loading lumber, and we were told by a Canadian who was in a position to know, and who was with us, that European lumber of certain kinds is becoming a very serious competitor of Canadian lumber in United States markets. The quays along the river Scheldt offer a mooring frontage of 5,500 running meters and the docks 16,500 meters. The accommodation for ocean traffic comprise 12 maritime docks, which are accessible by the same number of locks; three barge docks; a large landing stage specially fitted for petroleum steamers; a basin with an outlet in

the Campine canal and intended for interior shipping. There are six large drydocks, and the party was taken to see one of them in which the repairing of a large ship was being completed. There are nearly 500 large hydraulic cranes, and altogether the port of Antwerp is one of the greatest and most up-to-date in the world.

Whether a tourist has much time or little to spend in Antwerp, there is one place which he must not miss if at all possible, and that is the magnificent cathedral. It is the largest and most beautiful Gothic church in the Netherlands. Its construction was started in 1352, but it was not completely finished until 1616. The exterior of the cathedral is rather spoiled on the sides by the close proximity of other buildings, but the front of it opens on to the Place Verte, one of the open spaces of the city. Inside the church is grand and impressive. Its length is 128 yards, width of nave 57 yards, of transept 74 yards. Its height is 130 feet, but the tower is 402 feet high. It is the only cathedral in the world with seven aisles. The Rubens paintings, are of course, the main attraction in the cathedral to lovers of art. Having long treasured one of the original colored Baxter prints of "The Descent from the Cross," I was particularly anxious to see the original of this far-famed masterpiece. It is situated in the south transept, and is a truly wonderful picture. In the north transept is "The Elevation of the Cross," also by Rubens, and "The Assumption," another of his great paintings is situated in the Choir. This last picture was said to have been painted in 16 days for the sum of 1600 florins. Peter Paul Rubens, who lived from 1577 to 1640, was the most celebrated painter of the Flemish school. He established a studio at Antwerp in 1608, and lived there until he died. There are many other beautiful paintings in the cathedral by other artists, but none of them, of course, of the fame of Rubens. In this cathedral, too, is the famous head of Christ on white marble, the work of a Flemish artist, Otto Venius. In the south aisle is also The Passion, in 14 scenes, painted by two pupils of Leys, whom we referred to earlier in this article. The grand organ was installed in 1572, but the carving in the choir is modern having been completed in 1869.

There were two things in the cathedral that perhaps attracted our attention more than anything else except the Rubens paintings. One was the painting in the dome and the other was the extraordinary pulpit. Every Old Land church has its treasures, but Antwerp cathedral seemed to have a particularly large share. The pulpit is of wood, and is very large. It is reached by two stairways, and over it extends a large canopy, also of wood. The whole structure is most fantastically ornamented with carved models of trees, shrubs, birds and animals. It was designed by an artist named Van der Voort, in 1713. The dome above the intersection of the nave and the transept was constructed in 1533, and was adorned with an "Assumption" painting by Cornelius Schut in 1647. This picture was painted (so we were informed by our guide) while the artist lay on his back on a rope scaffold. We were told that it took nearly a year to complete it. I cannot leave this magnificent old cathedral without mentioning the tower. It is a beautiful and elaborate structure, dating back to 1592. There are steps up to the outside galleries, but as the ascent was steep, the day was hot and time was precious, nobody essayed the ascent. There are 514 steps to the first gallery and 102 more to the second. In the tower are located the famous chimes of Antwerp, comprising 47 bells. They were cast about 1650 and are noted for their remarkable purity of tone and perfect harmony. It is interesting to note that three of the bells in the tower at Antwerp were cast by George Dumery, who made the bells famed for their mellow tones, which still chime from the belfry of Bruges. It was our original intention to go to Bruges but owing to lack of time it had to be abandoned. Ever since the sixteenth century the carillon has been played by means of a keyboard and a pedal. The chimes also play automatically certain airs when announcing the hour, the half, the quarter and the three-quarter. After leaving the cathedral a brief inspection of some of the principal points of interest was made, including the famous Gild-Houses on the Grand Place across from the City Hall. Lunch was then served at one of the leading hotels after which some of the principal shops were visited. Antwerp has many fine streets and some ex-

cellent shops. The horses attracted a great deal of attention. On the dock horses are used extensively. They are a very strong type, with long legs, large feet and strong backs.

Late in the afternoon the party left Antwerp for Brussels, with a stop at Malines scheduled. On the way to Malines we had an opportunity of observing the fertile fields of Belgium. The land is mostly divided up into small holdings all of which appeared to be intensively cultivated and remarkably free from weeds. The Belgian is a hard worker and it was quite a common thing to see whole families out working in the fields. The ride from Antwerp to Malines is a short one, occupying only about half an hour. The distance is about 12 miles. The stop was made for the purpose of paying a visit to His Eminence Cardinal Mercier. A reception was also held for the party at the Hotel de Ville, where the Canadian ensign was flying in our honor. Malines is a busy town of some 60,000 inhabitants. The streets are broad in some places and narrow in others and paved with stones as are those of Antwerp and Brussels. It has a cathedral in which is a celebrated carillon of bells. Mr. Jeff Denyn, who a short time ago won the first prize as a carillon player in a world-wide competition, and who is known as "the famous bell-master of Mechlin," (as Malines is sometimes called) gave a concert in honor of the Canadians. Malines was formerly noted for its lace manufacturers, but at present the chief manufactures are woolsens and Gobelin tapestries. There are several fine churches there and some of them contain pictures of Rubens. The streets are narrow and paved with stones.

The reception by Cardinal Mercier was held in the Cardinal's palace at 5 p.m. The Cardinal received the party in the reception room which was reached by means of a wide marble staircase. The Cardinal welcomed the party in a brief address. He referred to his visit to Canada in 1919, where he had been given a most friendly reception everywhere. He also referred to the friendly feeling that the Belgian people have for Canadians because of the splendid service rendered to Belgium by our soldiers in the great war. The Cardinal held a formal reception in the audience chamber, every

member being presented to His Eminence. Adjournment was then made to the beautiful grounds of the palace where Cardinal Mercier spent half an hour chatting with the editors. He very kindly posed for those with cameras, and we show him chatting with a group. The visit to the Cardinal was the most delightful feature of our first day in Belgium, and an event made particularly happy by the kindness of our distinguished host was made still happier because of the excellent carillon concert rendered by M. Denyn while we were in the palace grounds. Cardinal Mercier celebrated last month the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination, and it is with very sincere regret that the members of the Canadian editors' party, who so recently visited him, have learned of his critical illness. They will hope for his early recovery.

Cardinal Mercier is the Primate of Belgium. He was born in November, 1851, at the Chateau du Cartegier, outside Braine-l'Allend, built by his grandfather, who was Mayor of the town. His father was a painter of merit, and his mother a pious lady whose three daughters became nuns, and her second son, Leon, a doctor of note. Cardinal Mercier has had a distinguished career. He graduated from Louvain University with degrees in arts and theology in 1877, but had been ordained in 1874. For some time he was a professor of philosophy at the Petit-Seminaire of Malines. Five years later the Abbe Mercier was called to Louvain, to the Thomas Aquinas chair of philosophy. At Louvain the students from all the faculties crowded for ten years the Abbe's classroom. Abbe Mercier was made Monsignor in 1887, and on March 25th, 1906, was consecrated Archbishop of Malines. A year later the Archbishop was created Cardinal-priest and received the hat with the title of Saint-Pierre-es-Liens. The Cardinal's distinguished career was crowned by his splendid and heroic work during the war. His "Pastoral Letters" during those trying years are famous for the spirit of patriotism which they breathed, and the courage they instilled into the Belgian people by their defiance of Von Bissing, and the other German military oppressors. Although these letters were forbidden by the Germans, Cardinal Mercier con-

tinued to write them and M. Dessain, the burgomaster, who later received the party at the Hotel de Ville and who is a printer by trade, secretly printed and published them. During the fifty months of German occupation of Belgium Cardinal Mercier did heroic work. As one writer said "The indomitable prelate sustained by Divine aid remained in the breach until he could burst forth into pages of lyric rapture at the Armistice." From Malines the party proceeded by train to Brussels. Here we were warmly welcomed at the railway station by a deputation of Belgian newspaper men and members of Parliament, after which we proceeded to our hotels for the night, tired but delighted with our first day in Belgium.



## CHAPTER II.

### Party Received at Royal Palace by His Majesty King Albert— Visit to the Congo Museum.

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell,  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

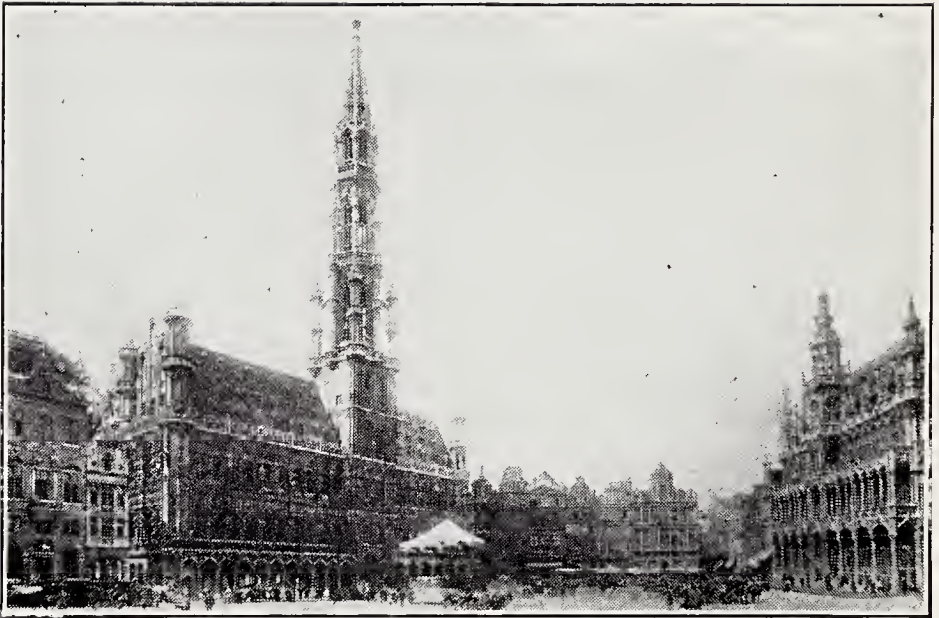


HOW often when reading over those lines, and the ones that follow, in which Byron depicts so vividly that night in Brussels before the famous battle of Waterloo, I have tried to picture the scene and the beautiful city in which it took place. Little did I ever think that one day I should be visiting that famous city with a party of Canadian editors, as guests of the Belgian Government, and that I should have the honor of replying to the warm official welcome of the Burgomaster in the very room in which the famous ball took place over one hundred years ago. Brussels I had always pictured in my imagination as a bright and beautiful city, yet a city with its share of tragedies as well as its share of joys. It was in this city that Charlotte Bronte was a teacher in the Pensionnat Heger, and it was here she buried her little sister Martha. Here it was that she experienced those lonely and tragic years that were afterwards put into "Villette," thought by some to be her best novel, and in which is portrayed her greatest character M. Paul Emanuel, for whose coming Lucy Snowe watched so long in vain. Thackeray also gives us a picture of Brussels at the time of Waterloo in "Vanity Fair." Another picture of Brus-

sels fastened itself upon my mind during the war, after I had read "With the Allies," by that brilliant American war correspondent, Richard Harding Davis. It was a picture of its invasion by the Germans. The brilliant life of the boulevards, the social life of the Palace Hotel on the Place Rogier, which Davis describes as "the clearing house for the social life of Brussels," and whose luxurious hospitality we had the opportunity of enjoying while there; the coming of the first refugees from Louvain on the night of August 18th, and then the coming of the great German war machine. How it all fastens itself upon my memory. "At eleven o'clock" says Davis, "down the Boulevard Waterloo, came the advance guard of the German army. It consisted of three men, a captain and two privates on bicycles, \* \* \* \* Behind them, so close upon each other, that to cross from one sidewalk to the other was not possible, came the Uhlans, infantry and the guns. For two hours I watched them, and then, bored with the monotony of it returned to the hotel. After an hour from beneath my window, I still could hear them; another hour and another went by. They still were passing. Boredom gave way to wonder. The thing fascinated you against your will, dragged you back to the sidewalk and held you there open-eyed. No longer was it regiments of men marching, but something uncanny, inhuman, a force of nature like a landslide, a tidal wave, or lava, sweeping down a mountain. It was not of this earth but mysterious, ghostlike. It carried all the mystery and menace of a fog rolling toward you across the sea. \* \* \* \* All through the night, like the tumult of a river when it races between the cliffs of a canyon, in my sleep I could hear the steady roar of the passing army. And when early in the morning I went to the window, the chain of steel was still unbroken. \* \* \* \* As a correspondent I have seen all the great armies and the military processions at the coronations in Russia, England and Spain, and our own inaugural parades down Pennsylvania avenue, but those armies and processions were made up of men. This was a machine, endless, tireless, with the delicate organization of a watch and the brute power of a steam roller, and for three days and three nights through Brussels it roared and



KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM



**THE GRAND PLACE IN BRUSSELS**  
*Showing the Hotel de Ville, the King's House and  
Corporations' Houses.*

rumbled, a cataract of molten lead." Another tragic war picture of Brussels, that fastened itself on the minds of millions, was the shooting of Edith Cavell, at 2 o'clock on that raw October morning in 1915. But I shall say more of that later. Let me try to describe our stay in Brussels in orderly sequence.

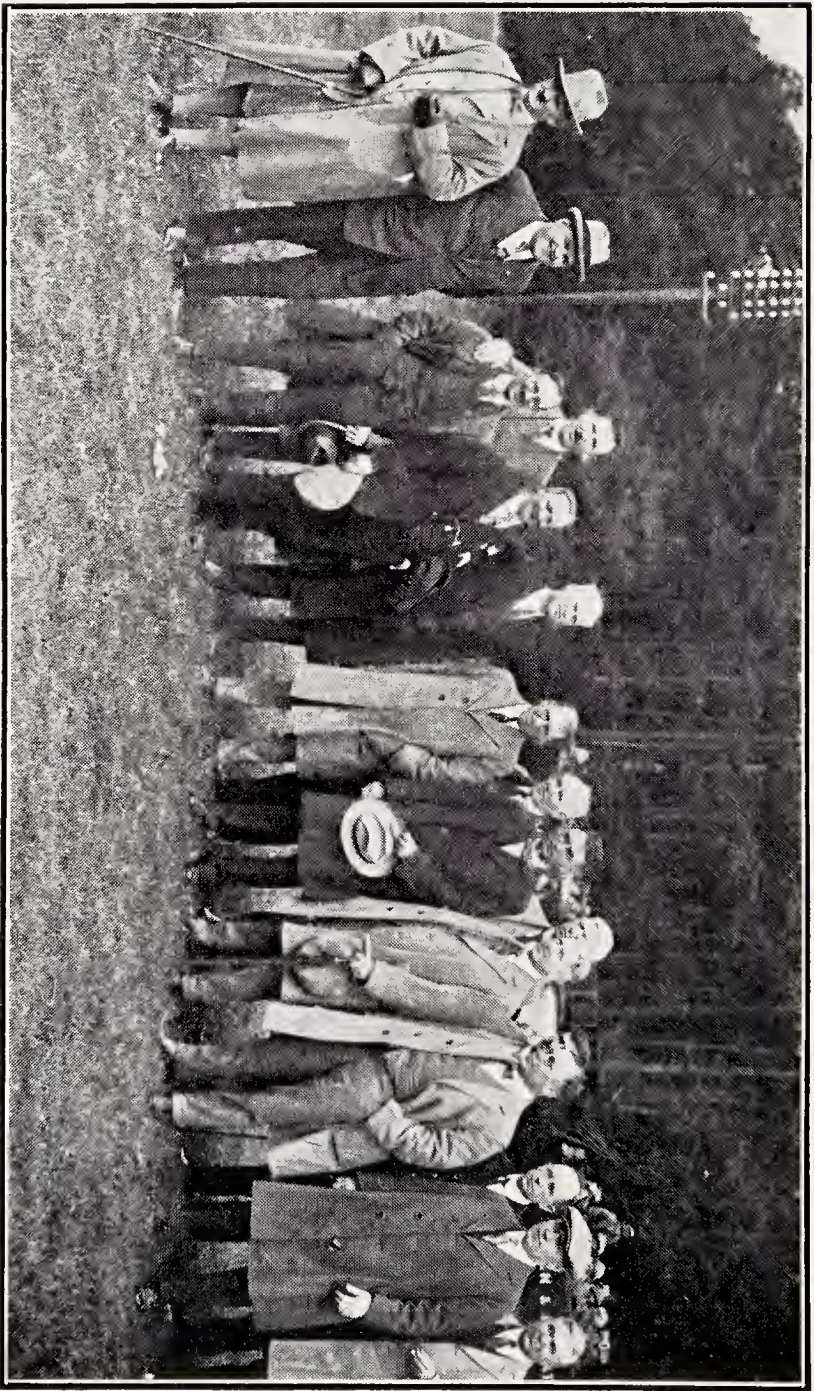
As I noted last week, we arrived in Brussels on Saturday night, about 7 o'clock. We came in at the Gare du Nord, or the North Station. After the official welcome a group photograph was taken in front of the station and we dispersed to our hotels. Mrs. Davies, Robertson and I were lucky in being included in the group assigned to the Palace Hotel (all the arrangements had been entrusted to Cooks) as it was just across the Place Rogier, from the station. Others were put up at first-class hotels a short distance away, the Metropole, the Britanique, and the Grand. They were taken there in motor cars, and we all experienced for the first time just what it meant to have an organization like Cook's, looking after our railway transportation, hotel accommodation and baggage. When we walked into the hotel we were given our room number and key and on entering our room we found our baggage all there. And this was the case all through the trip. Cooks had assigned to our party a Mr. Lewis, who had been with the company 31 years. He had been around the world with tourist parties on nine different occasions and knew all there was to know about allotting hotel accommodation, transporting a crowd of people and handling baggage. Mr. Lewis is probably a cheerful, jolly soul when off duty, but as soon as he introduced himself and shook hands with the writer at Cherbourg, he assumed the alias of Mr. E. F. Ficiency, and he was that all through the trip till he bid us good-bye at Glasgow. His assistant was a bright, good-natured chap named Bouner, who was a valuable help to his chief. The Cook system is one to marvel at, and is evidently the result of years of experience. Without going into details which might be interesting but which would take up a lot of space, I might say that no matter where we were, or what hotel we were assigned to we always found our baggage in our room when we got there. That was one of the great surprises and pleasures of

the trip. When I state that there were 170 people with one or two suitcases and a handbag each (the trunks were only used in London) and that from the time we landed at Antwerp until we reached our state room on the *Montlaurier* in Glasgow docks, on the way home, no one had to give their baggage a thought after they had strapped it and labeled it in their hotel bedroom, and yet it was always with them, one can begin to get some idea of the wonderful efficiency of this great tourist organization. The secret of it is hard to guess, but I attribute much of it to their system of always allowing plenty of time for eventualities and accidents. If we were leaving on a train at 9 a.m. all baggage had to be packed and ready for removal at 7 a.m., and the party left the hotel for the station at 8 a.m. There were times when it was a bit hard to register enthusiasm about getting up to dress and pack at 6 a.m., after four or five hours' sleep, but everybody obeyed orders without a murmur and as a result we were always on schedule time.

As I was saying when I digressed to tell something about the efficient service rendered to our party by Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, we were assigned to the Palace Hotel. Having had a slight experience three years earlier with continental hotels, I was prepared for the worst and received the most pleasant surprise. When we entered the long rotunda with its bright-hued carpet, its brilliant lights, its comfortable chairs and its magnificent appointments my spirits began to rise and when I saw our room, with its rich hangings, its handsome mahogany and brass twin beds, its exquisite marble-tiled bath-room, its rich carpet and comfortable chairs, I quickly changed my opinion about continental hotels and decided that when it came to comfort and luxury, the proprietors of first-class Belgian hotels have nothing to learn from this continent. The same thing applies to the restaurant service. It was first-class in every respect. There were on the menu for dinner that night the choicest of meats, fish and fowl, and such strawberries and muskmelons as we never see in this part of Canada. Of course the menus are all in French, but in that respect they are no different to the London hotels, and in fact nearly all first-class English hotels.



Our first morning in Brussels, just after President Eedy had laid a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Soldier. Standing beside Mr. Eedy is Mr. Stuart Bleakney the Canadian Trade Commissioner and at the extreme right is seen M. Cammille Joset, our guide, counselor and friend while in Belgium.



*The directors of the C.I.F.N.A. at the New Forest, Hampshire.*



In England, however, it is easy to say to the waiter, "Now, I don't know what all this means, but bring me some soup. roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, etc., etc." and he goes away smiling. In Belgium it is not that easy, although the head-waiters usually understand some English.

Brussels hotels are much like Canadian hotels. There were two dining-rooms at the Palace, the restaurant and the grill. There were five of us together for dinner that evening and we chose the restaurant because we were more tired than hungry and none of us felt like the hot full course dinner which we expected would be served in the grill. We confined ourselves to something light, which however included strawberries and cream and muskmelon. The bill was something over 200 francs, Figuring it roughly that "snack" cost us over \$10.00 with the franc worth 4.65 cents. Had the franc been normal, i.e 19 cents the bill would have been about \$50.00. But I imagine that when the franc is normal prices come down. If they don't and wines are taken with dinner, the Palace would hardly be the place for a poor man, Those who dined in the grill, however, reported an excellent meal at very reasonable cost. That was our only experience of the kind. It happened because we arrived late and had no time to confer with the management about meals. For the balance of our stay, likewise in Paris and London we were able to arrange for a very nice table d'hote meal at a reasonable price. After dinner we went out to see a little of the city. That first dinner taught us all something we did not know before, that they don't hurry their meals in Europe. They serve them leisurely and one must learn to possess his soul and stomach in patience. So it was late when we started out, and we did not go far. A walk down the Adolph Max was interesting, however, and we saw some of the fine shops of Brussels, and what was more interesting the scores of cafes, with the little tables and chairs out on the sidewalks in front where people sip their liquid refreshment and watch the crowds go by. That is a feature of continental life that immediately attracts the attention and interest of the westerner.

We were to be in Brussels till Tuesday morning, but part of Monday was to be taken up with a visit to Liege so a very full programme had been arranged for Sunday, starting as early as 8.45. It was a beautiful June day and at the above hour we assembled at the Porte de Scharbeek from which place we first visited the tomb of the unknown Belgian soldier, on which on behalf of the editors' party, Mr. Lorne Eedy, the president of the C.W.N.A. reverently laid a large wreath, in the centre of which was the Canadian coat of arms. This matter had been attended to by Mr. Stuart Bleakney the Canadian Trade Commissioner, who from its inception took a great interest in our tour and had carried on the negotiations for our visit with the Belgian Government. In this he had had the assistance of the British Embassy. Mr. Lorne Eedy also briefly addressed the General who was there to greet us, expressing deep appreciation of the gallant stand made by the Belgian army in August 1914. From here we proceeded to the headquarters of the Comite Central Industrial de Belgique, which is something similar to our Chamber of Commerce, or Manufacturers Association. Here we were addressed by the chairman. He read us quite a long address in English, in which he expressed regret that Belgium did not do more business with Canada, and expressing the hope that Belgium would be granted better trade arrangements with Canada and that trade between the two countries would improve. The writer replied on behalf of the press party. From here we proceeded to the Ministry of Foreign affairs, where we were received by Foreign Minister Hymans, who has been taking such a prominent part in the recent London Conference. On the way there we passed the house in which Lord Byron lived when domiciled in Brussels. There was a wreath hanging from the window in memory of the brilliant English poet. At the Foreign Ministry we were first received by Sir George Graham, the British Ambassador to Belgium. Sir George is a tall, fair man, with a friendly handclasp and a pleasant smile. He is very popular in the Belgian capital. He had taken a great interest in the visit of the Canadian editors right from the start, and it was a great pleasure to meet



PLACE ROGIER AT BRUSSELS  
*Showing the Palace Hotel and Boulevard Botanique*



## WHERE EDITH·CAVELL WAS SHOT

*With Memorial Stone to those who also died there. The square block with chains around it marks the spot where Edith Cavell was executed.*

him. Foreign Minister Hymans welcomed the party warmly on behalf of the Belgian Government and replies were made in English by the writer and in French by Mr. Vincent Dubuc of The Progress du Saguenay, Chicoutimi, Quebec.

We next paid a visit to the Houses of Parliament, and were met at the entrance by Mr. Pierard, the member of Parliament who had welcomed us at the station the evening previous, and by him shown through the various rooms. It is a very beautiful building and abounds, as do most of the buildings in Brussels, in historic paintings, and magnificently carved woodwork. It is worthy of note too, that in nearly all the public buildings we visited in Europe we found beautiful, wide marble staircases. Great interest was taken in this building, but the room that attracted the most attention was that in which Edith Cavell was tried by the German Military Court in 1915. It was the House of Representatives, or as we would term it, the Commons Chamber. The seats have desks in front of them, similar to our own Canadian Commons and Legislative chambers and are semi-circularly arranged in the large hall. On a rostrum at one side, facing the semi-circle of seats, sits the presiding officer, or, as we would call him, the Speaker. M. Pierard showed us the seat in which Edith Cavell sat during her trial. On all the other seats there is a little nickel plate, bearing the name of the deputy who occupies it, but there is no plate on the seat occupied by the brave English nurse who gave her life for her country, nor will there ever be. It will be left unoccupied for all time, as a mark of honor and respect to Miss Cavell. Edith Cavell, as everyone who followed the events of the late war well remembers was an English nurse who was head of the Brussels Surgical Institute. She was accused of helping English, French and Belgian young men to cross the frontier and go over to England. She admitted the charge and said she was proud to die for her country. Every effort was made by the American Ambassador, Mr. Brand Whitlock to have clemency exercised in her case, but to no avail, and Military Governor von Bissing ordered her shot at 2 o'clock in the morning of October 12th, 1915. The shooting of Edith Cavell shocked the whole world at the

time, but the horror of it was again brought home to us all with terrible force later in the day, when we stood in a circle around the tablet which now marks the spot in the rear of the Brussels armouries, where Edith Cavell was shot down by a firing squad. It was a gruesome story told to us by the Belgian commandant, a veteran with three rows of ribbons across his chest, and there were few dry eyes in the gathering when he finished. At the conclusion of his address the members of the party filed past the tablet each laying a rose upon it as they passed, the flowers having been thoughtfully furnished by Mrs. Stuart Bleakney, the wife of the trade commissioner, and handed to us by her little daughter. (Mrs. Bleakney was formerly Miss Mary Stewart of Kingston). The last hours of Edith Cavell, as told by Rev. H. Stirling Gahan, the British chaplain, who was permitted to see her the night before her execution, indicate how courageous she was, He found her perfectly calm and resigned, "I have no fear nor shrinking," she said to him. "I have seen death so often that it is not strange or fearful to me." Then after some remarks about the life of hurry and difficulty that she had always led and expressing, thanks to God for the ten weeks of quiet before the end she said: "They have all been very kind to me here. But this I would say, standing as I do in view of God and eternity, I realise that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness toward anyone."

We partook of the Holy Communion together, says Mr. Gahan, and she received the Gospel message of consolation with all her heart. At the close of the little service I began to repeat the words "Abide With Me," and she joined softly in the end.

We sat quietly talking until it was time for me to go. She gave me parting messages for relations and friends. \* \* \* \* Then I said "Good-by" and she smiled and said, "We shall meet again."

Thus went to her death one of the world's greatest heroines.

During our perambulations through the Parliament buildings we learned much from our guide, who was a member of the Socialist party, regarding the political parties and the way they are formed in Belgium. The government of Belgium is liberal in its form

in spite of the fact that it is a monarchy. The king gets his power from the people and has not one right that has not been given to him by the constitution. He acts generally through his Ministers, who, though appointed by him, are responsible only to the Chambers. In Belgium there is no privilege given to birth, the Senate and the House of Representatives both being elected. They have had various systems of voting which space will not permit me here to detail, but the basis of the plural vote recently abandoned is interesting. This system gave one vote to every citizen twenty-five years of age, two additional votes to college graduates, one additional vote to married men at least thirty-five years old, and one additional vote to each person owning his home. The maximum number of votes allowed was three. This plan was inaugurated, so we were told, to reduce the influence of the common workers, massed in the industrial centres, who it was feared might exercise a real tyranny in the land, because they were uneducated and very easily swayed by the politicians. It was so complex and looked so much like a privilege accorded to the wealthier classes that the workers suspected it and it had to be abandoned. The Senate we were told was elected, but in a rather peculiar way. One third is elected by the people by ballot; the next third is elected or appointed by the House of Representatives, and the last third by the first two-thirds together. It seems to have some advantages over the Canadian system. Senators must be 40 years of age, and must pay a considerable sum in taxes. The electors having a vote for Senators must be thirty years old. The House of Representatives is elected by a system of proportional representation. The country is divided into large electoral districts each of which elects a number of representatives. These are distributed between the different parties in proportion to the number of votes they receive. In this way it is claimed no vote is lost, and it is said it makes for stability of parties.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A Visit to Congo Museum and Fort Loncin—Two Days on the Battlefields.



FROM the houses of Parliament, where I finished last week, our party proceeded to the Hotel de Ville where, as I have previously stated, we were received in the large ball room where the famous dance took place the night before the Battle of Waterloo. This room is very beautifully panelled and has high stained-glass windows. After the reception by the Burgomaster, we were invited by him to the balcony to witness the Corpus Christi Procession, which was just entering the Grand Place on which the Hotel de Ville is situated. We were delighted to accept his invitation, and after going through a little passage and down some stone steps, we found ourselves on the stone balcony overlooking the most famous square in Brussels. Situated around the square are many famous buildings. Directly across from the Hotel de Ville is the Maison du Roi, or King's House, a wonderful piece of Gothic architecture, with balconies running across the front, and the whole exterior decorated with exquisite carving. The King's House gets its name from the perceptions offices of the King's revenues. It houses a museum of archeological objects and paintings. Adjoining the King's House across the square is the house in which Victor Hugo lived during his exile in Brussels, and in which he wrote "Les Miserables." The Hotel de Ville itself was erected in 1402. It is considered one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic art. The tower, which is a stately piece of work dates from 1449, and is surmounted by a statue of St. Michael, On the north west side of the Square are the Corporations Houses. These were erected in 1695 and they each have a particular character. The house on the extreme right with the cupola top as shown in the pic-



ture, is the "House of the Bakers," next to it is "The House of the Wheel-barrow," now called the Press; next comes "The House of the Wolf," which bears as its sign the group of Romulus and Remis being suckled by their savage nurse; next "The House of the Sack," and lastly, just at the left of the City Hall, "The House of the five Parts of the World," surmounted by St. Eloi. The sides of the immense square, which like all the streets of Brussels is paved with stones, were lined with people eager to witness the wonderful festival. We were particularly fortunate in having such a point of vantage reserved for us. The Corpus Christi procession was brilliant and colorful. There were several bands, and a number of choirs. One of the choirs that attracted particular attention was that composed of seventy-two young ladies all dressed in light blue gowns, and with their long flaxen hair streaming down their backs. They had, quite evidently, been very carefully picked, not only for the color of their hair, but for their wonderful voices. There was a men's choir, which was accompanied by a band, and also a children's choir, which sang very beautifully. Jesus Christ was portrayed at eight different stages of his life. We were very lucky in being in Brussels on this particular Sunday, as we were told by the Burgomaster that it was the only church procession during the year in which the soldiers were allowed to take part. They were there in force, both infantry and cavalry. The details had evidently been most carefully arranged, for everything was carried out in a most effective and impressive manner, without a single hitch. The main portion of the procession came from the famous Roman Catholic Cathedral, called "The Church of Saint Gudule," but other churches had also contributed to it. St. Gudule was begun in 1047 and finished in 1226. It is built in three different styles, and is especially rich in stained glass windows. Like the cathedral at Antwerp it has a magnificent pulpit.

On leaving the Hotel de Ville, Mrs. Davies and Robertson and I had a rather amusing experience. In the crowd of people in the Grand Place, we became separated from the rest of our party, and suddenly realized that we were a long way from our hotel, and were

not quite sure which way to go. To lose your way in a large city is never a pleasant experience, but to lose your way in a large city in which the people speak one language and you speak another, soon becomes almost a serious matter, especially when you are trying to keep up to a schedule. I had a general idea of the direction in which we should go, but I did not seem to be able to get on to the right thoroughfare. A simple way would have been to have hailed a taxi and jumped in, but there seemed to be no taxi stands imminent, and all those that passed us were occupied. Sunday is a big day in Brussels, and this Sunday was a particularly busy one for the taxi men on account of the large crowds that had congregated to see the Corpus Christi procession in the Grand Place. However, by persevering with a very limited knowledge of very poor French with which I annoyed a great many passers by, I eventually made a lady understand that we wanted to get to the Palace Hotel near the Gare du Nord, and she very kindly put us on the right street.

After lunch our party was taken in motors along some of the beautiful avenues, for which Brussels is noted, and past some of its magnificent monuments and then we departed for Tervueren. Tervueren is about twelve miles from Belgium, and it is there that the famous Congo Museum is situated. The drive was a restful one, along the wide smooth highways, through what appeared to be a dense forest on both sides. It is a most surprising thing to a visitor to Brussels to note that no damage was done to the city by the Germans. One would naturally expect that the wonderful trees in this forest would have been cut down and used by them for construction on the battle front. The explanation, of course, is that the Germans expected to have Brussels as part of their own country when the war was over, and for that reason they did not wish to mar any of its beautiful features.

The visit to the Congo Museum was a revelation. Here one can pass from room to room, and by intelligent observation of the various displays in the different sections learn the entire story of the Belgian Congo. Everything one can possibly think of is exhibited there. Not only is the animal and bird life of the Congo shown, but

the domestic life of the inhabitants, their crude household utensils and musical instruments, and their simple looking but effective implements of warfare. What impressed the Canadian party most of all was the wonderful statuary in the central portion of the Museum, which is itself beautifully finished in marble. The chief figure is that of King Leopold II. Although it was at the conclusion of the conference of Berlin in 1885 that Leopold II, King of the Belgians, was called to the sovereignty of the independent state of the Congo, on account of the part he had taken against slavery in Central Africa, it was not until a short time before his death that the Congo was taken over by Belgium.

The Congo is still largely inhabited by natives, but it produces great wealth, from its rubber, ivory, timber, copper, gold, etc. After visiting the Museum, we were conducted through the beautiful gardens to the rear, and there served with tea. From Tervueren we proceeded back to Brussels where we were due at the Royal Palace at six o'clock. The reception by His Majesty, King Albert, was a very pleasant affair. We were all conducted to the ante-room of the Royal Audience Chamber, passing up a long wide marble stairway, and through a hall which was lined with soldiers standing at attention. In the ante-room our party was received by Sir George Graham, the British Ambassador, and at six o'clock precisely, presentations to His Majesty commenced. His Majesty first gave the heads of the party a private audience and chatted very affably with them about the tour which was in progress. Every member of the party was then introduced to Sir George Graham, who in turn presented them to His Majesty. He received them all in his usual gracious manner inquiring of everyone just where they were located in Canada, and asking other questions of interest about the country. King Albert was much interested in those sections of Canada where there were Belgians located, and inquired carefully as to how his people were progressing in this country. As an illustration of the kindness of King Albert and his warm feeling for Canada, it might be noted that when His Ministers first suggested to him that he receive the Canadians, they proposed that it take place at the Royal Horse

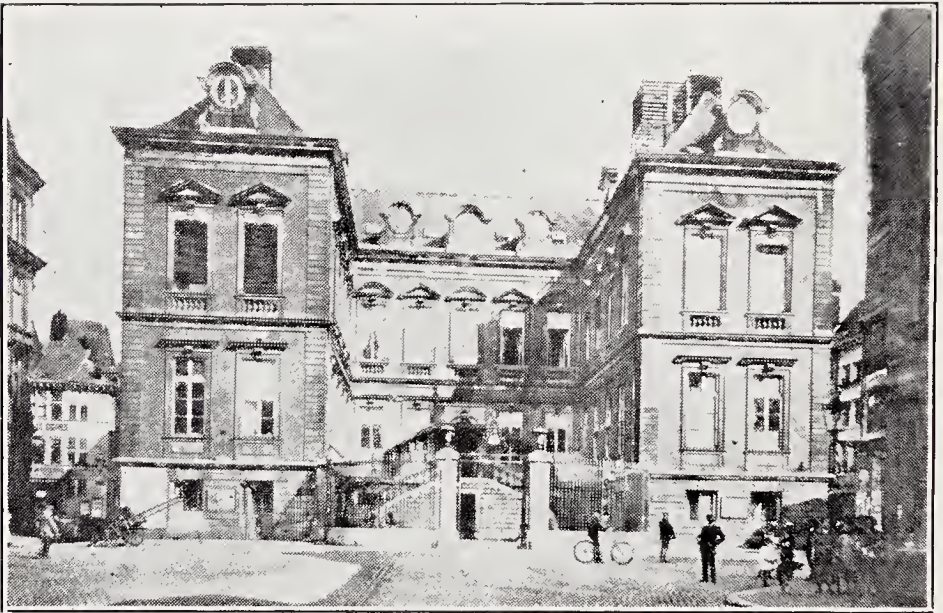
show, which he was scheduled to attend that Sunday afternoon. He would not have it that way, however, and made a special trip in from his country place to the Royal palace at Brussels for the reception which lasted for about an hour, and which brought to an end a most delightful afternoon.

The evening was spent by the party in various ways. Some went direct to the field of Waterloo, missing dinner in order to visit this famous battlefield, others visited places that they were anxious to see in the city, while still others, after a leisurely dinner strolled along the boulevards and observed the way in which the people of Brussels spent their Sunday evenings. The cafes were crowded and the little round tables were all filled with men and women, sipping liquid refreshments, and talking with friends or watching the crowds go by. The shops were closed, but numerous street vendors passed along and peddled their wares as they went. Dark-skinned southerners were here and there with a bundle of rugs, shawls or tapestries over their shoulders for which they asked about three or four times what they expected to eventually receive. These men quite evidently live largely off the tourist trade and it is interesting to bargain with them. Boys are about selling papers, women peddle fruit, and crowds of people pass along the brilliantly lighted thoroughfares. Everything is very orderly, and the chief enjoyment seems to consist of watching the world go by. The people of Brussels appeared to be prosperous and well-dressed. The bobbed-hair craze which has struck Canada does not seem to be popular in Belgium. We do not recollect seeing one girl with her hair docked in this fashion.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has a very fine office on the Boulevard Adolph Max. They occupy the ground floor themselves, and the first floor is occupied by the officers of the Canadian Trade Commissioner, Mr. Bleakney. Brussels has many very fine shops including several large departmental stores. A peculiar feature which we noticed about these large stores was the lack of change carriers. Purchases are settled for at a cash desk, which may be near or may be far. There would seem to be an opportunity in Brussels



CARDINAL MERCIER  
*In His Garden at Malines*



THE CITY HALL AT LIEGE

*Where the Canadian Ensign was flown in our honor*

for the introduction of more up-to-date methods of handling change. Taxis are cheap in Brussels as they are in Paris. Like Toronto and Montreal, however Brussels has taxis of various colors and prices. We were told that the green taxis were the cheapest so we patronized them and found them very satisfactory. Flowers are very cheap in Brussels. The wreath which was placed by the editors' party on the tomb of the unknown warrior was a very large one being about four feet in diameter. It cost \$10.00. Ready-made clothes are also cheap there. They looked very nice in the store windows but we were told that in order to get satisfactory clothes one had to have them made to order and the prices were not so low. The shop windows were very attractive, and many of the ladies of the party—and some of the men—could not resist the temptation to make purchases while they were there.

On Monday morning the party left on a special train for Liege, in charge of Messrs. Ooms and Joset. The train pulled out about half past eight and arrived at Liege at 10.15, having passed through Louvain, which also suffered heavily in the war, on the way. Liege is the Birmingham of Belgium. It is very prettily situated at the junction of the Meuse and the Aarthe rivers. On one side is a very high hill on top of which is the citadel. The city has a population of nearly 400,000 and is the centre of the iron and steel industry. On arrival at Liege the party was divided, one half visiting one large steel works and the other half another. These huge steel works were practically demolished during the war, all the machinery being taken away by the Germans, but today they are running full blast. Much of the new machinery was made in the United States. The plant we visited was very similar to that of the British Empire Steel Company at Sydney, Nova Scotia. Like the B. E. S. Co., they make steel rails, barbed wire, plain wire, etc. It is very fascinating to watch a huge block of red hot steel automatically passed through the various rollers, which make it longer and longer, until it is a finished rail and piled up along side hundreds of others. One thing which we noticed them making at Liege which we had not noticed at Sydney last year was steel disc wheels for trains. These are ham-

mered out by huge drop hammers and automatically bored and shaped. The visit to the steel plants of Liege was very instructive and indicated that industrial Belgium is practically normal again. The wages paid in Belgium are not nearly as high as those paid in Canada, and the Belgians are therefore able to produce at a much lower cost.

From the steel works we were driven to the Hotel de Ville, a picture of which we reproduce in this issue. Here we found the Canadian ensign flying in our honor. We were warmly received by the Burgomaster and the council, the appreciation of the editors being expressed very nicely by Mr. A. E. Calnan, editor of *The Picton Gazette*. A rather amusing incident occurred here. The Burgomaster addressed us in French, but when Mr. Calnan replied in English, he apologized, saying that he thought all Canadians spoke French. He then re-addressed us in English. How many Canadian mayors could so adapt themselves to such circumstances? Lunch was served at the Hotel Suede, being presided over by Mr. Joset. All the newspaper proprietors of Liege were present, and several of them spoke. The reply for the Canadians was made by Mr. J. J. Hunter, editor of *The Kincardine Reporter*. After lunch we were taken for a drive around the city before proceeding to the Fort de Loncin. The retail shops of Liege were very attractive and some of the ladies preferred to spend the morning visiting them rather than the steel works.

Liege has been a Belgian possession since 1830. It is one of the principal towns of Belgium and because of its position, in 1914 received the first shock of the German attack and resisted it with valor. It has many fine churches and monuments also a large university and technical institutions of learning. The Fort de Loncin was one of a dozen or more forts built in the neighborhood of Liege to guard the road from Germany to Brussels. They were all thought to be impregnable, but the most of them were found to be quite incapable of withstanding the German onslaught. Although they were massive, concrete structures, they crumbled under the heavy guns with which Germany bombarded them. One after another



they collapsed until only the Fort de Loncin remained. This fort commanded not only the railway tracks but the main road and the Germans were very anxious to silence it. It was commanded by Col. Naessens and when the situation began to get desperate he called his men together and gave all who wanted to leave the opportunity of doing so, but not one wished to desert the post of duty. From August the fourth to August the fourteenth this gallant band held out against a terrific bombardment, and only when a shell dropped on the powder magazine and blew up the fort did the Germans succeed in taking it. When the fort blew up the gallant band of about 500 soldiers were nearly all buried and only a few of them were taken out of the debris alive. Among these was Col. Naessens. We were shown the spot where the gallant commander was found under a pile of dirt and concrete. He was at first thought to be dead, but was later discovered to be alive and it was he, now honored with the title of General, whom we had the pleasure of meeting at the fort on that day. He told us the story of the Fort de Loncin in a simple, modest manner, and his words were interpreted to us by one of our own party, Mr. Max Cormier, editor of *Le Madawaska* of Edmunston, N.B. The captives from the fort were taken to Germany for the period of the war. A great many still lie buried beneath the ruins but they dare not try to dig their bodies out for fear more will be buried alive in the effort.

Close to the fort stands a monument, in honor of the heroic band, of which we publish a picture. On this monument is a bronze medallion of the brave commander, General Naessens. A portion of the fort has been turned into a cemetery. Flowers have been planted and the little spot is carefully tended. The visit to the fort was a most interesting one, but it was hard to realize that in that quiet spot, where birds were singing and all was peaceful, ten years before, such havoc was being wrought because of the greed of man. At the conclusion of the visit of inspection we were addressed by General Naessens at the monument. He paid a glowing tribute to the war record of the Canadians. Rev. Arthur H. Moore, editor of the *St. Johns, (Que.) News*, (now principal of King's College,

Halifax), who was a chaplain during the war, replied on behalf of the editors. The stand at Fort de Loncin was a very vital factor in the Great War. Those few days gained made it possible for the French and English armies to reach Mons, and the check which the German army received in that ten days might have been the factor that changed the whole ending of the war. Had the Germans reached Paris and the Channel ports in those first few days, as they planned, who can tell what would be the situation now.

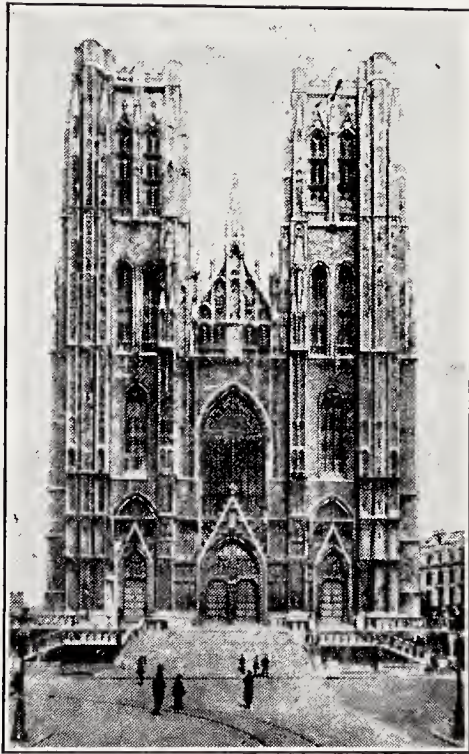
### A Visit to the Battlefields.

The next day a start was made on a two day tour of the battlefields. The party left Brussels on an early morning train for Lille, where they were entertained at luncheon by Mr. and Mrs. Agache. Mr. Agache is associated with Kuhlmanns Limited, and is one of the leading industrialists of that section of France. A trip was made from Lille by motor coach via Roubaix, Tourcoing, Menin, Ypres, Dickebusch, Mont Kemmel, Locre, Bailleul and Armentieres. In 1921 the traces of war were being rapidly cleared away but by 1924 they had become almost entirely obliterated, so far as the fields are concerned, but the bare blackened trees whose ghastly shapes are seen against the horizon remind one of the vicious gas attacks that took such a deadly toll from our Canadian regiments. Hill 60 was visited and Hill 62 and the spot where the Canadian Daughters of the Empire intend to erect a monument to the memory of our gallant soldiers, Ypres is practically all rebuilt, but the ruins of the Cloth Hall still stand as a terrible example of the frightfulness of war.

The night was spent at Lille. For some reason it was impossible to secure accommodation at the larger hotels in this town, so we were put up at smaller places. The one we were at was not very modern, nor very comfortable, but the anxiety of the proprietor and his staff to try to make us feel at home compensated for all the discomforts which we experienced. If one only has some sense of humor anything, almost, can be endured. Our room smelt stuffy, so I rang the bell and pointed to the windows, trying to indicate to



*Monument at Fort Loncin, near Liege*



ST. GUDULE CATHEDRAL, BRUSSELS

the porter that I wanted them opened. He did not seem to understand and I was about to give up either trying to open them myself or to explain to the "garçon," when a bright idea struck him, and he rushed out of the room. In a few minutes I saw a pair of heavy iron shutters swing to over the already closed windows, and soon my willing but misguided friend appeared at my door all smiles, and feeling quite proud that he had been able, as he thought, to interpret my wishes. I did not have the heart to disillusion him, and not till late at night did I manage by supreme efforts to get the window pried open and the shutters ajar. I shall never forget that porter. He was a little man with a big moustache, a dirty apron and carpet slippers, but the most willing person I have ever met. My family and I arrived on a later train than the rest of the party. I had to stop behind in Brussels to attend to some business which took a few hours. I rang for some hot water and the porter came down the hall on a sort of gallop, just bubbling over with welcoming French and with a big jug of hot water in his arms. There was no soap, of course. There never is in continental hotels. But from a huge pocket of the dirty apron he soon produced a cake which he sold me for a small sum. In the dining-room the same good-nature prevailed. There were no haughty men waiters brazenly asking for their ten per cent. tip, but willing French girls hurrying and scurrying here and there trying to serve everybody. It was a change from the Palace Hotel at Brussels, but everybody had enough to eat and there was a freedom from restraint which we all enjoyed.

I had a little experience on the way from Brussels to Lille, that created in me a new sympathy for foreigners who do not understand our language or customs, and impressed me anew with the fact that there are kind-hearted people all over the world. Cooks had provided us with tickets and when the conductor came along he tried to explain to me that there was something wrong with them, but his French and mine were not just the same. There were two other men in the same compartment with us, but neither of them spoke English. I knew there was something wrong, but what it was I had not the slightest idea. So I thought I would endeavor to find out. I tried

one or two compartments, without result, but was lucky at last to find a young man in a compartment by himself reading some technical book. I showed my ticket to him and he explained that it was only to the border. When we got to the border between France and Belgium we had to go through a room to have our bags examined and then buy a ticket on the French railway for the short distance to Lille. My mind was at rest. It was quite simple. So accordingly I was one of the first to appear at the wicket of the little station to ask for three tickets for Lille. The ticket seller handed them to me, but when I put down the required amount I thought he had asked for in francs, he drew back the tickets and started talking at me in that sixty-mile an hour French that they all seem to speak over there. I endeavored to ask what it was all about. He wanted so much money and I had laid it down. (By this time I was priding myself that I was quite handy with francs and centimes). A number had lined up behind me, and I was becoming extremely unpopular with the waiting crowd. My friend of the technical book and the solitary compartment, again came to my aid. I was offering the ticket seller Belgian money which he would not accept at all, and particularly because it was at a discount. My new-found friend paid for my tickets and his own and we got out of the crowd and settled up. He not only exchanged my Belgian money for French to the value of the tickets, but offered me an extra hundred francs to help me till I got a chance to change some money in Lille. I shall not soon forget that young man's kindness.

We left Lille next morning for Arras in motor busses. Just outside Lille at a little place called Perenchies our good friend Mr. Agache halted us to show us the largest and most complete linen mill that we had ever seen. It had been an important industrial centre before the war, but the Germans had completely wrecked it and carried off all the machinery that was of use to them. Now it is a truly wonderfully modern plant, employing hundreds of men and women, boys and girls. It was evident to us Canadians as we went through the factory that the school age in France is not as high as it is in Canada. We were then shown through a portion of the mo-

del town and our journeying brought to an end in this place at a large hall where delightful refreshments were served and where we were greeted by a band of 100 pieces playing "The Maple Leaf Forever." We left Perenchies at about 10.00 a.m., and at 1 were again stopped at Neux les Mines and entertained to luncheon by the big coal mining company there. Leaving this town we proceeded over the battlefields passing through La Basse, Loos, Lens, Vimy, Neuville St. Vaast, and Le Targette. Some time was spent on Vimy Ridge, John Mackenzie, editor of *The Standard* at Strathmore, Alberta, who was with the Canadians at this point in the war, explaining the lay-out to the editors. We were shown some communication trenches that are still there and also the site where a monument is to be erected. Between Arras and Paris we passed through some very interesting country. There was not left very much here to remind one of the war, except an occasional cemetery, with military crosses. We passed through fertile fields and quiet towns with their red-tiled roofs, and reached Paris about half past seven at night.

## CHAPTER IV

### A Description of the Four Days Spent by the Canadian Editors in Paris.



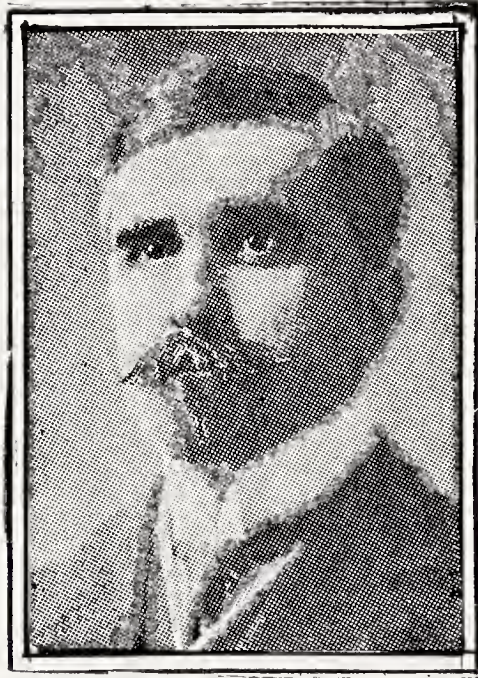
NOTHING could possibly have been warmer than the welcome which the Canadian editors' party received in Paris. The two hour ride from Arras had not been very comfortable. Owing to some misunderstanding the three extra coaches ordered for our party had not been attached to the train which left Arras at 5 p.m. and, when we got aboard we found the train already full, so a great many of us had to stand up in the corridors all the way from Arras to Paris. When we arrived at the Gare du Nord, however, the welcome which we received soon made us forget our hot and uncomfortable journey. The first to greet us was a representative from the office of Mr. Philippe Roy, the Agent-General for Canada in Paris. Mr. Roy had been detained by official business but his deputy conveyed his warmest greetings. Next was Madame Boas de Jouvenel, the charming and warm-hearted French lady to whom is due, in a very large measure the credit for the splendid programme arranged for us in Paris, Madame de Jouvenel is honorary secretary of the *Bienvenue Francaise*, or French Welcome League, She was accompanied by her secretary Mademoiselle Rappaporte, an efficient young lady who spoke both English and French fluently, and several other members of the League. A number of French newspaper men and correspondents of English and American newspapers were also present. After the welcome, a group photograph was taken and everybody then despatched in taxis to their hotels.

In Paris the party had been divided between two hotels, the *Moderne* and the *Palais Lyons*. We had been assigned to Hotel





PRESIDENT DOUMERGUE OF FRANCE



MR. PHILIP ROY.

*Canadian Agent-General at Paris who was particularly attentive to our party.*

Moderne, a comfortable, well-equipped hotel on the Place de Republique, a large public square on the northwest side of the city. It used to be an open space, which in days gone by provided a convenient gathering place for mobs of various kinds who were dissatisfied with their lot in life. Later, however the city planted a lot of trees and turned it into a small park, thus spoiling it for mass meeting purposes. The Palais Lyons is near the Gare de Lyon, and not far from the spot where the Bastile or old state prison of Paris used to stand. The Bastile was built about 1370 by Charles V. and was chiefly used for imprisoning persons of rank who had fallen out with the court or the king, and also for those writers who attacked the government or any powerful person. It was this fact which caused it to be so detested by the common people as an emblem of tyranny. The capture of the Bastile on July 14, 1787, marked the commencement of the French revolution. The Palais Lyon is on the south side of the city and about a mile from the Moderne. Everybody was comfortably housed and, while the hotels were not in the centre of the city, motor busses were provided for all drives, and for private expeditions, taxis were remarkably cheap.

To attempt to see much of the wonderful city of Paris, in a little less than four days is, of course, impossible. About all one can do is to visit some of the more outstanding places of note. We were particularly fortunate, however, in being the guests of the Bienvenue Francaise. This good fortune was brought about through the kindness of Hon. Mr. Low, the Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce, who interested Mr. Philippe Roy, the Canadian Agent-General. Mr. Roy in turn interested the Bienvenue Francaise, in the visit of the Canadian editors' party. The Bienvenue Francaise or French Welcome League is an outgrowth of the war. It is an association which was founded in 1920, to induce foreigners to visit France, and it places at their disposal special facilities which are not ordinarily available. Its aim is to promote intellectual and social intercourse between nations. The association has its offices at No. 33 Rue de Faubourg St. Honore, in the building occupied by the Interallied Club, one of the most expensive and exclusive clubs

in Paris. Rue de Faubourg Saint Honore is a long and interesting street running from the Place de Ternes, to the Boulevard St. Sebastopol. Number 39 is where Pauline Bonaparte lived during the Empire, after the fall of which it became the British Embassy, the Duke of Wellington negotiating the sale. Queen Victoria was entertained there in 1867 and the late King Edward stopped there often when visiting Paris. On this street is situated also the Elysee Palace, where we were received by the President. The association seeks, to make the stay of foreigners as interesting and pleasant as possible, by arranging for them to meet the most distinguished citizens of the country, in the various branches of intellectual activity, thus enabling them to become acquainted with the inner life of France. It also affords them the opportunity of seeing the artistic and scientific treasures of France under the most favorable circumstances. The bureau of information of the Bienvenue Francaise in Paris has a complete set of files containing voluminous information on a wide variety of subjects, which cannot be obtained elsewhere. Visitors holding letters of recommendation from their embassies are given access to these files and also to studios of great artists and historical residences which are not open to the public. The president of the French Welcome League is Marshal Foch; the secretary Madame C. Boas de Jouvenel; and the treasurer Baron Edward de Rothschild. The vice-presidents are Mr. Francois Arago, vice-president of the Chamber of Representatives; His Imperial Highness Roland Bonaparte, of the Institute of France; Mr. Henry Cachard, ex-president of the American Chamber of Commerce of France; Mr. Hebard de Villeneuve, vice-president of the Council of state; and Mr. Ch. M. Widor, Life Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts. In the membership are such distinguished gentlemen and ladies as Premier Herriot, Senator Levy, Viscountess Benoist d' Azy, Mrs. Marshal Foch, Albert Dastre and many others.

To write a story about Paris, that would do justice to the beautiful city would be a stupendous task, and one which I shall not attempt. In the limited space of four or five columns, however, and by the use of a few illustrations, I hope to convey to Mercury readers something of interest regarding this grand old city. Paris is

truly an old city, dating its origin back to the days before Christ, when the Parisii, a small tribe of Gauls made their home on an island in the Seine, which is now about the centre of the city. The name Paris was not in use until the time of the Roman occupation. The Romans occupied the city for about 400 years, when it was captured by the Merovingian king Clovis. In 845 during the reign of Charles the Bald, the Norsemen reached Paris, by the Seine, and burnt and laid waste the city. The Norsemen made several other raids on Paris in the following years, but they were routed by King Eudes in 892. Paris became the permanent capital of France in 987, during the reign of Hugh Capet, and the Capetian kings founded a line that reigned till the revolution. In 1302 the commons of France met for the first time, in the reign of Philip IV. His reign is also remarkable for the establishment of the Parliament of Paris, the chief legal tribunal of the kingdom. During the succeeding centuries Paris continued to progress, the reigns of the different kings being marked by the erection of forts, bridges and many beautiful buildings. The modernisation of Paris commenced in 1805 under Napoleon, when among other accomplishments he drove sixty new streets through the city. Many changes took place under the direction of Baron Haussmann, during the Second Empire, when \$160,000,000 was spent in making twenty-two new boulevards and avenues. Then came the Franco-Prussian war, and the siege of Paris in 1871, and the commune. Paris today is often spoken of as the most beautiful city in the world, and without being able to compare it with Florence, Rome, Venice and other cities of acknowledged beauty, we can testify to its magnificence, charm, and unbounded hospitality.

When the editors' party arrived in Paris they discovered that the *Bienvenue Francaise*, had planned a full programme for them. Each person was furnished with a copy of it, and one needed a sound constitution to keep up with it. At nine o'clock on the morning after our arrival we proceeded in charabancs to the grave of the Unknown Warrior of France, on which, on behalf of the party, the writer reverently laid a large floral tribute in the shape

of a maple leaf. This was a most impressive ceremony and one that will long be remembered by us all. France has honored her soldier dead by interring the remains of the Unknown Warrior beneath the historic Arc de Triomphe de l' Etoile, which was erected by Napoleon at the end of the Champs Elysees in honor of his victories. Here beneath a flame that never dies he rests. Here, too beneath this arch through the long night before he was buried in the Pantheon, lay the body of Victor Hugo, in the poor man's coffin that he had requested. It was fitting that the first organized party of Canadian weekly newspaper editors to visit Paris should have made it their first duty to visit the grave of France's honored dead. In the early days of Canada's history the French and the British fought each other bitterly. For centuries now descendants of both races have been living and working together in unity, and when the call came in 1914, 30,000 men, recruited from all provinces were on the way to aid France and England in six weeks. In the party of Canadians that stood beside that hallowed spot beneath Napoleon's Triumphal Arch on the morning of June 26th last, there were representatives from every province in Canada, and they all echoed the sentiments so feelingly expressed by Rev. A. H. Moore, the chaplain of the party, as he, told of the undying admiration of Canada for the bravery of the gallant French army. The Minister of War was represented at the ceremony by General Gerard, and a detachment of the Municipal Guard, while official Canada was represented by the Agent-General Hon. Philippe Roy.

The ceremony over a start was made on a tour of the central portion of the city, but before leaving the Arc de Triomphe, we took time to observe the classic beauty of this enormous arch with its groups of statuary and its historic panels. From the Arc de Triomphe twelve avenues radiate in various directions, the main one being the world-famed Champs Elysees, down which there is an incomparable vista through the Place de la Concorde to the Tuileries gardens. Our drive took us first to the Trocadero Palace, which was erected for the international exposition of 1878, and after the exposition was over was sold to the city. From the Trocadero



**MARSHAL FOCH**

*General of the Allied Armies during the closing years  
of the Great War, who presided at the dinner  
given to us at the Interallied Club.*



EDOUARD HERRIOT

*Premier of France, 1924.*



one has a truly magnificent view, across the Place d'Iena, over the River Seine past the Eiffel Tower down the beautiful Champs de Mars. The Trocadero stands on a slope, about which those who know Paris tell many interesting stories. It was once the site of a chateau owned by Catherine de Medicis. Later a convent was built here by Henrietta Maria. It was on the stretch of river front, below where the Trocadero now stands that Robert Fulton made his first experiments with a power-driven boat. But it was most interesting of all to learn of the great plans that Napoleon I. had made for a wonderful palace here that would make Versailles seem second-rate. Plans were actually under way when the Empire dissolved like a phantom in the mist. From the Trocadero we proceeded down the Champs de Mars and across to the Hotel des Invalides, where the great Napoleon I. is buried. Before crossing the river again we crossed the Quai d'Orsay, the Chamber of Deputies being pointed out to us on our way, and found ourselves in the Place de la Concorde, which we had crossed earlier in the morning on our way to the Arc de Triomphe. In the centre of the large square stands a monumental fountain, erected by the order of Napoleon. Between two of the many statues surrounding this square, Marie Antoinette was executed on October 16th, 1793. This part of Paris has changed but little since the years 1793-94 when the guillotine stood there. We next visited the Tuileries, so called because they were built on a site which had been a vast clayhole where tiles to roof Paris were made. Catherine de Medicis began the Tuileries Palace about 1750, but the clayhole west of the Palace continued for some time. The gardens of the Tuileries—one of the sights of Paris—were laid out by Lenotre for Louis XV. It was in this palace that Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette lived for nearly three years, and from which they went to their death.

Our next stopping place was the Louvre. The Louvre is the greatest of the modern palaces of Paris, forming a square 576 feet by 538 feet. It was originally connected with the Palace of the Tuileries by a great picture gallery overlooking the Seine. This gallery was 1456 feet long. The Louvre is erected on the site of an

old 13th century chateau. The first part of the modern structure was built after the designs of Pierre Lescault in 1541, while the main portion of the square was built by Louis XIV, after the design of Claude Perrault. After the building of the Tuileries the Louvre proper became a series of great galleries filled with pictures, sculpture, Egyptian, Greek and Roman antiquities. There was not sufficient time on this first morning to visit the Louvre, but we came back two days later and spent a few hours there. An afternoon in the Louvre, is perhaps not much use, for there are miles of galleries, but it sufficed for a peep at the rare treasures that are contained in this old Palace. There were certain pictures there that we were anxious to see, including "Mona Lisa," Millet's "Angelus," and Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." We saw them, and came away satisfied. There were many more places all would have liked to have seen on that first morning, but time passed quickly and the luncheon hour was at hand. It had been an enjoyable morning and many places that had heretofore been only names to us, we had had the pleasure of seeing and of learning something of their history.

The first part of the afternoon was occupied by a visit to the establishment of Carrol & Co., whose works are situated at 107 Boulevard de la Mission Marchand, Courbevoie. This was arranged through the kindness of Senator Pelisse. Courbevoie is situated just outside Paris, and on our way out of the city we learned that there is a city tax on gasoline entering Paris. Therefore all motor vehicles going out of Paris have to halt at the outskirts of the city for the purpose of having the gasoline measured. If there is more in the tank on the return journey than there was going out a tax has to be paid. The party was very heartily welcomed by the manager and his assistants of both sexes. As soon as we arrived we were assembled for a group photograph after which we were taken through the factory and shown all the processes of the manufacture of perfume. Many other things are made at this establishment, and when we came away each visitor was presented with a big parcel containing d' Arys perfume, face cream, powder and other things for making oneself beautiful. Refreshments were served and short speech-

es made by Senator Pelisse, the mayor of Neuilly, near which the perfumery is situated, and several others, Mr. Vincent Dubuc of Chicoutimi replying for the visitors in French.

From the establishment of Carrol & Co. the party proceeded back to the city, to attend an official reception tendered by the Lord Mayor of Paris at the Hotel de Ville at 4 o'clock. On the way we passed through a carnival or street fair which was strung out along one of the boulevards, and which reminded one very much of the midway at Toronto fair. The Hotel de Ville, is a magnificent building situated on the Place de l' Hotel de Ville, on the banks of the Seine, directly opposite the island on which the Parisii first settled, and only a short distance from the Louvre, It is a place of great beauty, with gorgeous state apartments, a wealth of mural paintings and sculpture, and wonderfully carved interior decorations. The first town hall to be erected on this spot was a mansion called "The House of Pillars," in which Victor Hugo says Charles V. lived when dauphin. We were told that Etienne Marcel, whose bold equestrienne statue was noticed overlooking the Seine (which is his grave) bought that house for headquarters for the people's interests in 1357. Nearly two hundred years later Francis I., laid the corner stone of a new Hotel de Ville which was not finished until 1628. This building which was the theatre of much drama in the unfolding of history, was burned by the Communards in 1871; and the one we were received in was built between 1874 and 1882.

The square on which this imposing building faces, is an historic spot. Away back at the time of the Romans it was the scene of many disputes, usually between boat owners docked on the Seine, and like the Place de Republique, it has been through the centuries a favorite place for the people of Paris to gather to discuss their grievances. This square has been made famous in more than one noted book, Victor Hugo giving a description of it in "Notre Dame de Paris." It was on this square that Henry II. saw Anne Dubourg strangled, and then burned as a heretic, and here, also, that Montgomery whose lance caused Henry's death, was beheaded. Many other executions took place here and Damiens, who tried to kill

Louis XV., was done to death here with a variety of tortures. The square is more than twice as spacious now as it used to be, and whole streets have been swept away in enlarging and beautifying it.

The municipal government of Paris is different entirely to that of large Canadian or American cities. It is under the Prefect de la Seine, who is assisted in certain services by the mayors of the twenty arrondissements (or wards) into which Paris is divided. There is also a Justice of the Peace for each ward and all the local government is carried on by the ward organizations. The police are under a separate functionary, the Prefect of Police, and he and the Prefect de la Seine, are appointed by the government. The Hotel de Ville is the chief seat of the government of that city, and it is here that all official receptions take place. We were received by the Lord Mayor and his official staff in the grand hall. He welcomed us in a most cordial manner and his welcome was acknowledged by the president of the C. W. N. A., Mr. Lorne Eedy, and Director Dubuc of Chicoutimi. After the official reception refreshments were served and many of our party were presented to the Lord Mayor, and other distinguished gentlemen and ladies present, by Mr. Philippe Roy, Mr. Roy, whose offices are at 17 Boulevard des Capucines, represents Canada in Paris in a most efficient manner. He is deeply interested in the visits of parties of representative Canadians to Paris, and endeavours in every way to promote the very best of feeling between France and Canada. Mr. Roy is, quite evidently, held in the very highest esteem by official Paris, and wherever the Canadian editors were being officially received or entertained, he was present to lend his valuable assistance. At the present time he is deeply interested in building in Paris, a home for Canadian students, a work worthy of hearty support.

The evening was spent at the theatre, the *Bienvenue Francaise*, many of the members of which were present at the reception at the Hotel de Ville, being the hosts. Half of the party was entertained at the Theatre Francaise, and half at the Opera Comique. The Theatre Francais stands high in the estimation of Parisian

theatre-goers. The plays given there are nearly all standard plays, and we were told that it is the custom to vary the caste from night to night, creating a new interest for the patrons. Every evening there is a long line reaching into the Palais Royal gardens, quite early in the evening, waiting for the cheaper seats. An American writer who resides in Paris remarks on the intelligent interest taken in the drama by the poorer classes of the French people, and in comparing them with American theatre-goers, says: "I wish you might hear and understand the animated discussions of plays here between the acts. In America the bulk of every audience has come to the theatre child-like, to be amused, diverted, to hear an unfamiliar story told and to pronounce it "punk" or "peachy," as its development teases or tickles their ideas of life. In France they come to see craftsmanship which approximates or attains to Art—come to see how a dramatist develops his thesis; how the actors interpret and illumine character." The Opera Comique is situated on the Boulevard des Italiens, not far from the famous Opera House and nearly opposite the Rue Lafitte, where at one time lived Emile de Girardin, and his beautiful, brilliant wife, Delphine Gay. It was at their home, that Hugo, Balzac, Eugene Sue, Musset and other literary lights of the day used to gather. The Opera Comique was built in 1781 by the Duke and Duchess de Choiseul, on a part of the grounds belonging to their splendid mansion, for certain Italian comedians, and it is from that that the boulevard gets its name. The first theatre was burned in 1838 and its successor in 1887. The present modern structure was built in 1892. We were in the group which went to the Opera Comique, and while we could not understand much of what it was all about, the music was familiar and the singing superb. The first part was an act from "Pagliacci," and after that the company rendered "La Boheme."

Friday was the day set apart for visiting Versailles, but owing to the accumulation of business in connection with the trip I decided that I would have to suffer the disappointment of missing this historic spot. That evening a big dinner was being given to us and invitations had to be addressed and distributed. Invitations for

London functions, too, had been coming to me in bundles, and although Mrs. Davies and I had worked far into the night sorting and addressing, there were many hours of work still ahead when the charabancs left the hotel the next morning at 9 o'clock. Towards noon, however, the business of the morning took me to the Bank of Montreal on the Place Vendome. While there the manager, Mr. Benson, formerly of Campbellton, N.B., came in and with him Mr. Roy, who was shortly leaving for Versailles in his motor, to be present at the luncheon. He asked me to join him, which I gladly did, as he was returning immediately the luncheon was over. The drive to Versailles is a delightful one. The road is paved all the way and the scenery is very beautiful. When we arrived the party was just sitting down to luncheon in the Grand Trianon (the first time, we were told, that the use of the Grand Trianon has ever been granted for a public luncheon). Many distinguished members of the *Bienvenue Francaise* were present. Among the guests was the distinguished French actress Mlle. Cecile Sorel, who had but recently returned from a tour of America.

Versailles is about ten miles from Paris. The town has nearly 50,000 inhabitants, but its chief attraction is, of course, its grand palace. This palace consisted originally of a mere chateau, erected by Louis XIII., but in 1670 Louis XIV. conceived the idea of augmenting the building, and he commissioned the architect Le Van to proceed accordingly. This architect was succeeded by Mansart, who in turn was followed by De Cotte; while the gardens were designed by Le Notre and the decoration of the interior was supervised by Le Brun. Since then it has been the scene of many historic events. Here in 1783 Britain came to terms with her American colonies; while it was here again in 1871 that the capitulation of Paris was signed. Here too, in the same Hall of Mirrors in which the victorious Germans had triumphed over France in 1871 was signed the Peace Treaty following the Great war, on June 28th, 1919. Much could be written about the Palace of Versailles, but it has been so much before the public during the last five years that most people are no doubt, familiar with its history. Versailles became definitely

the official residence of the French Court on May 6th, 1682, and here the kings lived for several generations, Louis XIV. died there, and Louis XV. lived there boy and man most of his 64 years. Here reigned Madame Pompadour and Madame Du Barry, and from this Palace Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were taken as captives on that historic October day in 1789.

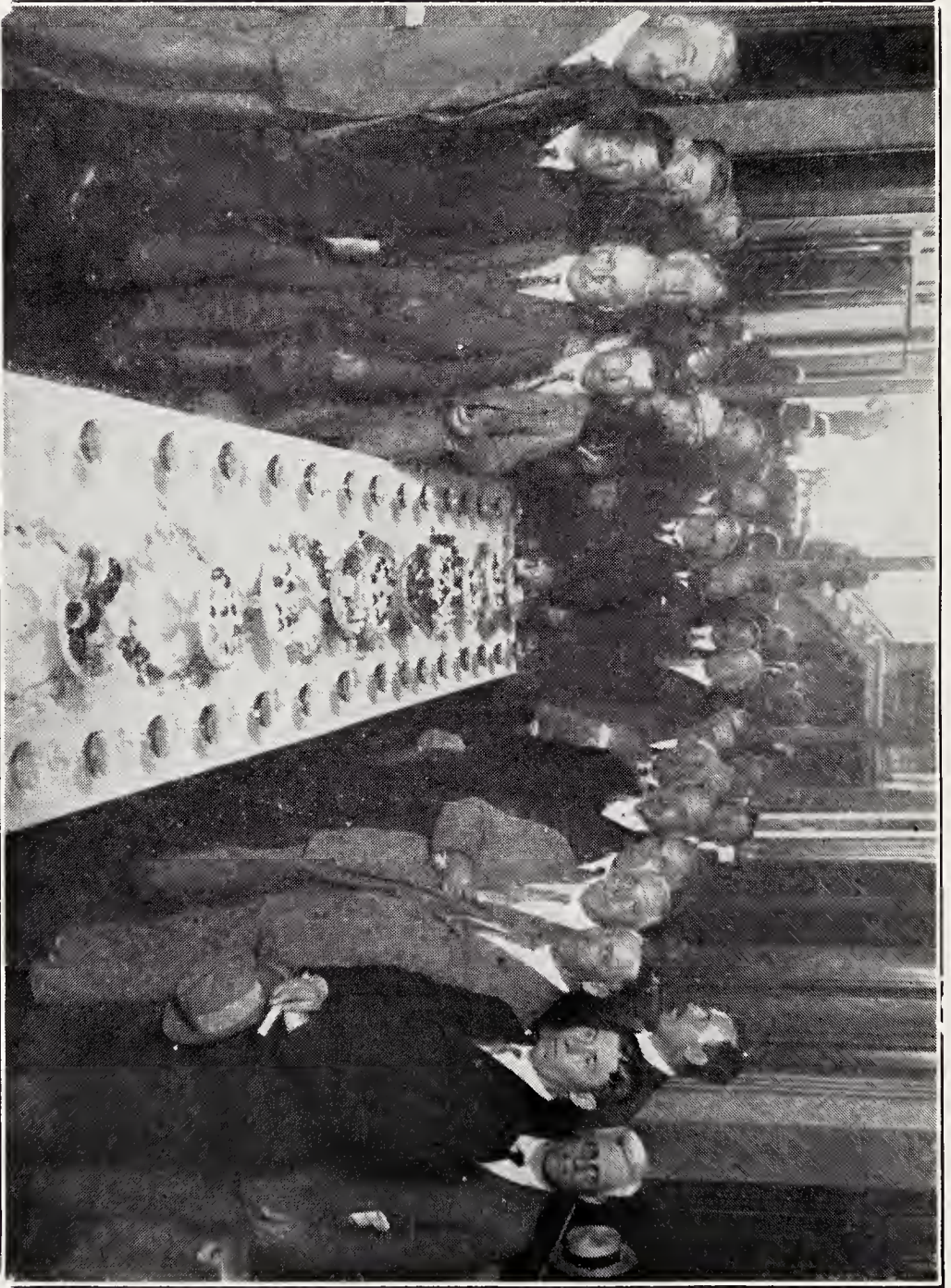
The big event of the visit of the Canadian editors to Paris was the dinner given in their honor at the Interallied Club, by the *Bienvenue Francaise*. This was presided over by the eminent French soldier, Marshal Foch, who is the president, and a very distinguished company of French ladies and gentlemen were present. These included Prince and Princess Murat, Mme. Herriot, wife of the Premier; General Gourand, M. Paul Benazet of the War Ministry, representing the government, M. Loucheur, proprietor of *Le Petit Journal*, an influential Paris daily; Mme. Boas de Jouvenel, Countess Rohan Chabot, Senator Levy, Countess d' Harcourt, Mr. Roy and many others. In welcoming the guests and proposing their health Marshal Foch referred in glowing terms to the splendid fighting qualities of the gallant soldiers that formed the Canadian army. He paid a feeling tribute to those who will never return to Canada, and as General-in-Chief voiced his deep appreciation of the aid that Canada had given in the late war. The writer had the honor of replying to Marshal Foch on behalf of the editors and of proposing a toast to "kindly sunny France," expressing sentiments which all felt, that while we spoke different languages and had some difficulty in carrying on conversation, there was one language we had all learned to understand since arriving in France—the language of kind hearts and generous hospitality. Further speeches were made by M. Paul Benazet and Mr. Philip Roy, after which adjournment was made to the gardens where coffee was served and dancing indulged in until nearly midnight. The speeches were interpreted by M. Camillaiux, who was the official interpreter at the Peace Conference, and whose remarkable memory and extraordinary ability in this connection was the subject of much congratulatory comment among the editors.

Saturday morning the ladies spent visiting the shops, while the men divided up, some visiting the University and some the offices of the *Petit Parisien*. In the afternoon, a party of men visited the office of the *Petit Journal*. At five o'clock Madame Sterns, a dear old lady who lives at 68 Rue du Faubourg St. Honore held a reception for a few of the visitors, and this was one of the most enjoyable functions of our entire Parisian visit. Madame Sterns' beautiful mansion is near the Elysee Palace, and after the sightseeing rush of three days it was a great privilege to enjoy a quiet hour or two in the cultured atmosphere of that hospitable home. There were pictures in the salon by great masters, there were books and priceless treasures of art in the large reception room, and a pipe organ in the gallery which ran along one side. French windows opened on to inviting lawns and gardens. There was tea, and talk about pictures and books—then the war, the peace conference, the conference in London, from which Mr. Herriot had just returned, and the possibility of the successful negotiation of a pact of guarantees. There was an opportunity to meet earnest, cultured, sincere French men and women and to exchange views with them. One came away feeling that one had had a glimpse of the soul of France, the soul which loves its fellowmen and longs for universal peace, but which bitter experience has taught to be suspicious of Germany and all things German. After talking to the alert, highly educated French men or the charming, patriotic French women, one gets a new viewpoint on the Ruhr occupation. France suffered bitterly in 1871, and with head "bloody but unbowed," she struggled to pay her debt to Germany. She has suffered again, terribly during the late war. Now she thinks Germany should pay as she did in 1871, and she adopted what she thought was the best means to make her. We had heard much of the frivolity and the gay life of the French, but we found them serious-minded people, warm-hearted and hospitable. The work that Madame de Jouvenel and her associates are doing in the *Bienvenue Francaise* is a most valuable one, and one which is bound to have a beneficial effect, not only in France but throughout the whole civilized world. Every member of the editors' party owes





Flashlight taken at Bienville Francaise Dinner at Interallied Club. At the large round table to the right Marshal Foch is seen at the head with his back to the mirror. On his right is Mme. Herriot, wife of the Premier; on his left is Countess Rohan Chabot, Vice-President of the Reception Committee of the Bienville Francaise; others at the table include M. Paul Benazet of the War Ministry; Senator Raphael George Levy, M. Loucheur, owner of Le Petit Journal; Madame Boas de Journel; Hon. Philippe Roy; General Gouraud; Viscountess Benoist d'Asy and Senator Leygues.



*Group taken in office of Petit Journal, Paris. At the head of the table stands Mr. Philippe Roy, just in front of two of the editors of the paper. Beside him is Mr. J. A. MacLaren, editor of The Barrie Examiner, and now President of the C. W. N. A.*

a debt of gratitude to the *Bienvenue Francaise* for its kindness and will wish it abundant success in the future.

The crowning experience of the Canadians came at 7 o'clock on Saturday evening when they were officially received by President Domergue at the Elysee Palace. We had had the privilege of meeting King Albert of Belgium, and now we had the pleasure of meeting the new French President. President Doumergue came into the room where we were assembled in the most unaffected manner, and after cordially greeting Mr. Roy, went all round the room shaking hands in the friendliest way possible. President Doumergue has served as Colonial judge, deputy from Nimes, Minister of Commerce under three premiers and Minister of Instruction under a fourth. He has been Senator since 1910. He was Premier from December 8, 1913, to June 2, 1914. After the reception some time was spent in the Palace Gardens, which are very nicely laid out. On Sunday morning the party bade good-bye to "kindly, sunny France," and left for London. This article is already far too long, possibly so long that it has become tiresome to my readers, but before closing it I want to pay tribute to the value of Canadian institutions abroad. The branches of Canadian banks are a great help to a traveler in a strange country, and one invariably finds the officials courteous and helpful. Then too, there is always the C. P. R. Wherever one goes it is there, ready and willing to be of service at all times. At Antwerp it was Mr. Grosset who welcomed us; at Brussels it was Mr. Plummer; at Paris it was Mr. Clark, the managing director who entertained at lunch; Canada should be proud of the C. P. R. and of the type of men that it sends abroad to take charge of its offices. They are not haughty, unapproachable men, but men who are kind and courteous, and who seem ever willing to be of service to Canadians. During our peregrinations from Cherbourg to London we had Mr. E. C. Gill of the London office with us continuously, and on many occasions he was the friend in need. We were all sorry to leave Paris, but the itinerary was planned and we had to keep up to the schedule. We regretted leaving the beautiful avenues lined with trees, the wonderful shops, with their win-

dows full of exquisite things, the many fine buildings that we had not had time to visit, and the hundred and one places of historic interest that we had intended to see. But we all comforted ourselves that Paris will always be Paris and that some time in the future we might be able to visit it again. But isn't that the way people always leave places where they have had crowded hours of enjoyment, and where everyone has been kind.

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## PARIS WELCOMES CANADIAN SCRIBES

(From the Paris edition of *The New York Herald*)

France's open arm welcome to the party of one hundred and eighty Canadian journalists reached its climax last night at a gala banquet given by the *Bienvenue Francaise* at the Inter-Allied club. Marshal Foch presided.

In the gorgeous banqueting room decorated with tapestries and cut-glass chandeliers, hundreds of Americans, Canadians and Frenchmen assisted at the cordial reception for the visitors. Speeches rang high in their praise for Canada and love of France.

Mr. Rupert Davies, who has been the leader of the delegation sat at the table of honor surrounded with distinguished personages including Marshal Foch, the Hon. Philip Roy, Canadian Commissioner; General Gouraud, M. Paul Benazet, of the War ministry, representing the French government, and Mme. Herriot.

In a speech in English and French, Hon. Philip Roy told of the necessity for Canada to be loyal to France and also made a plea for a league of nations based on a system of understanding with every nation, and strongly condemned the propaganda that has been carried on by Germany since the war.

The party of journalists have just arrived in Paris from a tour of the battlefields ending with Arras. They are going on to England and will sail for Liverpool on the Canadian Pacific Liner *Montlaurier*.

Others present at the banquet last night were: Prince and Princess Murat, Mr. Roy Savles, Mr. Lorne Eedy, president of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association, Mme. Boas de Jouvenel, Viscomtesse d'Azy, Comtesse Rohan Chabot, M. Loucheur, M. Pierre Plessis and Comtesse d'Harcourt.

Throughout the evening the speeches were translated from French into English. Mr. Davies, the organizer of the trip, in concluding his speech proposed the toast of "kindly, sunny France," and was loudly cheered.



**MADAME BOAS DE JOUVENEL**

*The charming and kind-hearted honorary secretary of  
the Bienvenue Francaise, who planned all our  
Paris entertainment.*



**LORD BEAVERBROOK.**

*Who proferred unbounded hospitality to the party and whose farewell dinner was the climax of a wonderful ten days in London.*

## CHAPTER V.

### The Arrival of the Party in London—A Brief History of the Capital of the Empire.



WING to the fact that my notes on Paris last week ran into so much copy, I did not touch on a rather disappointing feature in connection with our leaving that beautiful city. Everyone had arisen early and breakfast was over an hour before it was time to start for the railway station. All the business had been attended to, so Mrs. Davies and I sat down and wrote about three dozen postcards to Renfrew friends, not forgetting The Mercury staff. By the time they were finished, the busses were at the door and it was time to leave. I stamped about ten of them with some stamps I had and then gave the porter the money for stamps for the balance; and a tip to see that they were properly stamped and mailed. Alas! my trust in hotel porters was due for a rude jolt. When we returned to Renfrew we discovered that the writing and addressing of about two dozen of those cards had been in vain, for they never reached Renfrew. Just another instance emphasizing the old saying about the necessity of doing things oneself in order to be sure that they are done properly. Perhaps it is hardly fair to assume that the porter at the Hotel Moderne put the money in his pocket and the postcards in the waste paper basket, but appearances certainly point that way.

We entrained at the Gare du Lyons for Dieppe. Dieppe is a French seaport town, on the English channel, 33 miles north of Rouen. The town is a picturesque one, with high-roofed houses, running in lines parallel to the sea. There is a castle there, now used as a barracks, and a fine old 14th century church. Dieppe was at one time a very important town but it is not so now, although it

is still much frequented by tourists. The population is about 20,000. It was at Dieppe that Premier Edward Herriot was so heartily welcomed by the French people on his return from the recent London conference. We embarked on board a channel steamer at Dieppe, for a three-hour sail to Newhaven. It was a bright, sunny day. As luncheon was ready when we went on board, everybody partook freely. But alas, the English channel lived up to its reputation. Twice before I had crossed on small channel steamers, and all was well. This time it was quite different. After we had been out about half an hour we seemed to meet a strong current going the other way, and another one that persisted in hitting the side of the boat. The result was perfectly horrible. Fair women and brave men got paler and paler. Every flat record from the saloon to the side of the ship was broken. Those who had braved a couple of choppy days on the Atlantic without a qualm succumbed to the English Channel. But everything has an ending sooner or later, and we were all glad to reach Newhaven. Here a fast train was waiting which took us up to London in about two hours. We were glad to avail ourselves at Newhaven, of a tea hamper—an English custom which we much appreciated.

The party arrived at Victoria station at 6.40 p.m. and were met by Sir Frank Newnes, president of Geo. Newnes, Limited, publishers of *The Strand Magazine*, *Country Life*, etc.; Mr. William Astle, O.B.E., President of the English Newspaper Society; Mr. Valentine Knapp, Treasurer of the English Newspaper Society; Mr. Percy Hurd, ex-M.P. who writes from London to *The Montreal Star* as "Windermere;" Mr. H. E. Turner, secretary of The Empire Press Union; Mr. Fred E. Armstrong, secretary of the English Newspaper Society and others. Accommodation had been reserved a year before at two of London's largest and finest hotels, the Cecil and the Russell. The Cecil Hotel is situated on the Strand, about five minutes' walk from Trafalgar square. It is a fine old place and very comfortable, although, perhaps not quite as modern or luxurious as Claridge's, the Savoy or the Ritz. The entrance from the Strand is through an archway into a large courtyard. The building extends



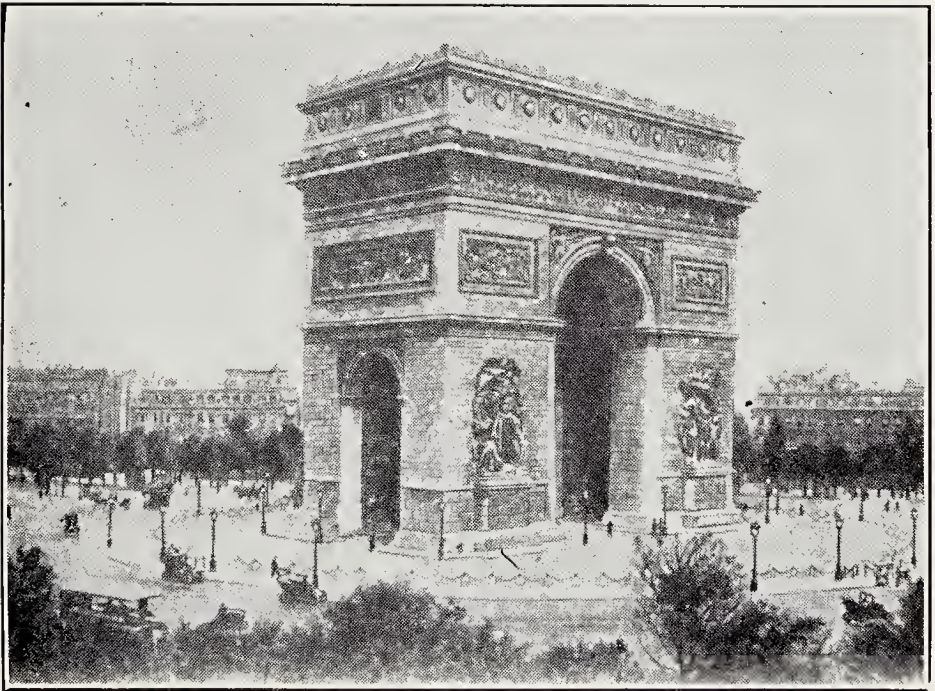
back to the Thames embankment, the main dining-rooms and one or two reception rooms face the Thames, and from the windows a very fine view can be had. Directly behind the Cecil hotel on the embankment stands Cleopatra's Needle, which was brought from the banks of the Nile. The Cecil hotel is built on the site of the home of a former Lord Cecil. It is very commodious, and one can easily get lost in its numerous corridors. A feature of the hotel is its wide marble staircase. It has three regular dining rooms and six banquetting halls, and it was not uncommon to see on the board notices of three or four big banquets on the same evening. It was here that the big Canadian dinner was held on the evening of Dominion Day, when the chief speaker was the Prince of Wales. The Russell Hotel is situated on Russell Square, about a mile north from the Cecil. It is one of London's more modern hotels, and because of the fact that unlike the Cecil and other hotels that were taken over by the government during the war, it was operating all the time, it became very popular and has a large patronage. Every hotel was packed in London during the past summer, and rates were soaring. The fact that accommodation and rates had been agreed upon a year ago was of great benefit to the editors' party. Everybody was made as comfortable as possible and the service rendered could not have been improved upon at either place.

The Editors' Party spent ten days in London, the capital of the British Empire, and to millions of people the centre of the world. During the ten days visits were made to all the principal points of interest, and much entertainment was provided. On several occasions articles have appeared in *The Mercury* on London, but on this occasion before I start dealing in detail with the various places that we visited, it might be of interest to many of our readers to know something about the origin and history of the greatest city in the world.

Although we are told that it is not mentioned by Pytheas, the Greek navigator who visited Britain and explored the east coast, 285 B.C., nor by Caesar in his *Commentaries*, London seems to have originated in an Ancient British settlement. The name is generally

accepted as being derived from the Cymric *Lyn Din*, meaning the Stockade by the Lake. In course of time London grew into a trading station, and is referred to as such by Tacitus, the Roman historian, in the 1st Century. During the Roman occupation of Britain the rude town was converted into a large and splendid city, protected by a fortified wall. This the Romans sought to call *Augusta*, but the old title prevailed. Judging from architectural remains unearthed from time to time, Roman London must have been one of the finest cities in Britain, and the manner in which the highways from the coast and the inland towns converged upon it testifies to its importance. After the withdrawal of the legions from Britain, about the year 418, London was taken by the invading Saxons—when and in what circumstances it is hard to say. Christianity was re-established in the early years of the VIIth Century, when the cathedral of St. Paul was founded and Bede, writing a hundred years later, terms London the metropolis (i.e., ecclesiastical capital) of the East Saxons “and the mart of many nations resorting to it by sea and land.” Taken by the marauding Danes, London was recovered in 886 by King Alfred, who rebuilt the walls and reconstituted the city generally. Trade revived, civic organization developed, and London began to assume something of the nature of a free city. Natural advantages of situation made it the chief emporium for traffic with the Continent, and in the later Saxon period London rivalled Winchester, the capital. At some time before the XIth Century—probably in the reign of Edgar (959—975)—there was founded to the south-west of London a Benedictine monastery dedicated to St. Peter and which, through its situation, the citizens called the West Minister. Here we see the germ of the sister city of London—Westminster. Between the two ran a trackway on the rising ground—the Strand—skirting the river, with the little settlement of Cyrringe at the spot where the road curved south towards the minister.

The Norman conquest of England contributed greatly to the advance of London, which displaced Winchester as the chief city of the realm. Opulent Normans, with trading interests in France and



ARC DE TRIOMPHE D' ETOILE, PARIS

*Beneath which majestic pile lies the body of the  
Unknown Soldier*



HOTEL DES INVALIDES, PARIS,  
*Where Napoleon I. is Buried.*

other countries played a leading part in the government of the city. New crafts and industries were introduced and trade with the Continent was increased. The influx of Normans added largely to the population, and the city soon extended without the walls. Norman art and culture were reflected in the splendid new buildings that arose. The old churches and convents were rebuilt, many new ones, and hospitals, were founded, and London took its place among the great religious cities of the Middle Ages. Fitzstephen, who incorporated a description of Norman London in the life of his master, Archbishop Becket, which he wrote about 1180, says that in the city and its suburbs were no fewer than 126 churches, thirteen of them great conventual churches. About this period the timber bridge over the Thames was replaced by the many-arched fabric of stone—Old London Bridge—that endured almost until our own age. To strengthen the fortifications the Conqueror had erected castles at the eastern and western angles of the river wall. That on the east was occupied by the sovereign and became the State depot and workshop—armoury and arsenal, storeroom and strongroom, and mint, as well as a naval station. The eastern stronghold—Baynard's Castle, or the Castle of London—was closely associated with civic ceremonial. It was demolished by King John about 1211; Puddle Dock, against Blackfriars Underground Station, was probably the port or landing-place attached to it. As a corollary to the advance of London, Westminster became the principal seat of the Crown. The Minister had been rebuilt, in the Norman style, by Edward the Confessor, and a place had been erected beside it. Influenced partly in its proximity to London, the Conqueror had chosen the minster to be the scene of his coronation, instead of Winchester or Canterbury, To the palace William Rufus, in 1097, had added a Great Hall, and here in the next century the courts of justice were set up; and, later, when Parliament took concrete form, Westminster became its place of assembly. Rebuilt in part by Henry III., on a scale of great splendour, the minster, with the interment of that king in 1272, became the royal sepulchre, as well as crowning-place.

Thus London and Westminster developed side by side. Their natural line of expansion was towards each other, and in time the mansions and inns of nobles and prelates—the attributes of Westminster—and converts and dwellings put forth by London, arose beside the connecting road. In 1346, a large section of the western suburbs was added to the city, and a bar—the Temple Bar—was set up to mark the confines of London on the highways to Westminster. Various additions on the north took place in the next century. The area of the city was then, roughly, one square mile, and such it has remained. Fitzstephen states that in his time the city was already divided into wards, each under an alderman. The right to elect a mayor annually—formerly the chief officers of the city had been chosen for life or for irregular periods—was granted by King John in 1215, and with the subsequent rise of the Craft Gilds, or trade fraternities, the form of civic organization that survives today was evolved. Mediaeval London played a prominent part in the history of England. It built and manned ships for the navy, it raised and equipped troops for the army, and it provided funds in peace and in war. When there were rival claimants to the throne, or Crown and State were at variance, power and wealth made London the arbiter. Then, as now, it was customary for the sovereign to proceed from Westminster to the City and to attend service in St. Paul's the especial church of the citizens and the mother church of London, at times of national thanksgiving. Thus London continued through the Middle Ages. In common with other cities, it suffered from time to time through fire and pestilence; but was always quick to recover and never declined in affluence as the chief city of the country.

Scarred and altered by the changing hand of Time, the City that had emerged from the Middle Ages—with its noble cathedral, over eighty of its parish churches, its hospitals, its guild halls, its markets, its warehouses, its quays, the mansions of its merchants, and the countless dwellings of its inhabitants—was razed by the Great Fire of 1666. As Huxley says: "A heap of ashes and the indestructible energy of the people were all that remained of five-sixths of the

city within the walls. At the time of the fire, London and Westminster, with Southwark and other outgrowths, had a population of perhaps 250,000 and environing the cities was rural territory, dotted with villages and small townships. Calamitous though it was, the fire wrought good. A new city arose, much on the old lines, so far as the conflagration of the streets was concerned, but with brick-built houses in ordered array in place of the closely-packed and insanitary dwellings of timber and of lath and plaster. Wren's plan for re-building the city was abandoned, seemingly rightly, for latter-day consideration tends to qualify the encomiums accorded to it. The walls, which encompassed only the inner area of the city, were not rebuilt—their purpose had lapsed. Impulse was imparted to the development of the suburbs, both east and west. State legislation against the natural expansion of London ceased to trouble the Parliament at Westminster. The fire engendered a new form of commercial activity of which the city is still the centre—Insurance. Within a few years of the catastrophe London had recovered. The widespread and diverse interests that it held accelerated recovery. London still controlled the commerce and finance of England and her embryo empire. To the city the State still came for funds, and it was a loan to the Government in 1694 that led to the establishment of the Bank of England by the citizens. The companies prospered; one—the East India—was to become the virtual ruler of India ere the next century had closed. The Hudson's Bay Companies had been formed and was developing new sources of commerce in Canada. All these things made for finance, for trade, and for shipping. The Royal Exchange became inadequate for the London brokers and merchants; new exchanges—each a distinct entity—came into existence.

We have traced—roughly, perhaps the history and development of London from its origin to the end of the XVIIIth Century. The London that exists in the XXth century is what interests us more, however. The city is still the one square mile. Westminster is spread over the land that once belonged to the monastery, extending westward to Kensington. Surrounding the twin cities are

the twenty-seven Metropolitan Boroughs that, with the cities, compose the municipal country of London, with an area of 117 square miles and a population of four and a half millions. Encompassing this are the county Boroughs, and urban districts of the outer ring. The whole forms a vast built-up settlement of over 400 square miles and a population of seven millions, extending from Barking on the east to Hounslow on the west, and from Finchley on the north to Croydon on the south. And environing this are detached towns that are the further development of London.

Within the city there is not a State building, save the Custom House and the General Post Office; yet in the city are many of the most important institutions of the state. Here are the Bank of England (the bank of the banks of England, as well as of the State); the Royal Exchange, with the Stock Exchange, Lloyd's, the Baltic, and the other exchanges. Here, too, is Lombard street, with its banks and insurance offices, and displaying the signs of the Goldsmiths and the Mercers who succeeded the Lombard bankers. Close by is Cheapside—the market-place of the mediaeval city—with its shops, its offices, and its byways of warehouses, byways that, like the other byways of the city, bear names reflecting their history. The Trinity House, which controls the coastwise lights of England, is also of the city. Commingling with banks and offices and marts are the guild halls and other ancient institutions; and rising above all the great dome of the cathedral of St. Paul and the towers and spires of fifty churches. Of dwelling-houses in the city there are few indeed—those of the Lord Mayor and of the clergy of St. Paul's are the only ones of note. On the east, like a fortress guarding the city and the Pool, stands the castle that was built by the Conqueror, the Tower of London, grim memories obscuring its real history.

For many a good mile below the Tower extend the docks and wharves and warehouses of the great Port of London, the development of the old quays of Thames street, which marks the river frontage of the mediaeval city. Westward lies Royal Westminster. Here still stands the old minster. Beside it is the Great Hall of



Rufus. The old palace of the kings has gone; in its stead is the New Palace of Westminster—the Houses of Parliament. Near by are the lesser palaces of the sovereign, the Government offices, and—still in Westminster—the Courts of Justice, all put forth by the palace that was once the principal seat of the English sovereigns. In Westminster, too, are many of the state galleries and museums; the private palaces, the mansions and fine houses, the embassies, the hotels, the clubs, the parks, the theatres, the grand shops, and aught else that are the attributes of a royal and capital city.

Naturally, everyone was anxious to see something of London as soon as possible, so on Sunday evening after dinner had been partaken of several parties left the hotels on short tours of investigation. Those from the Cecil Hotel visited Trafalgar Square, The Strand, and Fleet Street, the home of the newspapers. To reach Trafalgar Square, from the Cecil Hotel, one has to pass Charing Cross, the Centre of London. The short street called Charing Cross marks the site of the Hamlet of Charing which took its name from the Saxon family of the Cyrringes, who had settled here in early times. Through its situation at the turning point of the road between London and Westminster, Charing acquired the importance of a sort of half way station. The Cross was erected by Edward I, in 1294, to commemorate the last halting place of the cortege of his Queen, Eleanor of Castile, when her body was brought from Lincoln for burial in the Abbey in 1290. This cross was demolished in 1647, but a replica now stands in the courtyard of Charing Cross Station.

Trafalgar Square is probably the finest and most frequented square in London. It was originally formed when some changes were made in old London about 1826, when the Great Mews and the Green Mews were swept away, and the eastern section of Pall Mall was constructed. The square was completed by Sir Charles Barry in 1842. In the centre of the square stands the famous Nelson Column by Railton which was erected in 1843. The beautiful panels, were added between 1849 and 1852, and the lions which flank its base and which were designed by the great animal artist Landseer

were added in 1867. The Nelson Column is one of the tallest monuments in London being 170 feet high. There are other statues in this famous square erected to the memory of Gordon, Havelock, and Sir Charles Napier. The equestrian statue of George IV was originally intended to surmount the marble arch when the latter was the grand entrance to Buckingham Palace. The original intention was to erect shops on the northern side of the square, but at the suggestion of a man named William Wilkins, this idea was happily frustrated, and the National Art Gallery erected. On the east side of the square stands the famous church St. Martin-in-the-Fields which was erected between 1682 and 1784, and about which a short sketch appeared in *The Mercury* just a year ago. On the west side of the square is the Union Club which has recently been purchased by Canada and is now being altered to suit the needs of the Dominion, and when completed will be known as Canada House. Right across from the Union club on Cockspur street are the offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and a little to the north, the offices of the Canadian National Railways.

The Strand is in the final stages of a widening that has been going on piecemeal for nearly a hundred years. As mentioned earlier in this article the Strand winds with the river. As one proceeds along it, one passes Australia House, a handsome building erected about twenty years ago, and situated on an island in the centre of the street. In the roadway at the eastern end of The Strand stands the church of St. Clement Danes the name said to have been derived from a Danish settlement which grew up about the church in Anglo-Saxon time. The body of the present church was built by Sir Christopher Wren. The interior is richly decorated with stained glass windows. One of these windows at the east end of the north gallery is a memorial of Doctor Johnson, and near it the pew where Johnson was wont to sit. An iron tablet on the railings of the churchyard marks the cite of the ancient St. Clement's well, and children will be interested in learning that at nine, twelve and five o'clock every day the chimes of this church ring out the old nursery rhyme "Oranges and Lemons say the Bells of St. Clements."

In front of St. Clement Danes is the memorial erected to the late W. E. Gladstone. A little further on is the temple bar memorial and the law courts, and then we are soon in Fleet street which is really a continuation of The Strand. The first printer here was Winkyn De Worde, who died in 1500. The first daily newspaper was the Daily Courant, which was published in 1703. Today Fleet street and the small streets running from it are the centre of the newspaper world of the British Empire. Signs are seen on the buildings representing papers from all over the world. Probably the finest newspaper office on Fleet street is that of the Daily Telegraph which is situated near Ludgate Circus. The office of The London Times is near Blackfriars Bridge on Times Square. Naturally, this section of London was most attractive to the Canadian editors, and although it was Sunday evening when their first visit was made to it they saw many things of interest, including the Cheshire Cheese near the Daily Telegraph office where a number of them made it convenient to take lunch at a later date, and to sit in the room in which it is reputed Doctor Johnson and his cronies used to sit. Next week I will deal with some of our London programme, and try to tell Mercury readers something about the entertainment that was provided for us and the historic places that were visited in connection with these entertainments.

## CHAPTER VI.

### The First Day in London—A Visit to the Houses of Parliament



THE arrangements for the visit of the Canadian weekly newspaper editors to London and the English provinces was in the hands of an able committee as follows: Representing the English Newspaper Society, Mr. Wm. Astle, O.B.E., President; Mr. Valentine Knapp, Treasurer, and Sir James Owen, ex-President; representing The Empire Press Union, Sir Harry Brittain, M.P.; Mr. Percy Hurd and Sir Frank Newnes, Bart. In addition to the services of these gentlemen in an advisory capacity, the detail work was in the hands of joint secretaries, Mr. Fred Armstrong of the Newspaper Society, and Mr. H. E. Turner of The Empire Press Union. These gentlemen met the writer at several conferences in the spring of 1923, and from that time on had been very active in completing arrangements. Early Monday morning the entire party was presented with a detailed programme of the stay in London in a handsome leather case, which had been very kindly donated by the Linotype and Machinery Company of London, England. In addition to the London programme, each member was given a pass enabling free travel on all the underground railways and the omnibuses of London, marked "General" and "Metropolitan." A complete London guide was also furnished to everyone, these guides being a donation from Mr. Phil Davis, of The Natal Witness, who happened to be in London at the time, and whom the Canadian editors met at The Empire Press Union luncheon.

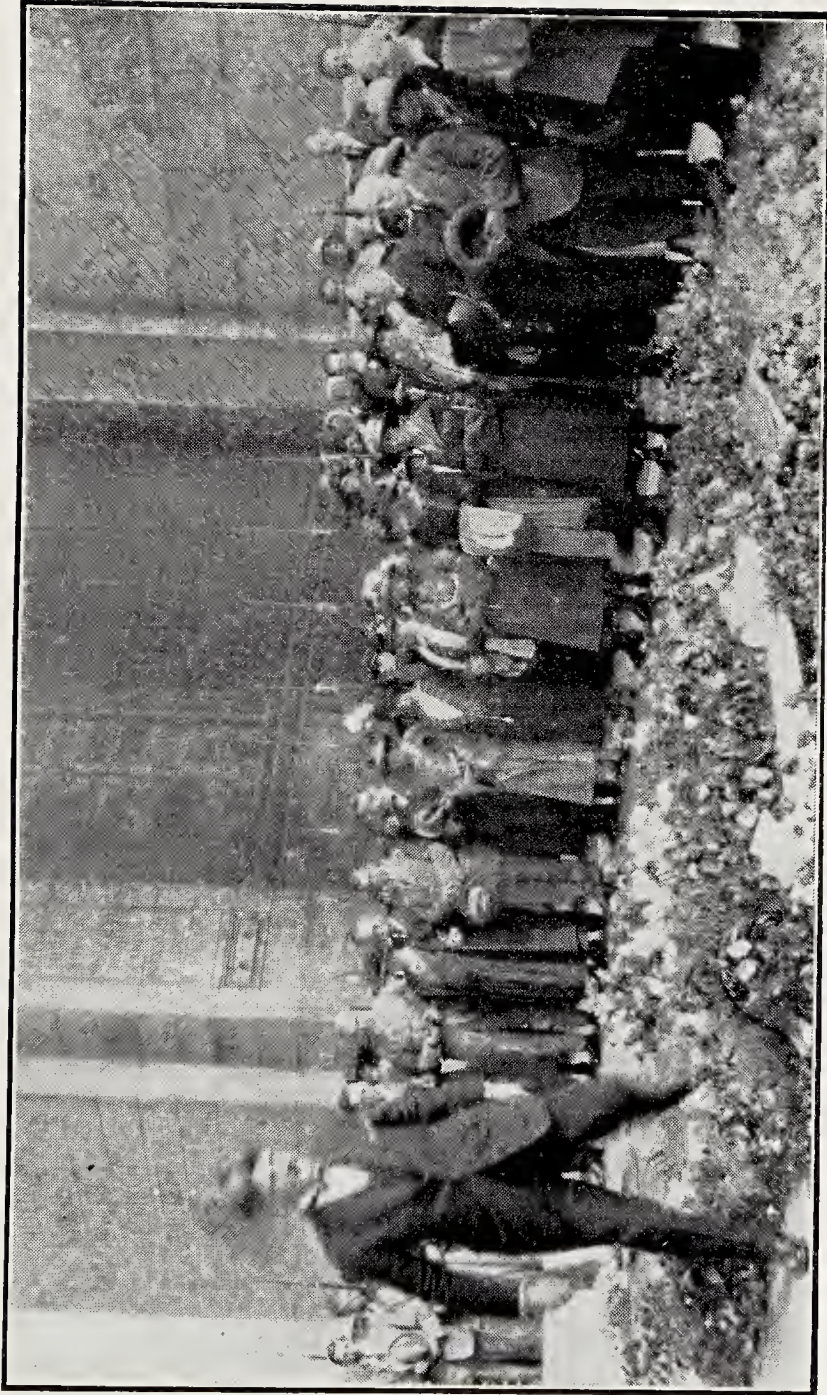
When we all read over the London programme, we thought it was a pretty formidable looking schedule to live up to, but it certainly indicated a very entertaining ten days in the Empire's great

metropolis. Everyone had been so kind, and generous offers of entertainment had been so numerous, that the difficulty of the committee was to work into the programme all the various functions, and also leave time for seeing Wembley and doing some personal visiting, sightseeing and shopping. One member of the committee told the writer that they could easily have arranged another week's entertainment in and around London, if the Canadian editors had had the time to spare for it. One very thoughtful act on the part of the London committee was the establishing of an official at each of the hotels who was charged with the sole duty of assisting members of the party, by affording information as to travel routes and ensuring as far as possible the smooth running of the London programme. The arrangements committee was indebted to the Press Hospitality committee of the British Empire Exhibition for the provision of these services.

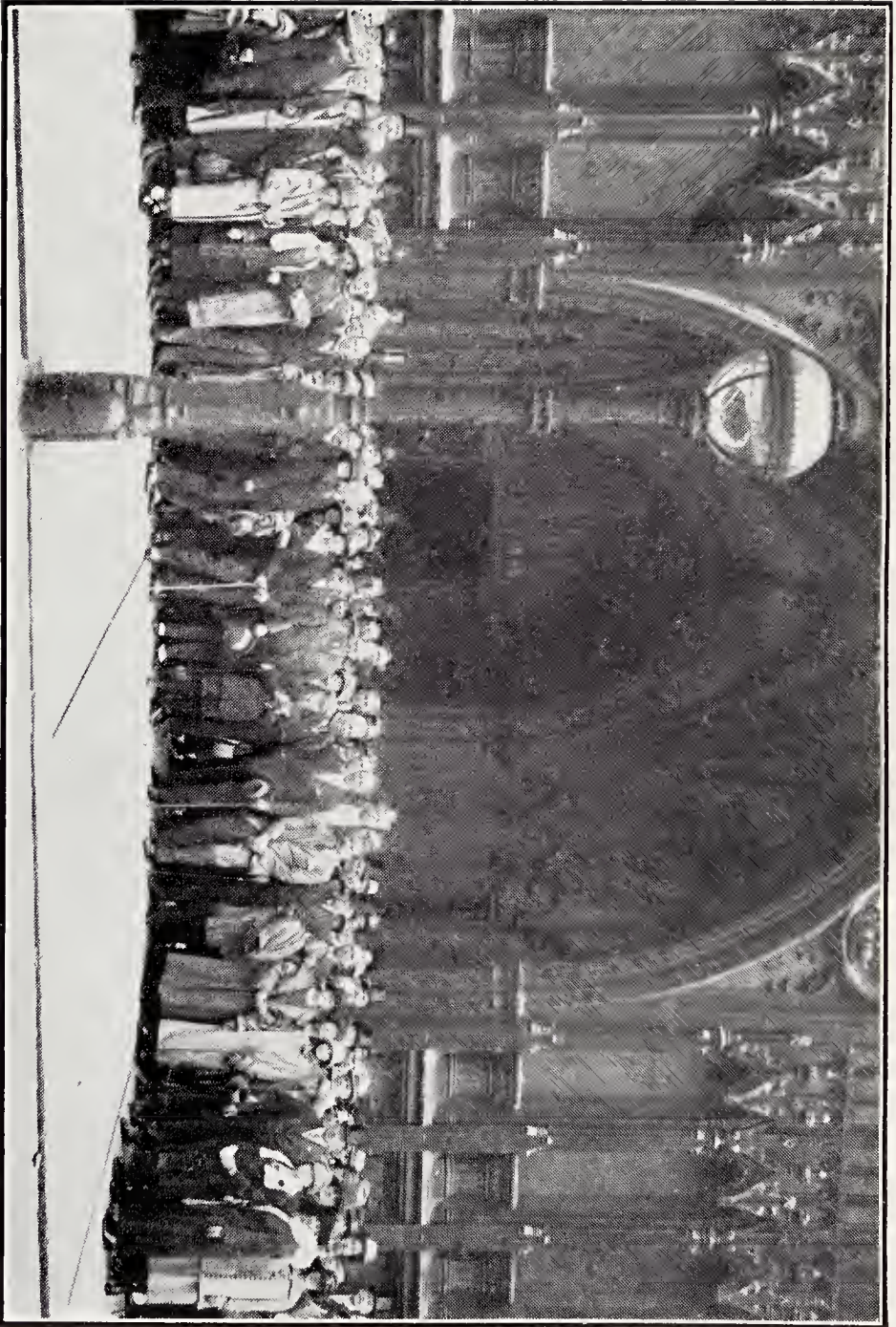
The first item on the programme was at ten o'clock on the morning of Monday, June 30th. This consisted of a visit to the Houses of Parliament, which had been arranged by Sir Harry Brittain. It was fitting that Sir Harry Brittain should have been the first to officially take charge of the Canadian delegation. It was he who originated and organized the first Imperial Press Conference in 1909, and he has always been vitally interested in bringing the newspaper men of the Empire closer together. Sir Harry is member of Parliament for Acton, and is prominently connected with a dozen or more companies and societies in London. He has been to Canada a number of times, and has published a book, "Canada There and Back," as well as several others of interest. From the very first, Sir Harry Brittain had taken an interest in the visit of the Canadian weekly newspaper men to the Old Land, and his genial manner and friendly disposition made him a favorite with the entire party during the London visit. Sir Harry was assisted at the Houses of Parliament by Sir William Bull and several other members, the party being divided into small groups in charge of one of these gentlemen. Each group was shown all through the palace of Westminster, and it was, indeed, a most interesting and illuminating ex-

perience. Sir William Bull is an authority on the Palace of Westminster, and has written a Guide Book about it, but Sir Harry Brittain and the other gentlemen were also quite familiar with its ancient history.

The Houses of Parliament were designed by Sir Charles Barry in 1840 to replace the old Palace in which Parliament used to meet, and which was destroyed by fire in 1834, together with Westminster Hall—which escaped the fire—and are known as the New Palace of Westminster. Naturally, great interest was taken in the House of Commons, which is only seventy-five feet long by forty-five feet wide. There is not much accommodation for the public in the British House of Commons, both side galleries being taken up with members' seats. At one end are the Speaker's chair and reporters' gallery and the ladies' gallery, while at the other end is the strangers' gallery. There are no desks in the British House of Commons for the members, as in our own Dominion Parliament and Provincial Legislatures. They sit on long cushioned seats very much like church pews, and while out of courtesy many of them retain the same seat day in and day out during the session, no specific seats are assigned to the members. To get from the House of Commons to the House of Lords, one crosses the Commons Lobby, then passes through a corridor to the Central Hall, which is an octagonal porch or centre in which four corridors meet, and which is one of the most frequented parts of the building. It is beautifully designed and decorated, and in the niche around the walls there are marble statues of various Victorian statesmen on pedestals. The Central Hall is sixty feet across and seventy-five feet high in the centre. The Peers' corridor and Peers' lobby have then to be crossed. The House of Lords is said to be the most beautifully decorated apartment in the kingdom; it is ninety feet long, forty-five wide. In the stained glass windows of this Chamber are portraits of all the English Sovereigns since the Conquest, and between the windows, the statues of the barons whose seals were attached to Magna Charta. A brief visit was paid to St. Stephen's Hall, which occupies the site of the old St. Stephen's Chapel in which the Commons sat from 1547



*Laying a wreath on the Unknown Soldier's grave in Paris.*



*A photograph of the party taken at the entrance of Westminster Hall on the first day in London. Sir Harry Brittain, M.P., and his friends who conducted us over the Houses of Parliament are also in the picture.*



until the fire of 1834, and the party was also taken out on to the spacious terrace beside the Thames, on which delightful spot the members entertain their friends to tea on fine afternoons when the House is sitting.

The most interesting feature of this most pleasant visit to the Palace of Westminster, however, was Westminster Hall, which was built by William Rufus, the second of Norman Kings, in 1097, and re-modeled and enlarged in 1398 by Richard II. Perhaps there is no building in the British Empire which is so closely associated with its history as Westminster Hall, it having been the scene of very many important events. It was here that Edward III as a boy of fourteen was presented to the people in 1327 after renunciation of his father, Edward II. Here, too, in 1399 the Lords of the Council assembled around a vacant throne and formally agreed to the resignation of Richard II. then in the tower. The deposed King's rival, Henry of Lancaster thereupon took his seat on the throne as Henry IV. Here it was that Charles I. was condemned by the Republicans, and later where Cromwell, to whom a statue has been erected in the yard outside the hall, was proclaimed Lord Protector. Until the opening of the Law Courts in the Strand, Westminster Hall was the Court of Justice, and within it took place the great state trials of history—of Wallace, of Sir Thomas More, of the Protector Somerset, of Strafford and others. Here it was too that the trial of Warren Hastings took place on which occasion Richard Brinsley Sheridan made his brilliant speech, which lasted two days and which set all London agog. Here, too, were held the coronation banquets, the last one being that of George IV. Brass tablets in the floor mark the spots where Charles I., Strafford, and Hastings stood during their trials; others indicate where the bodies of King Edward VII, and Gladstone rested when they lay in state here. In the south-east corner is the entrance to St. Stephen's Crypt, and we made our way down the winding stone steps into this crypt or as it is sometimes called "The Church of St. Mary Undercroft," which dates from the fourteenth century, and is used for marriages and christenings in

the families of members of Parliament and officials of the parliaments. At the conclusion of the tour through Westminster a group photograph was taken at the entrance to Westminster Hall.

The following is an account of a visit to the British House of Commons, published in *The Mercury* on June 3rd, 1921. The writer was alone but the editorial was used:

When we went up to London, we had one definite object in view, and that was to visit the House of Commons and listen to some of the big men of the British Parliament. Just how we were going to achieve this object we had not the slightest idea, but we had a feeling that somehow or other Fortune would favor us and we should be able to get in. Of course we were prepared for some difficulty. Parliaments are sacred places. One does not get into even the gallery of the House of Commons at Ottawa just by the simple process of opening the door. Oh dear, no! The "peepul" may be allowed to vote for a representative, but should they desire to hear him or anyone else speak in the House, they must first secure a ticket, then they must pass the searching scrutiny of a uniformed doorkeeper, and after they are admitted they must behave most circumspectly. Only a few nights ago we saw a young man who was sitting in the front row of the general gallery—which, by the way seems to be one place that is NOT reserved for official Ottawa and its friends in the building for which all the people of Canada are paying—inadvertently lay his hat on the ledge in front of him, probably never thinking that he was committing a high crime and misdemeanor. But he was soon apprised of the fact by a uniformed officer, who wore such a wrathful expression as he approached the offender that we felt sure he was going to drag him out in front of the Peace Tower and shoot him in full view of the Rideau Club.

Getting into the House at Ottawa, however, is easy compared to reaching the interior of Westminster's sacred precincts. And we soon discovered the obstacles. But you can't blame them. Five or six hundred years ago Guy Fawkes and a few friends very nearly disturbed their deliberations with a little affair resembling that which took place at Kirk O'Fields some years previous and resulted



COL. GRANT MORDEN, M.P.

*Who was one of the first to proffer entertainment for  
our party and at whose beautiful country home  
we were entertained to luncheon.*



**SIR HARRY BRITTAIN, K.B.E., B.A., LL.D.**

*Organizer of the First Imperial Press Conference and  
Member of the English Joint Committee in  
charge of our entertainment*

in the sudden passing of Lord Darnley. As late as 1884 there was more trouble, and after that admission could only be obtained to the Strangers' Gallery during the sitting of the House by an order from a member. For the last three or four months, however, owing to the fear of Sinn Fein outrages, no one has been allowed in, with the exception of an occasional one who on an order from the Speaker is admitted to the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. Not claiming to be a distinguished stranger, we were disheartened but not dismayed. In 25 years of newspaper experience we had learned not to give up too soon.

Good Fortune met us, smiling, the very next day in the person of Sir Harry Brittain, M.P., for Acton. Sir Harry who originated and organized the first Imperial Press Conference, and was also at Ottawa last year, is much interested in Canada, financially and otherwise, being an LL.D., of McGill. He is a man of parts, and never so happy as when he is doing a good turn for someone. He admitted there were difficulties in the way, and those difficulties were greatly enhanced by the fact that that was the particular day when the House was without a duly elected Speaker, and it was a puzzle to know just who to approach for special privileges. However Sir Harry promised to do his best, and knowing that though still a young man he is president, chairman or director of a dozen different things of importance in London, we concluded that his "best" would result in a ticket of admission somehow, even if he had to elect the Speaker himself, a little ahead of time, in order to get his signature.

We were not disappointed. We had a ticket of admission to the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery before the day was out, delivered by post, too. The mails move quickly in London. We were a few minutes late but we were glad of it, for had we been on time we might have been sitting up in the gallery of the Commons, seeing only half the show, instead of in the lobby half way between the Lords and the Commons taking it all in. Just as we arrived, the Black Rod from the House of Lords, proceeded by a chap in knee breeches with a sword, marched past on his way to the House of

Commons, which is at the other end of the long hallway. He knocked three times on the closed doors of the Commons chamber, and on being admitted summoned the Commons to the Upper House to hear the King's approbation of the Speaker-elect signified by Royal Commission. In obedience to the summons the Speaker-elect, accompanied by the Sergeant-at-Arms bearing the Mace, and by the leader of the House and many of the members, attended at the Bar of the House of Lords. It was most interesting to watch these proceedings. It was the first time for sixteen years that a new speaker had been elected. The Right Honorable J. W. Lowther, who two weeks ago today presented the House of Commons at Ottawa with a new Speaker's chair, had been Speaker of the House for a decade and a half, and had retired. He was being succeeded by the Right Honorable John Henry Whitely. Mr. Whitely is a tall gentleman with a fine, intellectual face, and a dignified bearing, and the general impression was that he would fill the high and important office with courtesy, fairness and tact. Following the Speaker came the members three and four abreast, chatting gaily with one another, and about the middle of the procession we noticed the Prime Minister.

After the Commoners had filed back to the Lords we were taken in hand by our sponsor and piloted to the gallery entrance. The Distinguished Strangers' Gallery is a small section of the gallery at the end of the chamber facing the Speaker, and gives one a splendid view of everyone and of everything that is going on. It is approached by a narrow stone stairway, the door of which is carefully guarded. It was with mixed emotions that we gazed about that legislative chamber. It is not a large one—not nearly so large as the Commons chamber at Ottawa, being only 75 feet long, 45 feet broad and 41 feet high, But it is large enough and has an advantage over our Chamber at Ottawa, in that every word can be heard without difficulty. The galleries run around it, and as in other legislative chambers the newspaper reporters occupy the portion directly above the Speaker's chair. Here, too, with the pressmen, sit the Hansard reporters. The seats run lengthwise of the chamber.

The members are not given individual chairs and desks as at Ottawa and Toronto, but sit together on long cushioned seats something like church pews, with high backs. The front Government bench was occupied by Messrs. Winston Churchill, Arthur Balfour, Austen Chamberlain, Lloyd George, Sir Hamar Greenwood and several other prominent members of the Government. On the front bench directly opposite sat Mr. Asquith and his supporters, the Irish members and Labor members also sitting on that side towards the back. The Beau Brummel of the House appeared to be Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who was faultlessly dressed, and wore the monocle and orchid affected by his father in days gone by. He is one of the few members who still adhere to the custom of wearing their hats in the House, his, by the way, being a shiny topper. Members are free to sit anywhere they choose, but there exists a sort of tacit agreement whereby the seating preferences of one another are respected by the members. It is said, too, that should all the members ever be in the House at the same time there would not be seating accommodation for them all. Parenthetically we might remark that there is always lots of room at Ottawa. We spent a couple of hours in the House the other evening and during all of that time the Government benches were nearly empty, ten and at the most twelve members being the total present.

It was not, however, of the physical aspects of the interior of the Commons Chamber at Westminster that we were thinking on that Thursday afternoon in April as we looked around, but of the parts men have played, the battles that have been fought in the struggle for the rights and privileges of the common people, and the history that had been made within the walls of the British House of Commons since Simon de Montfort sent out his clarion call to the barons and citizens, and formed the first Parliament. True, it was not in this chamber that those stirring events took place in the reign of Charles the First when John Hampden, William Pym, and other grim and determined men were struggling to maintain the liberties of the people; nor was it here that Cobden, Bright, and the other leaders of the Anti-Corn Law League, carried on their

great campaign to cheapen the people's food. But it was here that the great Reform Bill was debated and "The Leap in the Dark" taken; it was in this Chamber on July 22nd, 1875, that Samuel Plimsoll rushed down to the Government benches and shook his fist at the leading members of the Government, and created such a scene that he forced them to take action to protect the seamen from the risks forced upon them by unscrupulous ship-owners; it was here that William Ewart Gladstone, Isaac Butt, and Charles Stewart Parnell fought many a bitter fight for Irish Home Rule, and it was here, too, that the government of that unfortunate island was still a matter of almost daily controversy.

When we entered the House we had no idea what would be discussed, but Good Fortune still seemed to favor us, for after disposing of 195 questions in record time, dealing with everything from the Anglo-Japanese Alliance to the receiving of money for Bolshevik purposes by certain newspapers, the House went into Committee of Supply on the Civil Service Estimates, and the item of £44,120 to complete the sum for the salaries and expenses of the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland, precipitated a debate on the Irish situation in which many of the big men of the day took part, and we had the opportunity of studying them in action at close range. The Chief Secretary, Sir Hamar Greenwood, opened the debate. We had a particular interest in Sir Hamar, because he is a Canadian, and also was a newspaperman. He is a big man physically, with a firm mouth, and a grim, determined look. Sir Hamar looks like a man who would neither give nor ask for quarter in a fight. He spoke clearly and convincingly. He wanted money to improve the publicity branch of the Irish Office. The sole desire of that office was to make the real facts known, he said. He regretted that journalists who would not support Sinn Fein were being threatened with death, and the representative of one great American newspaper had been compelled to leave Ireland. The majority of the Royal Irish constabulary were, he said, Roman Catholics, and the majority of the police murdered were of the same religion.



The Chief Secretary referred to the slaughter of fourteen officers at Dublin and the ambush at Macroom, where sixteen Auxiliaries were slaughtered, stripped of their clothing, and their bodies hacked with axes. This produced protests from Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy, a young Liberal, who took a prominent part in the debate all through, if interrupting could be called taking part. Later on when Sir Hamar was telling about the dragging of an ex-service man from a hospital in Cork by four Sinn Feiners and his murder, he said that in every country in the world an ex-service man is honored except in parts of Ireland. This caused a member to taunt Commander Kenworthy about not asking about those cases, but "the hon. and gallant member" came back strong, insisting that he had condemned murder again and again. Quite a little row developed here, between Sir Hamar and Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy. The Chief Secretary said he intercepted a letter bearing the signature of Michael Collins, who he accused of being "the organizer of this deluge of blood in Ireland" linking up Commander Kenworthy as his mouthpiece in the Commons. The Commander indignantly denied having had any communication with Collins, but the controversy grew so warm that the chairman (Mr. Fitzalan Hope) had to intervene.

Sir Hamar Greenwood was followed by Mr. Asquith. Mr. Asquith is leading the Liberal party and has persistently championed the Irish cause, although he has time and again expressed himself as having no sympathy with the campaign of murder and arson carried on by some of the Sinn Feiners. He is a clear and fluent speaker, but apparently quite contemptuous of display and rhetoric, or anything that might appeal to the popular emotions. Mr. Asquith is one of the intellectual giants of the House, but he does not seem to cultivate popular applause. At the same time he is closely followed. Standing up with his hands in the pockets of his sack coat, his notes lying carelessly on the table, he would turn first this way and then that, and occasionally when wishing to emphasize some remark would withdraw his hands from his pockets and tap the back of his left hand with his right one. Mr. Asquith has the reputation of being

a very patient man and it is reputed of him that during the passage of the Parliament Act some years ago, he stood for an hour vainly endeavoring to speak, while the young Tories howled at him but without one word of anger escaping his lips. A man with a most meticulous sense of honor, and who has no axes to grind, Mr. Asquith holds his place in the sun very largely by virtue of intellectual superiority. "The most capacious intellect that has been placed at the service of Parliament since Gladstone disappeared," is the estimate of a writer who knew him well.

On this particular afternoon Mr. Asquith severely censured the Government for the reprisals that he claimed were being carried on by Government soldiers, and his charges led to several warm interchanges with the Chief Secretary for Ireland. He had letters with him which he read, one from a lady in Dublin whom he knew, and another from an eminent London surgeon who while on a fishing expedition with his wife, saw the keeper of the little inn where they were staying, taken out and shot in cold blood in the middle of the afternoon. He appealed strongly for the disbanding of the Auxiliaries, and the relying for the restoration of law and order on the military of the old-established force of the Crown, at the same time emphasizing his "heartfelt detestation of the Sinn Fein campaign of outrage and murder." Mr. Asquith scored heavily when he told the Prime Minister and the Chief Secretary that by their own admission under their policy the condition in Ireland was growing worse.

Mr. Asquith was followed by Lieut.-Col. Guinness, a Coalition Unionist, a clever young speaker, who defended the Auxiliaries whom he said were operating in Ireland under unparalleled difficulties, but he urged the Government to abandon the idea of holding the elections in Southern Ireland. He in turn was followed by Sir Edward Carson, another Unionist and the well-known leader of the Ulsterites. It is rather odd to see Sir Edward Carson, Lloyd George, Hamar Greenwood and Winston Churchill all sitting on the Government benches,—albeit Sir Edward does not sit in the same seat as the other three—for it will be remembered that Sir Edward



**SIR FRANK NEWNES, BART.**

*Chairman of the Geo. Newnes Publishing Co., Publisher of The Strand Magazine, Country Life, etc. Member of English Joint Committee in charge of our entertainment*



LADY NEWNES

*Who took a keen personal interest in our London visit.*

once referred to Winston as a turncoat, and Sir Hamar in *The Times* next day asked "What about Sir Edward Carson himself? He was once a Liberal and a member of the National Liberal Club." Sir Edward retorted that on the day that the first Home Rule Bill was introduced he telegraphed to the National Liberal Club to take his name off the roll of members. It looked as though he had the best of the argument until Mr. Greenwood looked up the records of the Club and discovered that he was elected a member two months after the Home Rule Bill was introduced and that he did not resign until fifteen months later.

Sir Edward took an exactly opposite view to Col. Guinness, who sat right behind him. He wanted the Government to go right ahead with the elections, declaring that "nothing could be worse in the interest of Britain or Ireland than for the Government to withdraw from their position." Sir Edward is a tall man and a clear, incisive speaker. We are told that he is immensely popular in Ulster, and is often referred to as "the uncrowned king." He was followed by Lord Robert Cecil, who when he was not speaking lolled on the benches in what looked to be a most uncomfortable attitude. He is very tall and inclined to be round-shouldered. The House of Cecil has long been prominent in the British Parliament, both his father, the late Lord Salisbury, and his cousin, Hon. A. J. Balfour, having been Prime Ministers, Lord Robert in a vigorous speech called for the resignations of the Prime Minister and the Chief Secretary as the first step towards settling the Irish question. Then came Earl Winterton, Mr. T. Kennedy (Lab.) who delivered his maiden speech, and then Mr. Lloyd George.

The Prime Minister had listened to the discussion without saying a word. Seated between Winston Churchill and Arthur Balfour, he leaned his head (which by the way is thickly covered with grey hair brushed straight back from the forehead) against the back of the seat and seemed unmoved by the fierce debate that was raging around him. Occasionally he would make a note on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand; occasionally he would exchange a word

or two with Mr. Balfour, but throughout it all he seemed quite unflurried. When he arose however, he was

“Like a thousand lightning brands unstrung  
In the night sudden.”

and he entered into the battle with colors flying. Mr. George has a fine, clear delivery, and is a most persuasive speaker. He seemed to brush argument after argument aside, as he progressed. He went direct to the issue. Right off the bat he tackled Lord Robert Cecil, told him that the Irish question did not start with the Chief Secretary nor with him, but existed before he was born. He said that what had happened in Ireland had always happened every time Great Britain had any trouble that involved the employment of her forces and energies elsewhere. And it had always taken some years to clear up the trouble. As the Premier progressed he was repeatedly interrupted by Commander Kenworthy and others, but that only seemed to warm him up and for an hour he discussed the issue, in a fighting speech, concluding with an offer to meet any representative Irishmen in order to discuss the problem of Irish Government. Mr. George is undoubtedly a most wonderful man. He has risen by dint of his own efforts, and perseverance, from a humble home to the position of First Minister of the British Parliament and one of the dominating figures of the world. It has not been done by dissembling or time-serving, but by fighting for what he thought was right. In the Boer War he was so unpopular that his life was in danger—fifteen years later the country was looking to him to save it. The Prime Minister by those sterling qualities of heart and mind, that so endear him to his fellow-countrymen, by his nimble wit, his brilliant repartee, his fighting spirit, his keen moral sense, and magnetic personality, will always hold a place in the sun, so long as he is in politics. He is a man of the people. His heart is still with the people, and will be to the end of the chapter, and after that in his own words “you will lay me in the shadow of the mountains.”

## CHAPTER VII.

### Lord Riddell's Luncheon, Kensington Place and the Guildhall.



IMMEDIATELY after the tour of Westminster the party proceeded to Princes Restaurant, which is situated just off Piccadilly Circus. Here in the picture gallery, we were entertained at luncheon by Lord Riddell, and here for the first time the majority of the party had the pleasure of meeting some of the proprietors of London's big newspapers, and many other prominent Londoners. Lord Riddell is chief owner of a weekly newspaper with several millions of circulation, called "News of the World." He is reputed to be one of England's wealthiest men, and is one of Mr. Lloyd George's most intimate personal friends. The luncheon was a big success, and a very hearty welcome to London was extended to the newspaper men and women by the host who acted as chairman. Lord Burnham was also present and added a few words of welcome. The reply on behalf of the editors' party was made by the writer, who reviewed, briefly, the circumstances leading up to the tour, and voiced the pleasurable anticipation with which all were looking forward to the London visit.\*

From this delightful affair, the party proceeded to Kensington Palace, where they were the guests at a reception of the Society of

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From the London Daily Telegraph:

\*The cordial friendship that exists between British and Canadian newspapers, in the maintenance of which the Empire Press Union performs a valuable service, was translated yesterday into terms of happy personal comradeship, when, at the invitation of Lord Riddell, the party of Canadian journalists who, with their families, are visiting England and are proceeding later to the battlefields of France and Belgium, met at luncheon at Prince's Restaurant, members of the council of the Empire Press Union. Many leading representatives of British journalism took the opportunity of giving their colleagues of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association a hearty welcome to this country. The visitors came on to lunch after spending the morning at the Houses of Parliament, where they were received and shown round by Sir

Women Journalists of London. Lady Brittain is President of the Society, but Miss Billington of The Daily Telegraph staff, an ex-President of the Society and who was the only woman delegate to the Imperial Press Conference at Ottawa, in 1920, and Mrs. Massey Lyon were chiefly responsible for the reception. Miss Billington is one of the most prominent women journalists of London and was much interested in the visit of the overseas editors.‡ Kensington Palace was formerly the residence of the English sovereign. It occupies the site of a private mansion that was acquired in 1689 by William III. and enlarged for him by Wren. The palace was the favorite residence of William III. and Mary, both of whom died here. In the reign of George II, the grounds were extended and greatly improved by Queen Caroline. The palace ceased to be occupied by the sovereign on the death of George II., and its apartments have since been tenanted by members of the Royal family and aristocratic pensioners of the Crown. It was whilst the Duke of Kent, son of George III, was residing here, that his daughter, the Princess Victoria, was born in 1819, and it was here that she received the announcement of her accession to the throne. Queen Mary, the consort of the reigning sovereign, was born at the palace.

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‡Since these letters were written Canadian friends have received the sad news of Miss Billington's death.

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Harry Brittain, M.P., Sir William Bull, M.P., Sir Philip Dawson, M.P., and Mr. P. J. Hannon, M.P.

In the picture gallery of Prince's Restaurant the guests were received by Lord Riddell who presided at the luncheon, and was supported by Viscount Burnham, president of the Empire Press Union. The company included:

The Hon. Peter Larkin (High Commissioner for Canada), Miss A. Larkin, Sir Robert and Lady Donald, Mr. and Mrs. W. Rupert Davies, Mr. and Mrs. E. Roy Sayles, Sir Harry Brittain, M.P., and Lady Brittain, the Hon. E. W. Armstrong, Lieut.-Colonel E. F. Lawson and Mrs. Lawson, Sir Edward Iliffe, M.P., Sir George and Lady Fenwick, the Hon. H. P. Colebatch, Mr. J. Fielding, Lieut.-Colonel W. Grant Morden, M.P., Mrs. S. Mortimer, Sir Roderick and Lady Jones, Mr. Percy Hurd, Mr. and Mrs. George Springfield, and Mr. H. E. Turner (secretary of the Empire Press Union).

Lord Riddell, in giving the toast of "Our Guests," said that he had "specialised" on peace conferences, and knew something about them. He had come to the conclusion that one of the best methods of maintaining the peace of the world was to give journalists of different countries an opportunity of knowing each other. He was not one who believed that newspapers



The reception was an exceptionally brilliant affair and was also unique, because of the fact that it was the first time gracious permission had been granted to hold a reception in this royal palace, an honor which the Canadian editors deeply appreciated. The guests were announced at the top of the famous Queen's Staircase, which had been beautifully decorated with flowers, and after a leisurely progress through the state apartments they were conducted to Queen Caroline's drawing room where each member was presented by Viscount Burnham to His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, (whose late husband, the Duke of Argyle was Governor-General of Canada when Marquis of Lorne) and to Lady Patricia Ramsay, whose connection with the famous "Princess Pats," is a matter of history. After the formal reception tea was served, Mrs. Davies and I were honored with an invitation to the royal table which was set in the room where Queen Victoria received the news of her accession to the Throne, and at which in addition to the royal guests, we were very pleased to meet the charming wife of our Governor-General, the Lady Byng of Vimy. Our first impression of royalty was a most delightful one. The Duke of Connaught and the Princess Louise were both greatly interested in Canada, and asked many questions concerning this country. Later a delightful programme of music

could govern the world, for they had no executive power. At the same time they were responsible for disseminating information. It was difficult to describe a thing unless one understood it, and one of the great advantages of such trips as theirs was that it gave journalists an opportunity to meet journalists of other countries and to secure at first hand information that was exceedingly valuable to them when they returned home. To-day the Empire and, in fact, all parts of the world, were faced by very difficult and trying problems. It was therefore most valuable that at such a time they, who represented such a large and important section of Canadian opinion, and who had the opportunity of giving to Canadians the information they ought to receive on international and Empire affairs, should come to London to study those problems from our point of view, and at the same time give us an opportunity of hearing what they thought in Canada of those problems. (Cheers) He assured them that anything the newspaper proprietors of London could do to make their trip a success would be most gladly done.

Mr. Rupert Davies, who replied on behalf of the Canadian visitors, referred with gratitude to the readiness with which Lord Burnham, after the visit to the Dominion of the Empire Press Union delegation from Great Britain, some years ago, welcomed the suggestion of the present visit to this country. Canadian newspaper men and women, he said, knew Lord Burn-

arranged by Miss Beatrice Harrison the famous cellist, was given in the large drawing-room, followed by a most interesting and informative address by Mr. Walter G. Bell, F.S.A., F.R.A.S., who dealt entertainingly with the childhood of Queen Victoria, quoting from the diary kept by her when a girl. The many guests at the reception in addition to the Royal party and the Canadian editors, included Viscountess Burnham, Sir George MacLaren Brown and Lady Brown, Sir Campbell Stuart, Sir Frank and Lady Newnes, Sir Harry and Lady Brittain, Sir Robert Donald, and many other prominent people who were interested in the visit of the editors.

The first day had thus far been rather full, but for the directors of the Weekly Newspapers Association and their wives, there was still another big function, namely, the reception and ball given by the Lord Mayor of London at the Guildhall, and admittedly one of the most brilliant functions of the year. The invitations for the fortunate ones of our party were secured by Sir Frank Newnes. The Lord Mayor's name was not Whittington but the Right Hon. Sir Louis Newton, and he received with the Lady Mayoress in the Library, being also assisted by his Aldermen and Commoners. The Guildhall, in which this reception and ball took place, is at the end of King street, in Cheap-

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ham to be one of the best friends Canada had. (Cheers.) They regretted that he did not come to Canada as Governor-General, but they still had hopes that at a not very distant future they would see him and Viscountess Burnham installed at Ottawa. (Hear, hear.) Referring to the tour planned for the visiting party, Mr. Davies expressed the hope that they would go back to Canada with broader minds and with a deeper understanding of the problems that faced the Mother Country. They could not all live in this beautiful country, for which they had in their hearts a very deep love; but they were proud to live in what they regarded as the Premier Dominion of the great British Commonwealth and they were doing all they could to inculcate the British ideal and preserve the British tradition. (Cheers.) What they needed was population and they could not always be as particular as they would like to be; but he was proud that the Canadian weekly newspapers which went into the homes of the people who came from foreign countries always tried to fulfil their responsibilities in this matter. (Cheers.) Mr. Davies went on to speak of the delight with which the party had visited the historic spots of Westminster, and expressed their hope that before they left they might have the privilege of shaking hands with "Good King George."

The company, at the call of Mr. Davies, drank to the health of Lord Riddell, who returned thanks.

side, and is an altered and enlarged form of the one built in 1411. The dancing took place in the Great Hall, said to be the most historic city hall in existence. It is 152 feet long, by 59½ feet wide, and 89 feet high and with an excellent floor. It is a very richly appointed chamber, and has many historic associations. It was here that the unfortunate Earl of Surray, (the poet) was tried and condemned in 1547; and here also took place the trials of Lady Jane Grey, Lord Guilford Dudley, her husband, and Archbishop Cranmer, in 1553. All around the walls of the Great Hall are the banners of the Livery Companies, the Grocers, the Fishmongers, the Skinners, the Leathersellers, the Girdlers, the Salters, the Vintners, the Dyers, the Pewterers, etc. In the corners of the Gallery, are wooden figures of the mythical giants, GOG and MAGOG. The Great Hall presented a magnificent and colorful scene as the dancing proceeded. High military and naval officials were there in their bright uniforms, the ladies were gayly dressed, and a particularly brilliant touch was added by the vivid costumes of the many Eastern potentates who were present with their wives.

This reception was held in honor of those visitors from overseas who were in London for the great Empire Exhibition, and it seemed as if guests were gathered from every corner of the world. For those who did not dance a great variety of entertainment was provided. In the council chamber a very pleasing programme of music was rendered under the direction of that distinguished musician, Sir Landon Ronald, Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, while in the Fine Art Gallery another concert was given in which the celebrated Gresham Singers took a prominent part. Buffet refreshments were served throughout the evening in the Crypt, and light refreshments were also served in the reading room. It was exactly midnight when the band of the Royal Regiment of Artillery played the National Anthem, and the Canadian newspaper party went home to their hotels, tired, but happy. It had been a full day but a most delightful one, and we were all tremendously impressed with the hospitality and entertainment that was being showered upon us, but secretly wondering if the first day was a sample of the nine others to come, whether we could keep up the pace.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Canadian Newspapermen Officially Welcomed by Lord Burnham— Visit to Wembley.



TUESDAY, the second day of our stay in London, was Dominion Day. We had tried to arrange for a short ceremony at the Cenotaph in Whitehall, in honor of the Unknown Soldier, but owing to the fact that Whitehall is a very busy thoroughfare, anything in the nature of a gathering there is strictly against the police regulations, a copy of which was submitted to us from Scotland Yard. The Unknown Soldier was properly honored, however, by a small party of about half a dozen proceeding to the Cenotaph, where a beautiful tribute to the soldier dead was reverently laid, on behalf of the Canadian Editors' party, by Mr. Blaney McGuire, editor of *The Banner of Orangeville*. Mr. McGuire lost two sons in the war, both lieutenants. One lies buried at Poperhinge and the other at Reninghelst, in the Ypres district.

Whilst returning to the hotel we witnessed the interesting ceremony of the Changing of the Guard. The changing of the horse guard at Whitehall, is an old-time ceremony that seldom fails to attract a crowd. The cavalry guard at Whitehall, is a survival of the horse guard that was posted at the old palace in the time of Charles II. The Horse Guards occupy the site of the old guard-house. When the king is in London the guard here consists of 25 men with a trumpeter and an officer. A mounted cavalryman sits in a covered archway, each side of the entrance to Whitehall, and the clockwork precision with which the guard is changed makes it very attractive.



*The distinctive menu used at Lord Riddell's luncheon on our first day in London.*



The unique menu used at Lord Beaverbrook's dinner in the Queen's Hall. Mr. Lloyd George is dancing on each plate and the chef peeping around the screen is supposed to be his Lordship himself.

At one o'clock the entire party was invited to the regular monthly luncheon of the Empire Press Union at the Criterion Restaurant, over which Lord Burnham presided. This was the first official welcome of the President of the Empire Press Union to the Canadian editors, and his kind remarks about Canada were reported in *The London Daily Telegraph* as follows:

Viscount Burnham was in the chair, and in welcoming the Canadian visitors as president of the union, said that it was no formal feast of the Empire's Press, it was merely the monthly luncheon of the Empire Press Union, at which they met together to bring their experiences and predilections into the common stock. None the less, he rejoiced at the opportunity of bidding a hearty welcome on behalf of the Empire Press Union to the large and distinguished party of Canadian editors, headed by Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Davies, so favorably known to many of those present. They would never forget the visit of the union to the great Dominion—they always spoke of Canada with truth and pride as the Great Dominion—in 1920, when they learnt the meaning of Canadian hospitality and fathomed the depths of their own ignorance of what Canada had in promise and potency for the British Empire. (Hear, hear.) He well recollected Professor Leacock making an elaborate calculation at the sumptuous banquet given on that occasion by Lord Atholstan at Montreal, as to the tons of food and the tons of drink that they would consume before returning home. Professor Leacock said that was what they had come to Canada to do, and that they would go home not so much fuller in mind as fuller in body, (Laughter). They got back safe and sound, but, not wishing to requite evil for good, they had never yet divulged the privations that were endured in the Prohibition provinces of the Dominion. (Laughter.) "You must give us always the benefit of the doubt," added Lord Burnham, "be kind to our failings, and be blind to our faults.' The old Titan might not be as weary as his enemies hoped, but he was assuredly heavy-burdened. If he was to play his old and time-honored part in the world's affairs he must draw fresh

strength from the inspiration of youth. They must be co-optimists as to the future destiny of the British world. It was by such a visit as theirs that the co-optimism of the Empire was made a living thing and not a foolish boast. (Hear, hear). After dinner one might be transported to the clouds, but after lunch one was plunged back into the worry and the hurry of our workaday life, and the worry and the hurry of the world was ten times what it was before the Canadian Division stood shoulder to shoulder with the armies of the Old Country to face a world in arms. Theirs were the newspapers of the farm and the family, of the workshop and the homestead. They stood for the plain folk of Canada, and, as such, the plain folk of the Old Country—he did not mean the newspaper people only—greeted them with the grip of the sincerest friendship and fellow-feeling. (Cheers).

From the luncheon the Renfrewites proceeded to the National Gallery on Trafalgar Square, where a pleasant, but all too short, hour was spent, and then proceeded to the Ritz Hotel where the Dominion High Commissioner, Hon. P. C. Larkin, held his annual reception. This proved to be a very enjoyable affair. The annual Dominion Day dinner was held that evening at the Cecil Hotel, and a great many of the editors' party availed themselves of the privilege of a seat in the gallery for the speaking. The speakers included the Prince of Wales, Premier Armstrong of Nova Scotia, Premier Dunning of Saskatchewan, Hon. Winston Churchill, and Hon. N. W. Rowell. All who heard the Prince were very much pleased with his remarks. The impression was general, too, that the Canadians who spoke, were quite the equal in every respect of any of the other speakers. The evening was finished off in some cases by a couple of hours at a theatre, and a quiet little supper. A party of 26 attended a reception at the office of *The London Times*. Arrangements had been made by Sir Campbell Stuart for parties of 25 to visit *The Times*,—always a centre of interest for all visiting Canadian newspapermen—on different evenings. Everyone who took part in these



receptions was well pleased with what they saw and learned of the manner in which *The Thunderer* is edited and printed.

Wednesday, July 2nd, was one of the days set apart for a visit to the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, and accordingly the large majority of the party left for that interesting place early in the morning. We were intending to go out early, too, but at the last minute I received a summons to St. James' Palace to confer with the Assistant Lord Chamberlain to His Majesty, in connection with the presentation of the editors' party to their Majesties at the Buckingham Palace Garden Party on the approaching Saturday. As I was again summoned there on Friday, this time to confer with Lord Cromer, the Lord Chamberlain himself, it might be interesting at this point, to say something about this ancient Palace. St. James' Palace is one of the old palaces of London. The fine brick gatehouse, standing so conspicuously at the junction of Pall Mall and St. James Street, and Friary Court behind it, (where the Guard is changed) are two of the most familiar features of this part of London. The former, with the Chapel Royal, and the old Presence Chamber within, are all that remain of a small palace erected here by Henry VIII., (at the time he built Whitehall), on the site of a leper hospital, dedicated to James the Less. The other portions of the palace, which now covers a lot of ground, are additions and reconstructions made by Charles I., Anne and the Georges. Mary I, died at St. James' and Charles II, James II., Mary II., and George IV., were born here. Charles I, slept here the night before his execution, walking hence in the morning to Whitehall, across the park. From 1698, when Whitehall was burnt, till the time of George IV., St. James' Palace was the London residence of the sovereign, and it is still to the Court of St. James that foreign ambassadors are accredited, and levees are still held there. York House, in Ambassador's Court, is the residence of the Prince of Wales. I entered the Palace Grounds from Pall Mall and passed through Friary Court. Here the guard is a foot guard and the relieving guard enters the court headed by a band of drums and fifes, to the strains of a slow march, with the colors held aloft. At St. James' Palace are the offices of

the royal household, and here all arrangements are made for the big state functions that take place at Buckingham Palace. Both the Lord Chamberlain, (Lord Cromer), and the assistant Lord Chamberlain, (Colonel Crichton) manifested great interest in the visit of the Canadian newspapermen, the conferences taking place owing to the necessity of a perfect understanding of the arrangements for the presentation of such a large delegation to Their Majesties at the one time. Of the garden party more will be said in the next article.

The first afternoon and evening of the day at Wembley proved to be full of interest. We went out on the top of a bus—a most enjoyable journey—and came back by the Underground. The grounds are not as large as those of the Canadian National Exhibition, nor as beautiful, but when one recollects that the entire grounds were laid out and the buildings erected within the space of a year it is truly marvelous. The exhibition buildings consist of a Royal Pavilion, a Stadium, a Palace of Engineering, a Palace of Art, and many others, apart altogether from the buildings of the various overseas dominions. Naturally, our first objective was the Canadian building, and it is one that any Canadian might well be proud of. It is built in what is termed the neo-Greek style, and is most imposing. It contained a complete range of exhibits representing the agricultural development of Canada, its mineral resources, and its industrial products. We viewed the Prince in Butter, the wonderful Field of Apples, the model house made from British Columbia woods, and many other things. We felt a glow of pride, too, as we gazed on the products from Renfrew, as shown in the exhibits of the Renfrew Refrigerator Co. and the Seaman-Kent Co.

Flanking each side of the Canadian building were the buildings of our two large trans-continental railways, the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National. The Canadian Pacific exhibited working models of its steamers and trains. It also had a wonderful mechanical map, forty feet by twelve feet, illuminated with five thousand electric lights, indicating the railway services and principal natural resources of the Dominion. In a theatre in the upper part of

the building cinematograph displays and lectures were given. While the Palace of Engineering was the greatest attraction on the grounds for all those who were mechanically inclined, we found the buildings of the other overseas dominions of greatest interest. From the Canadian building we proceeded to the Australian building and there received some idea of the resources of this vast and still largely undeveloped country. There were miniature sheep ranching scenes, one mechanical ranch which was operated by electricity, being intensely interesting. The products of the orchard, the garden, the dairy, and the vineyard were also shown as were interesting exhibits illustrating mining, shipping and transportation. Another building which we found of particular interest was that of West Africa. This building covered an area of three acres, and took the form of a walled town, which was supposed to be the exact replica of a typical town in the hinterland of West Africa. Other buildings seen were the India building, which much resembled a large eastern bazaar, the East Africa building, Newfoundland, New Zealand, etc. The opportunity of viewing the empire in miniature was truly wonderful, and should result in very considerable emigration from the Mother Country to Canada and Australia and the other countries.

One particular point with regard to the Canadian Pavilion is that everything entering into the construction of the exhibit, except glass and cement, was grown or made in Canada—timber, nails, bolts, linoleum, paint, paint-brushes, hardware, electric lamps and fittings, cold storage machinery, furniture, carpets, etc. In short the whole Pavilion is Canadian effort for there were no sub-contractors, and all the work of the installation of exhibits was done by the Canadian Commission. Thus it is that the erection and arrangement of the Canadian Pavilion is not merely an exhibition of Canadian resources and products, but of Canadian resourcefulness and efficiency. While the Canadian exhibition covers every phase of Dominion activities, it may be said to be divided into two sections—the scenic and the industrial. The main corridor which represents a marvellous picture in itself is the home of the scenic exhibits. Its vast size, its beautiful decoration, and artistic con-

ception make it one of the wonders of Wembley. All the embroidery on the mural festoons, on the coats of arms and panellings, on all the landscapes of cornfields and homestead and forest inset in the walls, every particle of color and material is composed entirely of Canadian seeds and grains of many colors, while below on a level with the eye are magnificent panorama depicting everyday activities of Canadian life. An exhibit that attracted the newspaper men was that of a Canadian pulp mill. This panoramic exhibit shows a Canadian mill engaged in the manufacture of wood pulp by the grinding process. Prepared logs 12 feet in length are floated down the river from the forest to the boom above the dam where they are lifted into a small building and cut into 2 foot blocks. The blocks are then placed in a revolving drum where the bark is rubbed off and stored for use as occasion requires. When wanted the blocks are carried on a conveyor to the mill where, after being cleaned they are held by hydraulic pressure against grindstones, revolved by water power. The pulp is washed from the grinders and freed from knots and other extraneous matter. The fine pulp is then made into sheets which are pressed and baled for shipment. In the pulp and paper section is shown the biggest continuous news sheet in the world—18 ft. 3 in. wide, and in the same exhibit are many diverse and wonderful products of forestry including solid blocks of Douglas fir 12 feet high and practically 5 feet square; a segment of Douglas fir 11 feet in diameter; a timber 60 feet long, 8 inches wide and 16 inches deep without a flaw; wood for church doors, violins, pianos, aeroplane parts, canoes, window sashes, tubs, panelling, mouldings, soft pine logs, hardwood, porch columns, red cedar, cottonwood and the various distillations from wood.

When I was sent over to England in the spring of 1923 by the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association to "spy out the land," as it were, I was charged by some of those who were becoming much interested in the trip, to endeavor to have permission granted for the Canadian editors to view the Grand Fleet. This was rather a tall order, for as they say over there "it isn't done." Canadian Cabinet Ministers, Premiers of Provinces and other high civil and mili-

tary dignitaries from the overseas dominions are usually, when they are in London, invited to most official functions. But to get permission for 150 Canadian editors to view the fleet and go aboard some of the big warships is another matter altogether. During the war a party of daily newspaper editors were taken over to England at the expense of the Imperial Government (the arrangements having been made by Lord Beaverbrook) and taken out into the North Sea to see the fleet in action. That was in the dark days when material had to be secured for inspiring and encouraging newspaper articles. These are peace days, and the fleet is carefully guarded. However, fortune favored me in a most peculiar manner. I had approached one or two influential gentlemen who had promised to see what could be done, but no progress had been made. One night I was invited to a dinner at the Savoy Hotel. This was given to three visiting Canadian newspapermen by the Empire Press Union. Happening to be one of the three I was seated at the president's table, and was soon in the middle of a most interesting conversation with a charming gentleman who was sitting on my right, and to whom I had been introduced earlier in the evening with a number of others but whose name I had failed to remember. My new found friend was well posted on Canada and Canadian affairs. Told me he had broken a leg once while mountain climbing in the Rockies. At the first opportunity I turned to Sir Robert Donald (then plain Mr. Donald) and asked him who was the gentleman on my left, and was very pleased to learn that it was Col. Amery, the First Lord of the Admiralty. Col. Amery, I remembered, was married to a Canadian lady, Miss Greenwood, sister of Sir Hamar, who has recently been on a visit to this country. I found in him a most sympathetic listener to my request, and before the dinner was over he had announced in a speech that he had promised to make arrangements for our party to visit the fleet in 1924. As might be expected, I was much elated. But as Burns says:

“The best laid schemes of mice and men  
Gang aft agley.”

The Baldwin Government was turned out of power and Col. Amery was replaced by Lord Chelmsford. Efforts were made to interest him in the matter, and while negotiations took time, and the aid of influential men in London had to be invoked, when we arrived in London we found that on Wednesday, July 3rd, on the invitation of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty we were to leave Paddington Station by special train for Weymouth where the Atlantic Squadron was stationed.

The visit to Weymouth proved to be a most enjoyable one, our party being accompanied by Lady Newnes, who was most kind, and attentive to all. Weymouth is in Dorsetshire, some three hours ride from London. It lies south of and is closely sheltered by the Dorset hills. The town is built around a beautiful bay which we were told is only rivalled by the Bay of Naples. It is quite an ancient town, tracing its history back to Roman times. In 1319 it sent its first members to Parliament, and 28 years later it sent 20 ships to join the fleet which sailed to besiege Calais. Thomas Hardy, the famous novelist, who is still alive and who has written many delightful novels of Wessex life, notably "Far From the Madding Crowd," "Jude the Obscure," and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," also wrote "The Trumpet Major" in which he deals with the residence of George III, in Weymouth.

We arrived at the station about 1.30 and were met by the Mayor wearing his official chain, the president of the Rotary Club, also with an official chain on, and several prominent members of the Masonic Lodge. We were escorted to the Pavilion, where we were greeted by a band playing "The Maple Leaf Forever." Here we were given an official welcome by the Mayor and aldermen, which was replied to by Mr. Harold Hale, editor of The Orillia Packet, whose ancestors had been connected with the town. We were then taken on board a small ship and started for a visit to the fleet, which was anchored out in the harbor. The original plan had been to divide us up into small groups for tea on various ships, but on account of rough weather (on the sea) this had been abandoned

and we were invited for tea on the Admiral's flag ship. When we got out to the fleet, even this had to be abandoned, the Admiral refusing to allow the commander of attempt to transfer us to the man-o'-war in such a rough sea. It certainly was rough, but although the boat we were on pitched and rolled far worse than the channel steamer on the Sunday previous no one was sick. Possibly we were all so interested viewing the various craft as we went in and out among them, that no one thought of sea sickness.

The people of Weymouth are not only kind but resourceful. When it was found we were not to get aboard the warship for tea, the "watchman on the mountain top" was signalled from the bridge of our ship, and when we arrived back at Weymouth a very inviting tea had been prepared for us, which we all were quite ready to enjoy. The two hours till train time were spent on the beautiful esplanade of this seaside resort, which is one of the very finest in England. We reached London about eleven o'clock, tired, but certainly not hungry, for an excellent dinner had been served on the train. Some further reference to the fleet will be made in another article. Next week I will finish our stay in London.

## CHAPTER IX.

Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. Visit to Hampton Court also the Homes of Col. Grant Morden and Lord Burnham.



FRIDAY, July the fourth, and the four following days were busy ones for the Editors' Party. Friday had been given over entirely to the Port of London Authority and the noble lord who is its head, and his assistants had planned a most extensive tour of the docks for the men and a shorter trip taking in the extensive warehouses and showrooms for the ladies. London is the greatest port in the world, and its importance in this respect dates back to the seventeenth century. Thus far London had been but one of the many mart-cities of Europe. The discovery of America and of new sea-routes to the East greatly favored the geographical situation of London, and its merchants were not slow to seize the opportunities presented for commercial development. It was now that the great trading companies arose and the real foundations were laid of the modern port. To this period, too, may be assigned the inception of London as the financial centre of the world. The Companies—the Merchant Adventurers, the Africa, the Levant, the Russia, and the rest of them—carried the English flag to new lands, some to become Dominions. Much of their trade was by barter; their ships took the merchandise of England overseas and returned laden with rich freights from foreign lands. The origin of more than one virtual monopoly of foreign commodities enjoyed by the modern Port of London may be traced back to the trading ventures of the old companies. The London Goldsmiths and Mercers entered largely into national finance—the Goldsmiths, indeed, became the first English





LORD CROMER.

*Lord Chamberlain to His Majesty the King, who  
arranged for our presentation to their Majesties.*



COL. L. S. AMERY.

*Who as First Lord of the Admiralty in 1923 set in motion arrangements for our visit to the Fleet.  
Now Secretary of State for the Dominions.*

bankers, Gresham, a Mercer, acting as Royal Agent in the Netherlands, retrieved English credit, which had been impaired through loans having been raised by the Crown abroad, and freed English trade and finance from the foreign influence to which it had become subjected. In the city he built the Royal Exchange, as a grand new meeting-place for the London merchants and brokers — English commerce was henceforth to be controlled by the Exchange of London and not by that of Antwerp or of other foreign cities. The sack of Antwerp by the Spaniards in 1576 removed London's chief rival from the field. The greatest of all the companies—the East India—was established in the early years of the next century.

The port of London extends the full 60 miles' length of the tide-way from Teddington to the estuary at the Nore, but the section of the Thames that comes within the aspect of the ordinary visitor to London has little of the aspect of a commercial river. The bridges debar passage to any but small vessels, and it is below London Bridge that one must go to see the real activities of the port. Nearly all the docks are on the left bank, lying back within the great curves that the river makes between the Pool and Barking. Lower down are the detached docks of Tilbury, the latest development of the Port. The Canadian newspaper party left Westminster pier by special steamer at 10.30 Friday morning, and proceeded down the river to the King George dock where a general view was had of the sheds, jetties, cranes, etc. At 12.30 p.m. lunch was served at No. 9 shed, and at its conclusion there were some brief speeches. The party then proceeded to the Royal Albert dock and the Royal Victoria dock, coming back to King George V. dock, tea being served on the journey back to Westminster Pier, which was reached about 5 o'clock. The afternoon had been very pleasantly spent by the ladies in the various showrooms of the warehouses, where they gazed upon the rich and varied importations which had come from all over the world, including feathers, ivory, carpets, rugs, skins, curios, etc. In the evening the entire party was invited to a reception given by the United Empire Circle of the Lyceum Club at their luxurious quarters in Piccadilly and a very delightful evening was spent.

In the original plans for the London entertainment, Saturday, July 5th, was given over to Sir Campbell Stuart, deputy-chairman and managing director of The London Times, who had invited the entire party to be his guests at Windsor. Lunch was to have been served at the famous Castle Inn, to which the Headmaster of Eton College, and many other distinguished guests had been invited in honor of the Canadian party. The afternoon was to have been spent in the grounds of Windsor Castle permission having been granted to Sir Campbell to show the Canadians over this wonderful royal residence. Owing, however, to its clashing with the royal garden party at Buckingham Palace, this delightful function had to be abandoned, much to the regret not only of the generous host-to-be but also of the entire Canadian party. Sir Campbell, who formerly lived in Montreal, had taken an intense interest in the visit of his fellow-countrymen and had done much towards arranging an interesting programme. While the larger function at Windsor had to be abandoned, Sir Campbell invited a number of the editors to lunch at his hospitable home on Bryanston Square on the 5th, and it happening to be his birthday the congratulations of his Canadian friends were tendered by Rev. A. H. Moore, editor of The News, of St. Johns, Quebec. Saturday morning being free quite a number of the party visited Madame Tussaud's waxworks where we viewed the wax figures of the great men of the past and some of this present age. It is a most interesting place and because of its international reputation is nearly always crowded. From Madame Tussaud's we went to the famous London zoological gardens. The zoo—to use the popular term—comprises 34 acres, and although smaller in area than the zoological gardens of other capitals, contains the finest collection of its kind in existence. There are about 70 enclosures and the mammals, birds, reptiles, etc., total well over 3,000.

Saturday afternoon was an occasion long to be remembered by the Canadian Press party for we had all been invited to the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. Although about 10,000 people had received invitations special attention was given to the Canadian weekly editors and their wives. After entering by the Grand

Entrance and passing through the ground floor of the Palace out into the spacious grounds, the editors and their wives under the guidance of Col. Crichton, the assistant Lord Chamberlain, who is a charming and kindly gentleman, were assembled on the royal lawn which is usually reserved for the Royal Family until after Their Majesties have greeted them. The Royal Family arrives by a special entrance and assembles under a tree on the lawn opposite the entrance by which the King and Queen leave the Palace. As soon as Their Majesties appear a signal is given and the large military band which is present plays the National Anthem. The King and Queen then proceed to the royal group and greetings are exchanged. On this occasion there were present, among others, the Duke of Connaught, the Princess Louise, the Princess Patricia, Queen Victoria of Spain and the two Spanish Princesses, Ex-King Manuel of Portugal and his consort, and Lord Lascelles. A few yards away our party had been grouped in Provinces around the tree which Queen Victoria planted on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee, and here we all had the great pleasure of being presented to Their Majesties. This was the crowning honor of our tour. The directors and their wives were personally presented to their Majesties by the writer, who had been presented a few minutes earlier by Lord Cromer. The entire party was then presented in small provincial groups. The King and Queen were both kindly and gracious and asked many questions regarding Canada. King George was particularly interested in the soldier-members of the party, and enquired in detail regarding their battalions and the battles in which they were engaged. The honor conferred on the Canadian newspaper party was deeply appreciated by every member. We had met the Belgian King and the President of France, but the reception by our own King and Queen was a pleasure long looked-forward to, and realized under the most happy and auspicious circumstances. The royal garden party was a brilliant scene. Thousands of people from all over the Empire were there, the ladies in stylish, bright-colored gowns with, often, parasols to match, the gentlemen in conventional morning dress. The grounds at Buckingham Palace are

beautifully laid out. The lawns are like velvet, and here and there are banks of flowers against backgrounds of shrubbery. At one end of the lawn was a large marquee where refreshments were served. A short distance away was a special pavilion reserved for the royal party and the diplomatic corps, and here the King and Queen met many of their friends and chatted with them. The grand old palace, which since 1837 has been the London residence of the sovereign, and which derives its name from John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, with its trees, its beautiful lawns, its shrubbery and its flowers, is truly "a lovesome spot," and the effect on those who view it all for the first time, under a bright July sun with music in the air, is most entrancing. But all things have to have an ending and royal garden parties are no exception. Shortly before six Their Majesties went indoors and the guests departed, taking with them a memory, that will be cherished for years to come, of a most delightful afternoon. The end of a perfect day came at the home of Sir Frank and Lady Newnes where a dinner was given to a few of the Canadian visitors. Lady Newnes is widely known as one of London's most charming and talented hostesses, and she and Sir Frank were untiring in their devotion to the comfort and enjoyment of the Canadian press party during the entire London stay.

One member of the editors' party, in writing his impressions has stated that those who had charge of the programme evidently did not intend that there should be much church-going during the tour. The intention of those who planned the tour was that the week-ends should be periods of rest, but so unbounded was the hospitality showered upon the English committee, that nearly every Sunday had to be utilized. Sunday, July 6th, was one of the biggest days of our London visit. Sharp at 8.30 in the morning we assembled at the hotel doors and shortly after left by motor-coaches for Richmond. Arriving at Richmond Bridge we were taken on board a river launch which had been kindly provided by Messrs. Knapp, Drewett & Sons, Limited, proprietors of The Surrey Comet, one of the largest and most influential weekly newspapers published in England. Being situated close to London they have built up a

large jobbing business with the city, having two branch offices in the metropolis, and employing over 100 men at their Kingston plant. I referred in the first article of this series to Mr. Valentine Knapp. It was he to whom the idea of the tour was first broached. It was he who laid it before Lord Burnham, and he it was, also, who made all the preliminary arrangements which resulted in such a well-planned and enjoyable tour. The ride down the Thames on this beautiful Sabbath morning was delightful in the extreme. We passed scores of beautiful homes, the lawns and flower beds of which ran right down to the water's edge. Here and there, too, were house boats, some of them gaily decorated and many of the larger ones being handsomely fitted up. We passed Kingston-on-the-Thames, and a little further down disembarked and proceeded at once to Hampton Court.

Hampton Court is the largest, and in some respects, the finest of all the Royal Palaces in England. It was originally founded by Cardinal Wolsey in 1515, when he was on the threshold of his career of greatness, and here he dwelt in more than regal splendor for fifteen years, attended by an enormous household of some five hundred retainers, and dispensing a most generous hospitality. In 1524 Wolsey handed over Hampton Court to Henry VIII—it is said under pressure—and after Wolsey's fall, Henry entered at once into possession. It was at Hampton Court that Henry VIII passed much of his time with his six wives. Many English sovereigns resided there at different times, and Oliver Cromwell also installed himself there for a time. At present the bulk of the Palace, comprising about a thousand rooms, is granted as a dwelling place to members of aristocratic families. At the present day it is divided into about forty-five apartments, each with about 20 rooms. Space will not permit a detailed description of this wonderful palace and its grounds, much as I would like to tell my readers about it. It is so vast and there are so many wonderful features about it that it would take columns to properly describe it. I would like to mention the wonderful old grape vine, however, which we all went to see, Mr. Knapp paying the necessary penny or "tuppence" for every-

body. The vine is situated at the end of the wonderful pond garden of Henry VIII. It was planted in 1768 from a slip of a vine at Valentines, in the parish of Ilford, near Wanstead, in Essex, which itself attained a very great size and is still in a flourishing condition. The grape is of the Black Hamburg variety. Already in 1800 the stem was 13 inches in girth, and the principal branch 114 feet in length, and it had been known to produce 2,200 bunches in one year. Its greatest girth at present is 47 inches. This vine is reported to be the largest in the world.

From Hampton Court we proceeded by motor bus to Buckinghamshire where we were to spend the rest of the day. Our first objective was Heatherden Hall, at Ivor Heath, the beautiful home of Col. Grant Morden, a Canadian who hails from Prince Edward County and who has achieved fame and fortune in the Motherland. Col. Morden was one of the very first to offer to throw open his beautiful home to the Canadian editors and the luncheon which he gave jointly to them and the Canadian Bisley team on Sunday, July 6th, was a magnificent affair in every sense of the word. We entered the grounds of Heatherden Hall from the London road, and wound through the woods for nearly a mile before we caught sight of Col. Morden's palatial home and the artistic grounds surrounding it. An immense banquetting marquee had been erected on the lawn, and not far away was stationed a fine military band. That Col. Morden has a very warm spot in his heart for his fellow-countrymen was amply evidenced not only by his bountiful hospitality, but also by the distinguished company which he had invited in our honor. There were thirty large tables in the marquee, each one presided over by such important personages as Lord Gisborough, Viscount Burneaux, Sir George McLaren Brown, Sir Harry Brittain, Sir William Bull, General Hepburn, Commander Locker-Sampson and the Hon. Christopher Lowther. The guests at the head table included the Earl of Birkenhead, Sir Hamar Greenwood, Sir Thomas Lipton, Col. L. C. Amery, Sir Frank Newnes, Hon. J. S. Martin, Ontario Minister of Agriculture, Premier Armstrong of Nova Scotia, Hon. Justice Duff, and many others of equal note. The toast of





### HEATHERDEN HALL

*The magnificent country home of Col. Grant Morden, M.P.,  
where we were entertained at luncheon.*



**THE LAWN AT HALL BARN, BEACONSFIELD**  
*The home of Viscount and Viscountess Burnham*

The Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association was proposed by the Right Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead recognized as one of the most brilliant men in England today, and seconded by that honored journalistic veteran, T. P. O'Connor, M.P. For the editors replies were made by Mr. A. E. Calnan of The Picton Gazette, and Mr. E. Roy Sayles, the manager of the C. W. N. A., Toronto. Col. Amery and Sir Hamar Greenwood proposed the health of the Bisley team, and the reply was made by Major Streight of Toronto. After the luncheon a short time was spent wandering over the picturesque grounds of Heatherden Hall before it was time to leave, and regretfully we had to bid good-bye to our hospitable host and charming hostess.

From Heatherden Hall the newspaper party proceeded by motor busses, which by the way had been very kindly provided by the Press Hospitality Committee of the British Empire Exhibition, to Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, the home of Viscount and Viscountess Burnham. As we came in sight of this fine old manor house we recalled involuntarily Mrs. Hemans' lines:

The stately homes of England  
How beautiful they stand,  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land!

Lord and Lady Burnham were waiting for us at the door, and despite the fact that we were late, and had kept one of the busiest men in England waiting for us for three-quarters of an hour, our greeting was so warm and we were welcomed so heartily by our kind-hearted host and hostess, that ten minutes after we arrived everybody was feeling quite at home. Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, is truly one of England's stately homes. It is situated in the heart of Buckinghamshire, the county from which John Hampden was sent to Parliament in those troublous days when Charles I. was king, and men were struggling for their rights. The grounds at Hall Barn are unique, because of the fact that the extensive lawns in front of the house were the first to be laid out in England. They were start-

ed in 1710, and have been gradually reaching the perfect state in which they are today. Running down the lawn from the house at one side is a high evergreen hedge that is two hundred years old. The lawn to the left of the Hall is ornamented here and there with statues, and at the end is a tiny summer house where Edmund Waller, the poet who bought Hall Barn in 1624, used to sit and gather inspiration as he drank in the beauty of the scene. The Hall itself dates back to 1049, and has many interesting associations with poets and writers. John Milton, the blind poet, lived near, and it is said that he wrote his remarkable poem, "Paradise Regained" in the grotto in the grove at the end of the long stretch of lawn. After a pleasant hour strolling about the beautiful grounds and listening to the band, tea was served in the ball room, and it was one of the jolliest meals we had, during all the time we were in England. It was devoid of all formality, and everybody had a lovely time. Lord and Lady Burnham seem to have the happy knack of making their guests feel absolutely at ease while they are at Hall Barn, and the tea-hour in the room which has been the scene of so many hospitable functions was an hour of unalloyed happiness. We left shortly after seven for London, but that was not the end of Lord Burnham's kindness, for the next evening he held a reception for us at The Daily Telegraph office, which again proved to be a most pleasant event. Here there was an orchestra, refreshments and again that atmosphere of genuine friendliness that seems to pervade all functions which Viscount Burnham arranges and directs.

Monday, July 7th, was the day set apart for a visit to Hever Castle, the home of Major John Astor, chairman and chief owner of The London Times. On the way to Hever, we stopped at the Kenley Aerodrome, where a flying demonstration was given for us. Immediately on reaching Kenley, we were conducted through the huts, work-shops, dining halls and hangars. The flying demonstration was very interesting. The pilots were all experts and they went through a number of military manoeuvres which were very fascinating to watch. They also illustrated formation flying and bombing. An invitation was then extended to any who wished to



**VISCOUNT and VISCOUNTESS BURNHAM**  
*Snapped on the lawn at Hall Barn, their lovely country  
seat in Buckinghamshire*



*A view of Viscount Bunsford's beautiful estate Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire, where we were delightfully entertained.*

fly, and the large majority of the party went "up in the air," many of them for the first time. Among the flying machines exhibited at Kenley, was one of the latest commercial type seating twelve people. Those who went up in this declared that it was as comfortable as a luxurious automobile.

From Kenley we motored to Hever Castle where we were most hospitably received by Major Astor and his charming wife, Lady Violet. Lady Violet Astor is a daughter of the late Lord Minto, and having spent some time in Canada when she was quite a young girl, she was naturally much interested in the visit of the Canadian party. Hever Castle is delightfully situated among the wooded hills of Kent County. It was originally the home of the Bullens or as most people acquainted with the wives of Henry VIII. spell it, "Boleyn." It was to this place that Henry VIII., used to come when he was courting Anne Boleyn, and there is a famous walk called "Anne Boleyn's Walk." There is another walk called "Anne of Cleves' Walk." Hever Castle when it came into the hands of Major Astor's father forty or fifty years ago, was in a very poor state of repair, and while nothing has been done to mar the ancient beauty of the place, much has been done, both to the castle and the grounds to make it still more beautiful.

Luncheon was served in a large marquee, decorated with green and white bunting. The tables were most tastefully decorated with moss-baskets filled with carnations and ferns. The marquee was erected on the lawn and directly in front of it was a long wide bed of brilliant flowers recently laid out under the guidance of Lady Violet. Nothing could possibly have exceeded the heartiness and the warmth of the welcome which was given to our party by Major Astor and Lady Violet. At the luncheon we listened to a most interesting address from Major Astor on the duties and responsibilities of journalists, and the high ideals to which The London Times always aspired. After Lady Violet had been duly and properly initiated as a member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper As-

sociation, and decorated with the official badge, she too, treated us to a delightful little speech in which she referred in most affectionate terms to Canada.

The afternoon was spent strolling about the beautiful grounds, which many were heard to say reminded them of Fairyland more than anything else. The covered walk through the beautiful Italian garden leads down to the lake, along the front of which are stone terraces, ornamented with statues and fountains. In the centre is a spacious loggia in which one of the famous Guards' Bands discoursed sweet music during the entire afternoon. The Castle itself was a great attraction for all of us. It is entered by crossing the draw-bridge over the moat, and then passing through the portcullis gate at the base of the tower into the courtyard. The living rooms are artistically and luxuriously furnished, the library being most inviting. In the book-cases are many rare volumes, Major Astor being an enthusiastic collector. A writer has said that we live too fast on this continent, that we do not take time to meditate, that our conclusions are often too much influenced by the superficial things of life. As I stood in the library at Hever after having heard Major Astor's inspiring address at lunch, I could not help but feel that it was fortunate that *The Times* had come under the control of Major Astor and his friend, Sir Campbell Stuart. Here in this beautiful room full of rich associations with the past or in the wonderful grounds of Hever, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," one could not do otherwise than find inspiration for high ideals and noble aspirations.

From the library we went to the morning room which is full of historic treasures, and then up to the rooms and galleries above, one of the latter running along one end of the large pannelled dining room. In these galleries are many oil paintings by famous artists, and suits of armor dating back to the Norman period. A feature of great interest was the narrow stone staircase which winds around the tower to the roof, which in the old fighting days was a place of attack, and from which there is an excellent view of the estate. Throughout the castle there are a number of treasures which are





**MAJOR JOHN ASTOR and LADY VIOLET**

*Chief owner of The London Times, at whose home a glorious day  
was spent.*



**LADY BEAVERBROOK**

*Who personally planned every detail of the wonderful evening's  
entertainment provided for us by Lord Beaverbrook, the  
night before we left London*

particularly interesting. In the large entrance hall are two fine portraits, one of Henry VIII, and the other of Queen Elizabeth. Queen Elizabeth was exceedingly vain over her beautiful hands and the artist has taken great care to give her very slender hands with perfectly tapering fingers. Henry VIII in his portrait looks very kindly and jolly. We were shown the bedroom of Henry VIII, which is quite like it was in his time—very plain and severe, entirely lacking in the luxurious comforts of our day. In one room we saw many treasures, including Anne Boleyn's prayer book and an ivory box which belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots. In this box she kept all of Lord Darnley's letters which eventually cost poor Mary her head. We left Hever Castle between five and six o'clock after another delightful day in beautiful rural England, passing through, on the way to London, Sevenoaks, where the famous Knole estate is situated.

Tuesday, July 8th, was the last day in London. Many spent part of it at Wembley Exhibition, others of us visited some of the interesting spots in London, such as Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop, the Tower of London and Covent Garden Market. In the afternoon we visited once more the great shopping centre. Regent street, Oxford street and New Bond street. In the evening we all attended Lord Beaverbrook's banquet given in the Queen's Hall. This was one of the most wonderful dinners ever given in London, and it was the first time that the Queen's Hall had ever been used for such a purpose. Mr. Lloyd George was the speaker of the evening and other distinguished guests included the Earl and Countess of Birkenhead, Hon. Winston Churchill, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Viscount and Viscountess Burnham, Hon. Timothy Healy, Governor-General of the Irish Free State, the Earl of Derby, Viscount and Viscountess Devonport, the Earl and Countess of Minto, Sir Robert and Lady Donald, Sir Hamar and Lady Greenwood, and many others, over six hundred being present.

Lord and Lady Beaverbrook received at the entrance to the gallery, and from this gathering place the great hall with its snow-white tables, gleaming silverware, bright-colored flowers and bril-

liant lights, was an enchanting scene. Lord Beaverbrook introduced Mr. Lloyd George in a brief speech scintillating with wit, and in addition to the excellent address by the War Premier in which he dwelt on the ideals of Empire unity, our host had provided an excellent programme of music by the best talent in London. The menu cards were unique, having on the front a cartoon of the editors sitting at the banquet table and Mr. Lloyd George dancing a different step on each plate. Lord Beaverbrook, as the chef, is peeping around the corner of a screen and saying to himself, "I wonder how the overseas editors will like the Welsh rarebit." When the banquet and the speaking was over, the tables were moved to the sides of the hall and the carpets taken up for dancing, Lord Beaverbrook having had a new polished floor laid in the centre of the hall especially for this event. Dancing was indulged in until the small hours of the morning. Lord and Lady Beaverbrook and their charming daughter, Hon. Janet Aitken, being indefatigable in their efforts to see that everyone had an enjoyable time.

This closing event of our stay in London was characteristic of Lord Beaverbrook. The whole affair was particularly well organized, Lady Beaverbrook having assisted her husband in arranging and planning everything. It was a fitting and dazzling climax to ten days of boundless hospitality and crowded enjoyment, and in every way worthy of the brilliant and big-hearted New Brunswicker who has achieved such a powerful and influential position in the affairs of the Empire.

## CHAPTER X.

### Some Comments on Different Phases of London Life.—A Comparison of Transportation Systems.



IT was a sleepy crowd of Canadians that assembled at Paddington Station on the morning of Wednesday, July 9th, the day that we left London. No one who had kept up with the programme had had the usual eight hours per night, and the last night was the finishing touch. It was late when we left Queens Hall and when we reached our hotels we had to pack our trunks and suitcases, and prepare for an early departure in the morning. A couple of hours' sleep was about what most of us managed to get that night, and as a consequence when we got to Paddington Station we were still somewhat drowsy. Quite a number of London friends were present to bid us farewell, including Sir Frank and Lady Newnes, Lady Newnes going with us into Warwickshire. We were handed over to the English Newspaper Society by the Empire Press Union, and they certainly looked well after us. The itinerary through the English provinces, Wales and Scotland was a full one, and when we left many were of the opinion that we could not carry it out. But we did it without any casualties, and left a reputation behind us for stamina and hardihood. The provincial itinerary took us into Warwickshire, Devonshire, Gloucestershire, South Wales, Cheshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Scotland and Ireland. I hope in the course of the next four weeks to describe our journeyings in some detail. Owing to lack of both time and space this week my article is very brief, consisting of some comments on one or two hitherto untouched phases of our London visit.

The ten days which we spent in London were not only happy and enjoyable ones, but instructive ones as well. They enabled us to form some comparisons between conditions in Canadian cities and conditions as we found them in London. In the matter of hotel accommodation the Hotel Cecil or the Hotel Russell, leave little to be desired, but at the same time there are things that many of us missed. In Canada today most of the good hotels are well supplied with rooms having private bathrooms adjoining. Such luxurious accommodation as one finds in this regard at the Chateau Laurier, the King Edward in Toronto, or the Royal Alexandra at Winnipeg, is not common in London, although the best hotels have many private bathrooms. We believe, too, that here in Canada, we have better equipped and more up-to-date barber shops. On the other hand the English hotels excel the hotels on this continent in several directions. We are inclined to think the English idea of having a valet and a waiter assigned to every floor is better and makes for quicker service than the Canadian system of telephoning down to the special service section of the commissariat when one wants anything served in one's room. Then, too, we have got to admit that putting one's dirty boots outside the bedroom door at night and finding them in the same place, only nicely polished in the morning, has much to recommend it over the Canadian method of going down to the shoe-shining room and waiting while some young Greek god shines the shoes upon one's feet, and incidentally, unless properly threatened beforehand, leaves a black smear here and there upon a nice clean pair of socks. The English method is not only cleaner and more convenient, but is also a time-saver. Generally speaking the first-class London hotels pay particular attention to the comfort and convenience of their guests. At the Hotel Cecil one could find much to enjoy in the hotel, as well as outside. It boasts one of the finest dancing floors in London, and there is dancing every night except Sunday, when an excellent concert is provided. The palm court, as the dancing room is called, is free to all guests of the hotel, only one proviso being made, that they wear evening clothes.

The taxi service is excellent, although the rates are very much higher than they are in Paris.

The traffic system of London is of great interest to a Canadian. In the heart of London people get about largely by taxis and busses, longer journeys from one point to another being taken by the underground tubes. The motor busses are very handy, and very reasonable. The agility of the average Londoner is little short of amazing, as demonstrated by the way that he jumps on and off busses while they are going at a fair rate of speed. We do not mean by this that they do not make regular stops. They do. But Londoners don't seem to have to bother their heads about the stops. They can hop on and off with an ease that is rather difficult for a visitor to acquire during a short visit. The underground system of London is, naturally a very rapid method of transportation. Some of the underground lines are only a short distance below the surface, and in the suburbs run above ground. Others are very deep down, and it necessitates the descending of a good many steps to reach the train level. These underground trains run at a surprising speed. A map is on the wall of each carriage, and by watching this in conjunction with the signs on the stations that are passed one is able to find his way about with very little trouble. The busses are all numbered, and if you have been directed to take a certain number you have little difficulty. They also carry on the front and back big sign boards on which are painted the different places they go to and the different streets they traverse. The tops of the majority of the London busses are not closed in, and from an upper deck seat one can get a splendid view of the city. The fares run from a penny to six and seven pence. There may be higher rates, but if there are they are for longer distances than we ever travelled by bus. Speaking of transportation, there has been a big improvement in the English trains in the past quarter of a century. Practically all the long journeys are now made in corridor coaches with both first and third-class dining-saloons. If it is an afternoon journey there are tea cars. The corridors run along the side of the carriage and they do not in any way conflict with the privacy of the compartments,

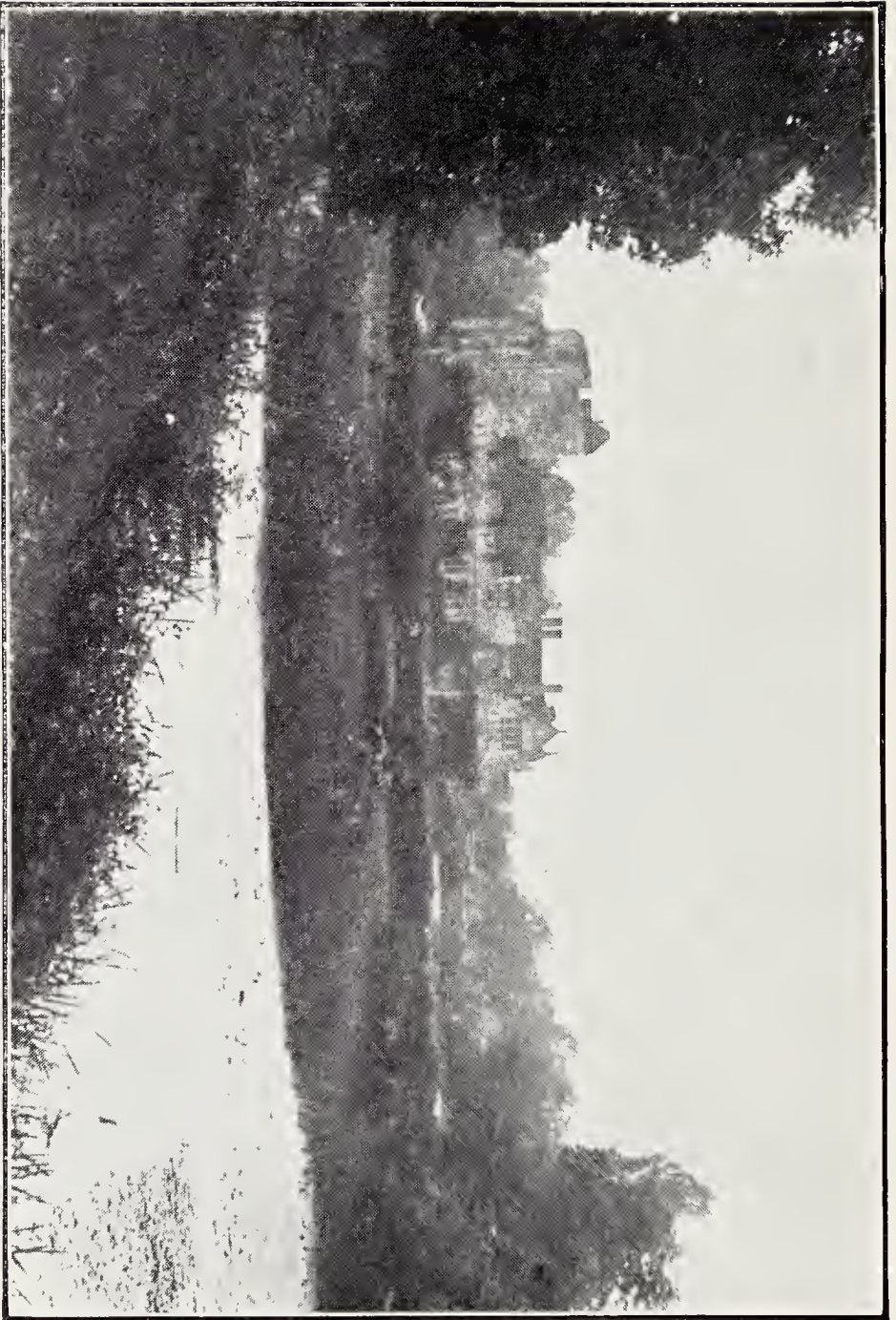
which in a corridor train hold five on each side if necessary, but oftener only four. The editors were very fortunate in regard to train accommodation, in many instances being furnished with a special train for their exclusive use. When the writer was a boy the only method of heating an English railway carriage that we ever noticed was the old-fashioned footwarmer. Today they are well-heated by most modern methods. Whether the English trains are preferable to the Canadian trains, or vice versa is largely a matter of personal opinion. In my opinion Canadian trains are best in Canada and English trains over there.





**THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO HEVER CASTLE**

*The beautiful home of Major John Astor and Lady Violet Astor  
where we were so hospitably entertained*



*Another view of Haver Castle.*

## CHAPTER XI.

### A Visit to Warwick Castle and Beautiful Stratford-on-Avon, the Home of Shakespeare.



THE provincial tour of the Canadian editors had been very carefully planned, by the central committee, but the bulk of the work fell on Mr. Fred Armstrong, the genial and hard-working secretary of the English Newspaper Society who has been previously mentioned in these articles. Mr. Armstrong is a native of London, having been born in that great city, but while his office is on Salisbury Square, just off Fleet Street, the society which he serves so faithfully and well, has a membership scattered all over England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland. On leaving London each member was given a complete programme of the itinerary for the two weeks that we were to be under the friendly guidance of the Newspaper Society. A glance over the programme indicated that our party was going to see a goodly portion of the British Isles, providing that we could stand the pace. Our first day was to be spent in lovely Warwickshire, known to every school girl and boy as the home of the great William Shakespeare. We arrived at Leamington at 10.50 a.m. and were met at the station by Major Glover, editor of the Leamington Courier. We were conducted to waiting auto-busses and driven through Leamington to Warwick, our destination being, of course, the famous castle. Warwick Castle, is at present occupied by an American. It is a fine old stronghold, beautifully situated, and containing wonderful paintings, tapestries and other works of art.

The Park attached to Warwick Castle comprises an area of 702 acres, or somewhat more than a square mile, of which about 36

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\*We have learned with deep regret that Mr. Armstrong passed away suddenly in September this year following an operation.

acres are laid out or included in ornamental grounds which form a most attractive feature. These grounds were commenced by Sir Fulke Greville, and were largely improved by George, second Earl of Warwick (1746-1816). This nobleman planted trees to the value of nearly £100,000, and expended considerable sums in augmenting the attractions of the Castle. He constructed a new approach to it through the solid rock, built walls round the court and pleasure gardens, and erected the greenhouse, in which he placed the celebrated vase. He also formed an ornamental lake nearly a mile long and from 300 ft. to 400 ft broad, built the handsome stone bridge over the Avon, which he presented to the town, and largely increased the collection of pictures with purchases of valuable works of Rubens, Van Dyck, and other painters. On the bright summer morning that we were there, the vista through the trees was a marvellous one. The magnificent view, the old yew trees, the peacocks on the lawn and the brilliant flowers made many wish to linger longer than was possible.

According to tradition, there was a fortress here in Roman times, which may have been one of the forts established by Agricola, A.D., 79, and mentioned by Tacitus. The ancient name of the town, "Waring wic," or the village of the Waring tribe, is, however, of Saxon origin. About 447, Saint Dubricius established his episcopal seat at All Saints' Church, within the Castle walls, In 1125, this church was united to that of St. Mary, in the town, and no trace of it remains. In the year 915, Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred the Great, "made a strong fortification here, called the Douneon, upon a hill of earth artificially raised, near the river side, on the west part of the Castle." The fortifications are said to have been enlarged and strengthened by Turchil, Earl of Warwick, in the time of the Conqueror. In the reign of Stephen, Gundreda, Countess of Warwick, widow of Roger de Newburgh, expelled the King's soldiers, and delivered the Castle to Henry, Duke of Normandy, afterwards Henry II. In 1264, William Mauduit, Earl of Warwick, who had espoused the King's cause against the Barons, was surprised here by an expedition under the command of Sir John Giffard, governor

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of Kenilworth Castle, in the interests of the rebels. The Earl and Countess were carried off prisoners to Kenilworth, and the walls, with the exception of the towers, were beaten down. In 1266, Henry III. made the place his headquarters, while his army was being recruited for the famous siege of Kenilworth. Some rebuilding must have taken place in the reign of Edward II., as Guy de Beauchamp brought Graveston here a prisoner in 1312. On the death of Guy de Beauchamp, in 1315, Hugh le Despenser, the royal favorite, obtained the custody of the Castle and entertained Edward II., in February, 1326. In the reign of Edward III., Thomas de Beauchamp rebuilt the "outer walls with divers towers;" this did not include Guy's Tower, which was the work of his second son and successor, also named Thomas, at a cost of £395 5s. 2d. Henry V came here, in 1417, as the guest of Richard de Beauchamp. Richard Neville, the stout Earl of Warwick, the Kingmaker, who acquired the Castle in right of his wife, Anne, the heiress of the Beauchamps, brought Edward IV, here as a prisoner in 1469, after capturing him in his camp at Wolvey, in the north-eastern part of the county, and subsequently carried him to his Castle of Middleham. After the death of the King-maker, the Castle became the property of his son-in-law, George, Duke of Clarence, who purposed effecting great additions to the pile, but did not live to complete them. His wife, Isabel, died here in 1476. Richard III stayed here in August 1483, and again in August 1484. In the reign of Henry VIII great pieces of rock underneath the Castle fell out, and the King incurred considerable cost in making new foundations. In the reign of Edward VI., the Castle was granted to the Dudley family, and, in the reign of Elizabeth, was held by Ambrose Dudley, who entertained the Queen here in 1572 and 1575. After the death of Ambrose, the Castle reverted to the Crown, and seems to have fallen into decay. In 1605, it was granted to Sir Fulke Greville by King James I., and is then described as being in a very ruinous state, the strongest and securest parts being made use of for a county jail. Here he was visited by James I, in 1617, 1619, 1621, and 1624. In the year 1642, Robert, Lord Brooke, Sir Fulke's successor, having joined the

Parliamentarian forces, the Castle sustained a short seige from the Royalists, and was afterwards a stronghold of the Parliamentarian party. The Earl of Lindsay died here after the Battle of Edge Hill, and several Royalist prisoners were confined here. In 1695 it was visited by William III, in 1819 by George IV., as Prince Regent, in 1839 by Queen Adelaide, and in 1858 by Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Prince Consort, on which occasion two young trees which we saw, were planted by the royal visitors.

We were shown through the castle by a guide who described the various apartments and their historic associations. We went first to the chapel, then to the compass room, from there to the armoury passage, which lies between the boudoir and the compass room, and which contains a fine collection of mediaeval arms, comprising battle-axes, cross-bows, calivers, pikes, arquebuses, daggers, swords, etc. A curious revolving gun in this passage is the one from which Mr. Colt, got the idea of his revolver. The boudoir, the drawing-rooms, the great hall and many other rooms were visited, all of which were rich in pictures, tapestries, and objects of art and vertu. From Warwick Castle we went to St. Mary's church and Beauchamp Castle and thence to Stratford-on-Avon, where we were entertained to lunch by the Mayor and Corporation, Mr. Hugh Savage, editor of *The Cowichan Leader of Duncan, B.C.*, is a native of Stratford, and he replied on behalf of our party to the toast of our health. Stratford-on-Avon is the Mecca of thousands of tourists every year. I briefly recounted a visit to this sacred spot in *The Mercury* some few years ago, but some more information about it may not be out of place in this series. The town occupies a gently elevated position on the right bank of the river Avon, and has a semi-rural aspect. The chief object of attraction is naturally the Birthplace of Shakespeare, with the adjoining woolshop, the combined houses forming a half-timbered structure of two stories, with dormer windows and a wooden porch. This composite building stands nearly in the centre of Henley Street, and we are told it now presents much the same appearance as it did at the time of the poet's birth, having been carefully restored in 1857-8 with the most

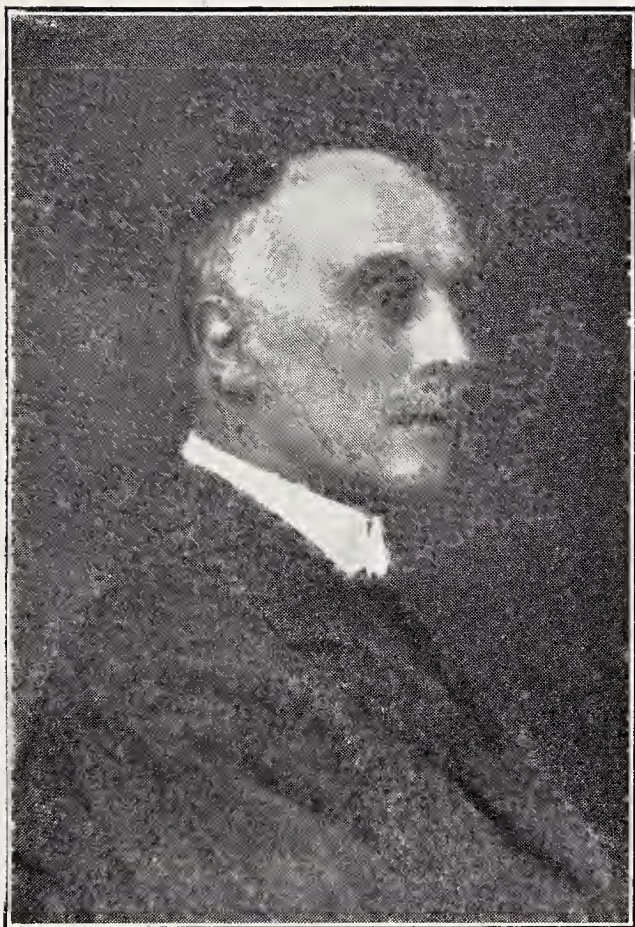
scrupulous attention to every indication discoverable of its former condition. Both houses were apparently erected in the first half of the 16th century, and, at that period, the Birthplace would take rank as a comfortable and desirable residence for a tradesman in a small provincial town. But its surroundings then were very different; the road in front was in a primitive state, full of ruts and ridges, littered with rubbish.

In 1552, John Shakespeare, father to the Poet, was tenancing a house in Henley Street, the precise situation of which is not described, but which there is every reason to believe was the building known as the Birthplace. In 1556 he purchased two small freehold estates, one in Greenhill Street, the other in Henley Street, the latter being next to the Birthplace, and being subsequently used as a shop for the sale of wool and other commodities in which he dealt. In 1575, John Shakespeare purchased for £40, from Edmund Hall, the dwelling known as the Birthplace, and a deed of the year, 1596, recites his possession of it. After John Shakespeare's death in 1601, the property descended to the Poet as heir-at-law. His mother lived there until her death in 1608, his sister, Mrs. Joan Hart and family living with her. At his death in 1616, he left his sister a life interest in "the house in which she dwelleth" at a yearly rental of twelve-pence. At her death in 1646 the whole of the Henley Street property passed to Mrs. Susannah Hall, Shakespeare's elder daughter, and on her death in 1649, to her only child, and Shakespeare's last descendant, Mrs. afterwards Lady Barnard, who, dying in 1669 without issue, bequeathed it to Thomas Hart (grandson of Joan by her son Thomas) and his issue, with remainder to his brother George who was a tailor. Thomas died childless, and George in 1694, bestowed the Birthplace on his eldest son Shakespeart Hart, together with the reversion in fee of the woolshop, of which he was owner in 1702. The latter mortgaged his properties for £80 in 1727, and died in 1747, bequeathing them to his wife Anne, who, at her death, in 1753, left them to her husband's nephew, George Hart. This latter, in 1771, sold the westernmost part, which had already been formed into a separate tenement. George Hart died in 1778,

when his property passed to his son, Thomas. The latter died in 1793, leaving his woolshop to his son John, a turner, then living in London, but afterwards in Tewkesbury, and the Birthplace to his son Thomas, a butcher. In 1796, Thomas conveyed the Birthplace to his brother, John died in 1800, bequeathing both places to his widow for life, with remainder to his three children. These persons, who were poor, in July, 1806, sold to Thomas Court for £120 their interest, which was encumbered by a mortgage of £140, and left the town. Court, who died in 1818, by his will, directed the properties to be sold after the death of his wife. This event happened in 1846, and in September, 1847, the houses were purchased by a Committee of Trustees for the nation for the sum of £3,000, and the subsequent renovations and alterations cost an additional sum of between £2,000 and £3,000. The combined tenements suffered, from time to time, from structural alterations. About the year 1675, three cottages were erected on the garden west of the Birthplace, and at some date before 1730, the westernmost ground floor room of the Birthplace, with the rooms over it, was formed into a separate tenement, and the whole of them were sold, in 1771, to Alderman Payton. All these tenements were purchased by subscription in 1847; the three cottages were pulled down, their site being restored to the garden, and the severed portion of the Birthplace was reunited to the original building. Between 1786 and 1792, the dormer windows were taken out, probably owing to the window tax having been increased in 1784, the bay windows and porch were removed and the Birthplace was converted into a butcher's shop, with an open meat stall. In 1808, the timber-framed front of the Maidenhead Inn (originally the woolshop), which had become dilapidated, was replaced by brickwork. In 1857-8, all these innovations were removed, and the houses carefully restored to their original state.

Anyone visiting the birthplace of Shakespeare will always take time to view the very interesting collection of original documents carefully preserved there. They include among others a fine assuring New Place to William Shakespeare, 1597; a re-settlement of the New Place property by Mrs. Susannah Hall, which she signed (prov-





**VALENTINE KNAPP, Esq.**

*President English Newspaper Society 1920-21-22.  
Treasurer of the English Newspaper Society, and  
the leading spirit in connection with our  
English tour.*



**THE LATE FRED L. ARMSTRONG**

*Secretary of the English Newspaper Society 1922-25.  
A prince of good fellows who worked indefatigably  
for our comfort and enjoyment, and whose  
untimely death every member of the  
overseas party deeply deplores*

ing that she could write), and sealed with the Hall Arms, 1639; a re-settlement of the property upon Mrs. Hall and her daughter, Mrs. Nash, who has sealed with the Nash Arms, 1647; a disposition of the property (excluding the Henley Street houses) by the said Elizabeth, then Mrs. Barnard, and sealed with the Barnard Arms impaling Shakespeare's, 1653; the probate copy of Lady Barnard's will, 1669. Conveyance by William Wedgewood, yeoman, to Richard Hornbie, smith, of a parcel of ground, "in a street called Henley Street, 1573," witnessed by John Shaxbere and sealed with a seal almost identical with the "Shakespeare" signet ring; conveyance by William Wedgewood to Edward Willies of Kyngsnorton, yeoman, "twoe Tenements in Henley streete, Betwyne the tenement of Richard Tornebe of the East part and the tenement of John Shaksper, yeoman, of the west part," 1575, witnessed by John Shaksper; a page from the Account made by mr Robert Salusburye and John Sadler, Chamberlens, 1568-9, records that the Queen's and the Earl of Leicester's players visited Stratford and gave their performances in the Gild Hall. Each party of players received an official welcome from John Shakespeare, the High Bailiff; a deed of sale of the Arden property at Snitterfield, which John Shackspere and Mary his wife, signed with marks and sealed with, respectively, I. S. and a galloping horse, deed of sale by John Shakespere, yeoman, to George Badger, draper, of a parcel of land adjoining the western end of the house, signed with a mark; a "noate of corne and malte," taken in 1596, the special entry is—"Wm. Shackespere X quarters"; from the Corporation Accounts, "pd, to mr. Shaxpere for a lod of stone xd"; letters on business connected with the town from Abraham Sturley and Adrian Quiney, to Richard Quiney; a letter from the said Richard to his "loveinge Countreyman mr Wm. Shackespere" requesting the loan of £30 (£240, pre-war value)—this letter is the only bit of the Dramatist's correspondence which has been preserved; a list of contributions "towards the better Repayer of the highe wales, etc., mr William Shackspere's name is written in the margin; Assignment by Ralph Huband to William Shakespear and three others, of a moiety of the tithes of Stratford, etc., 1605, this purchase gave

the right of burial in the Chancel of the Trinity Church; a bond from Ralph Huband, for £80, to William Shakespear, gent.; draft of a Bill of Complaint in Chancery of Richard Lane, Thomas Greene and William Shackspeare of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman and others, against Lord Carew and others, 1610 (1916 Cat. 30); answer of William Coombe to the Bill of Complaint, 1610 (1916 Cat. 31); a deed of sale bearing the signum or mark of Judith Shackspeare, the Dramatist's daughter, 1611; two deeds relating to the enclosure of the common lands at Welcombe, where Shakespeare and his cousin Thomas Greene, had property; they were both protected against loss should the enclosure take place, 1614; a lease from Margery Lord widow, and Tavern-keeper in Middle-Row, witnessed and signed by Gilbert Shaksper, William's brother, 1609-19.

On the staircase wall are portraits of some of Shakespeare's fellow-dramatists, a composite portrait of the Poet by Ford-Madox-Brown, and many local and other celebrities. At the head of the stairs and over the fireplace, are views showing the house as it was when the Shakespeares lived there. The etching made by Colonel de La Motte in 1788, is the earliest view possessed by the Trustees, but at the restoration in 1858, the authority consulted was a drawing (now in America) made by Richard Greene, in 1769; the other views show the house as it was from c. 1788 to 1857-8, when the dormer windows, gable end and pent house were restored and the modern red brick front of the woolshop replaced by one of half timber. To the left of the fireplace is the old desk, called "Shakespeare's Desk," transferred from the Grammar School to the Trustees by the Corporation in April, 1863; a deed setting forth the ordinances for the government of the Grammar School, 1482, endowed by Thomas Jolyfe, 1457. It was afterwards re-endowed by King Edward VI., 1553, the date of its foundation is unknown, but there is reference to a schoolmaster as early as 1296. One cannot help noticing the thousands of names that are written and carved all over the place. The little panes in the bedroom window are covered with names scratched on them, some of them being those of noted actors and actresses:

A pleasant walk across the fields, starting either from the Old Town by way of the Chestnut Walk, or from the end of Greenhill Street, near the Railway Station, will take the visitor to Shottery, a distance of about a mile. In the village, standing by itself in a rustic garden, which it faces, while its gable end extends to the road, is the structure known as Anne Hathaway's Cottage, a picturesque half-timbered building with a thatched roof. The so-called cottage forms part of a substantial and interesting farmhouse of the Elizabethan period, which, in the latter part of the 18th century, was divided into two, and subsequently into three tenements. In Shakespeare's time there were three families of the name of Hathaway at Shottery. His wife, in the marriage bond, is described only as "Anne Hathaway, of Stratford, maiden." This description would include Shottery, which was then a hamlet of the parish of Stratford. The house is, however, of great interest, on account of its being an excellent specimen of a farm-house of the time of Shakespeare, and also because the possibilities are very strong that the poet frequently visited it. The house underwent some alteration and repair in 1697, when a stone chimney was built, on which is carved I. H. 1697. In the kitchen, the room on the right of the entrance door is a large brick oven and the long handled "peel" or baker's shovel for taking the loaves in and out of the oven; a Sussex fire-back, dated 1691, put in by Bartholomew, great-grandson to Richard Hathaway, Anne's father; a brass warming-pan with fumigating holes; two leather bottles and a modern copy of a Black Jack; on two of the doors are replicas of the old wooden "thumb" latch. Crossing the passage is the dwelling room or hall. In it is the Courting Settle, no doubt often used by Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway when courting; the walls are partially panelled with carved oak, the fireplace is backed with bricks in herring-bone pattern, the holes in which the tinder was kept to ensure it being dry are still in the fireplace; the fine bacon cupboard door is of the Tudor period, the date upon it, 1691, refers to its having been repaired, not made, the initials on it are, I.H., E.H., I.B.; on the ceiling is the cratch or bars for holding the bacon when ready for use. Against

the wall is a genuine Elizabethan table, also a dresser on which are pewter plates, a trencher, rushlight and tinder box. Leaving the hall, we were taken upstairs to the best bedroom, where there is a beautifully carved bedstead, with rush mattress and homespun linen chests or coffers; two smaller boxes for the finer articles and a deed box. In a smaller room opening out of this one, is a plain wooden bedstead, with a rush mattress and linsey-woolsey hangings. Much of the glass in the window is original, though the lead-work has had to be renewed. The ceilings upstairs are very low, and there is a step down from one bedroom to the other. In the garden, which is all that remains of the once extensive Hathaway property, the old-time flowers are still growing, also the well in front of the steps leading to the house, which has been immortalised by Oliver Wendell Holmes and others of famous memory. In 1838, the property was purchased from William Taylor, a descendant of the Hathaways, by Thomas Barnes, for £345. This latter bequeathed it to William Thompson, who, on the 19th May, 1892, conveyed it to the Trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace for the sum of £3,000. I had hoped to complete our visit to Warwickshire in one article, but I have written so much about Warwick Castle and Stratford that I am forced to leave an account of our visit to Kenilworth Castle till next week.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A Visit to the Ruins of Kenilworth Castle, Where the Earl of Leicester Entertained Queen Elizabeth.



EVERYONE who has followed the fortunes of Amy Robsart through Sir Walter Scott's entertaining novel will be interested in reading of the visit the Canadian Editors' party paid to Kenilworth Castle, on the afternoon of Wednesday, July 9th. The drive from Stratford to Kenilworth is a very pretty one, and at no time prettier than on a sunny July afternoon. We arrived there about four o'clock and our good friend Major Glover was on hand just as he was at Warwick Castle and the Shakespearean points of interest, to see that all the expenses of the Canadians were paid. In a letter to the writer, early in the negotiations, regarding the trip, Mr. Valentine Knapp, of Kingston-on-the-Thames, indicated that the English newspapermen were anxious to show their Canadian brethren of the press something of English hospitality. They certainly did it. So generous were they that there were days when Canadian money, or rather the money of Canadians was no good at all. Several of us tried on one or two occasions to do a little entertaining, but it was no use. If we essayed to invite an Englishman to a little dinner and a theatre party afterwards we would discover that "I have just bought the tickets and was about to telephone you to meet me at dinner." This was in London, of course, but our first day in the provinces was just the same. If any of us felt like paying our own way into anything we would find that the genial Major Glover had just been there and paid it.

I hope I shall not weary my readers with my description of Kenilworth Castle, but as it was one of the most notable historical

ruins that we visited, I have dealt with it at some length. The Castle dates from the time of Henry I, and in ancient times, from the advantages of its position, was one of the most important in England. Its military strength was very great, it could accommodate a large garrison, and it was protected by artificial water in the shape of a lake and broad moats. From its position in the centre of the kingdom, with numerous roads converging on it, it offered great facilities for the concentration of troops, or for their despatch to any part; and its position in a fertile agricultural country enabled it to be readily provisioned at any juncture. It is, therefore, not wonderful that, at an early period, it attracted the notice of our Kings as a desirable possession, and that it has received many of them within its walls. The Castle was the work of several successive builders, and consisted of a Keep, and an Inner and Outer Ward, partially protected by a lake, the dam of which, in its turn, was defended by an outwork. The present entrance, which faces Clinton Green, leads into the Outer Ward, or Base Court. Halfway across the Outer Ward we arrived at the Keep, commonly called Caesar's Tower, which stands at the northeast angle of the Inner Ward. This inner Ward is bounded on all sides by the State and Domestic Buildings. The entrance to this ward was by the side of the Keep, where a jamb and the springing stones show that the portal was 3 ft. deep to the portcullis groove, which is still visible, beyond which was a door, and then an arched passage. When the Earl of Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth it was a magnificent castle, richly furnished with tapestries, pictures and exquisite furniture. Today it is a pile of ruins, but one is still able to trace out the plan of the rooms and halls. Of these, naturally, the Great Hall attracts the attention of the visitor first.

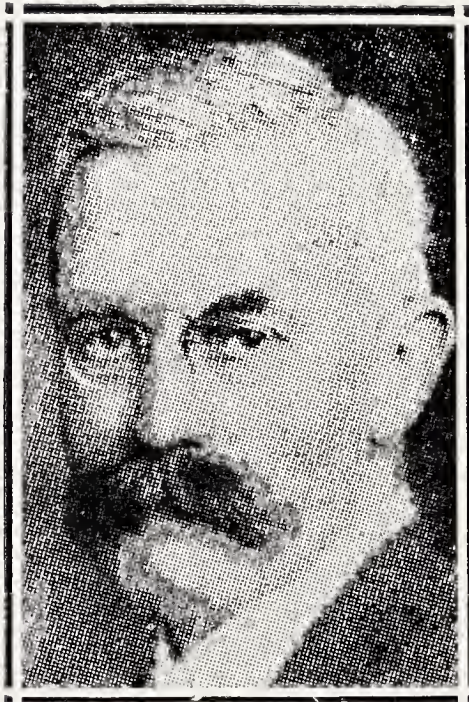
The Great Hall is a magnificent structure in every respect, measuring 90 ft. by 45 ft. The approach to it was by a broad, straight staircase on the north-east side, which led to the porch, resting upon a vault. This porch, which has at the side a small recess for the use of the warder or usher, is itself vaulted and grained and elaborately panelled, the hollows of the mouldings of the door-





**SIR CAMPBELL STUART**

*Director of the London Times who arranged several  
midnight receptions for our party at the office of  
"The Thunderer," and who helped in innum-  
erable ways to make our visit to  
London a success*



PERCY HURD, Esq., M.P.

*An enthusiastic and helpful member of the  
Joint Committee*

way being filled with richly sculptured foliage. The floor of the hall was formed by the vaulted roof of a fine cellar. This vaulting sprang from ten piers, arranged in two rows at equal distances from the walls, with corresponding responds or half pillars against the walls and at the angles. The hall was lighted by large windows set in deep splayed recesses, four on the west side and three on the east, each of two lights, divided by two transoms, and richly foliated. About one-third of the distance from the south end of the hall are two large fireplaces, one at each side, and on the side next to the Inner Court is a large Oriel, comprising five sides of an octagon, and communicating with the dias by an arch. It contains three large windows of two lights, a smaller window, and a fireplace. On the opposite side of the hall is a recess with a single window, intended for a buffet or sideboard. It is flanked by two small octagonal turrets, one of which contains the staircase, which descends to the Cellar, and ascends to the roof. From hence a passage conducted to the Withdrawing Room. The north and south walls are gone; on the north are traces of a doorway, which probably led to the Buttery. The roof was of open timber work, supported by five hammer beams on each side, the holes for which are visible between the windows. The Cellar was lighted and aired by four loopholes on the east side only. From the doorway underneath the entrance to the Great Hall to the postern on the opposite side, a passage was partitioned off by a wall in the centre of which was an entrance to the Cellar. The postern was closed by a portcullis, which was lifted by a chain, the round hole for which may be seen in the sill of the hall window above. Over the postern is a small square window. At the south-west end of the Cellar is a small apartment, from whence a newel staircase led to the buffet above. The whole building is said to be a remarkably fine and pure specimen of Early Perpendicular work. The future of this magnificent apartment was worthy of its character. When Queen Elizabeth was entertained here a great brazen chandelier fashioned in the shape of a spread eagle, supporting with its wings six beautiful figures, half of them male and half female, hung from the centre of the roof. Each figure carried in

each hand a pair of branches, containing enormous candles, making twenty-four branches in all. A Throne of State, with a richly embroidered crimson velvet canopy, occupied the dais at the south end. Six tables occupied the centre of the chamber, about which stools, chairs, and cushions of crimson velvet, ornamented with gold lace, were distributed. Turkey carpets were on the floor, and velvet carpets in the windows. The richest silken tapestry decked the walls, and the buffet was decorated with magnificent plate. At the north end, the minstrel gallery was occupied by musicians, performing the softest and most delicate music, while the air was laden with delicious perfumes.

The signification of the name of Kenilworth appears to be the "worth" or habitation of Kenelm or Cenulph, who was probably some Saxon thane or petty king who fixed his residence here, and protected it by entrenchments. It is possible that the site was originally that of a Roman Castellum, which the Saxon Chief adapted and enlarged, so as to afford accommodation and security for his flocks and herds, and those of his dependents. The manor is mentioned in Domesday, but remained without importance until the reign of Henry I., when it was granted by the King to his Lord Chamberlain and Treasurer, Geoffrey de Clinton or Glington, probably shortly before the year 1120. Geoffrey fixed his residence here and also founded the Priory. He is said to have built the Keep, but the existing masonry is said to be of a later date, and more probably the work of his son Geoffrey, who succeeded him. This Geoffrey conveyed the Castle to King Henry II. about 1165, and it remained in his hands for a few years, when it was recovered by Geoffrey, who held it until about 1180, when it again passed into the hands of the King. In 1181, money, in the nature of rent, was paid by several persons, which seems to indicate that they were permitted to reside here for security of their goods and persons, on payment for the privilege. The walls were repaired in 1184, and the gaol in the following year. In the beginning of the reign of King John, Henry de Clinton (grandson of the founder) ceded all his rights to the King. John visited the Castle five times, and ex-

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pended considerable sums upon it, Lunn's Tower being part of the work executed by his order, Henry III was frequently here during the early years of his reign, and laid out large sums in works and repairs. He built a chapel, and constructed the Water Tower, Mortimer's Tower, the dam of the Great Lake, and the outworks beyond it. Malefactors are said to have been imprisoned in the gaol of the Castle as in 1231 judges were constituted for a gaol delivery. In 1235 the Sheriff accounted £6 16s. 4d. "for a fair and beautiful boat to lye near the dore of the King's great chamber."

In 1237, Walter de Gray, Archbishop of York, was temporarily made Governor for the purpose of receiving Ottoboni, the Pope's legate who subsequently became Pope, under the title of Adrian V. In 1244, Simon de Montford, Earl of Leicester, was made Governor, and, in 1248, his wife Alianore, who was sister to the King, was granted the custody of it during her life. The character of the country at this time is shown by the fact that, in 1250, the woods were so thick that the Constable was commanded to cut down six acres in breadth between Coventry and Warwick for the security of foot passengers. The statute of Winchester made this practice general, as it directs that "highways leading from one market town to another shall be enlarged, so that there be no dyke, tree, nor bush, whereby a man may lurk to do hurt, within two hundred foot of the one side, and two hundred foot on the other side of the way." In 1254 the King made a grant of the Castle to Earl Simon and his wife for their lives, the consequences of which were momentous. This Earl was the leading spirit among the Barons, who desired, amongst other things, to establish representative government in the country, and foreseeing the probabilities of a conflict, he stored and prepared the Castle against eventualities. Hostilities broke out between the King and the Barons, and in 1264 Sir John Giffard, whom the Earl appointed as governor, surprised Warwick Castle, which was then held for the King, and after destroying the fortifications, brought the Earl and Countess here as prisoners. In 1265 the Earl sent his younger son, Simon, to collect reinforcements in the north. This he accomplished, but when he reached Kenilworth, he was surprised

and routed by Prince Edward, who had marched across country and lay in ambush for him in a deep valley near the Castle. Young Simon escaped into the Castle, and Prince Edward marched to encounter the Earl, whom, on the 5th of August, he found with his army near Evesham. By displaying the banners of the Barons he had captured at Kenilworth, Prince Edward at first deceived the Earl into the belief that his reinforcements were approaching but, on finding out his error, the Earl drew out his army to the best advantage, and encouraged them to remember "that they were fighting for the laws of the land and the cause of God and justice;" when, however, he found himself overpowered by the superior forces of Prince Edward, he fervently exclaimed "Let us commit our souls to God, for our bodies are theirs." After the battle, those who escaped fled to Kenilworth, and here they were joined by others, whose relatives had been slain, or whose estates had been confiscated. In the following summer, the King collected an army at Warwick, and laid siege to the Castle, establishing his camp a little to the north of it. In the absence of young Simon de Montfort, who had gone to Guienne to collect reinforcements, the command of the Castle devolved on Henry de Hastings, under whom the garrison maintained an undaunted front; they made repeated sallies, and constructed powerful engines, which destroyed all those brought against them. The King obtained barges from Chester to conduct an attack from the lake, but they were sunk or destroyed by the besieged. The King then called a convention of the clergy and laity, by whose recommendation terms incorporated in the celebrated Dictum or ban of Kenilworth were offered to the besieged. These were rejected, and Ottoboni, the papal legate, standing on a high, platform in sight of the Castle, thereupon excommunicated the garrison, who, nothing daunted, responded by setting up a mock legate in a white cape, who in turn showered malediction on the besiegers. Famine at last, however, compelled the besieged to surrender, on favorable terms, on the 21st of December, 1266, after a siege of six months. The cost of the siege was vast, and the Priory suffered much from the oppression of the soldiers. The King then conferred the Castle on his younger son.

Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, in 1279, held a famous concourse called "The Round Table," consisting of a hundred knights, and as many ladies, who engaged in tilting, martial tournaments, and dancing, under the lead of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March. Thomas Lancaster, son of Edmund, who next inherited the common black gown, was ushered into the Great Hall of the Castle, in a fainting condition, to sign the renunciation of his crown. The impressive scene which followed completed his prostration, for Sir William Trussell, as Speaker, announced that all fealty and allegiance were withdrawn from him by Parliament, and Sir Thomas Blount, as Steward of the Household, stepped forward, and adopting the ceremony usual at the death of a king, broke his white wand of office, as a sign that all persons in his service were discharged and free. On the 5th of April, the fallen King was removed to Berkeley Castle, there to yield up his miserable existence to his un pitying murderers amid wild shrieks of agony. Henry, Earl of Lancaster, to whom the Castle was restored, was succeeded by his son Henry, who had two daughters, Maud and Blanche; the latter married the famous John of Gaunt, fourth son of Edward III, who received the Castle as part of his wife's dowry, and was created Duke of Lancaster. John of Gaunt took up his abode here on the death of his father in 1377, and during the rest of his lifetime, carried out immense alterations in the pile, including the construction of the Great Hall, the State Apartments and the Kitchen. From John of Gaunt the Castle passed to his son, King Henry IV., and continued royal property until the reign of Elizabeth. Henry V, erected an ornamental building in the low ground at the head of the lake, which he termed *Le plesans en marys*, or the pleasure house in the marsh, which Henry VIII removed to the Outer Court of the Castle, setting it up near the Swan Tower. The latter monarch also reconstructed part of the buildings extending between Leicester's Buildings and the Keep, now destroyed. Henry V., when Prince of Wales, made a stay here, and in 1414 kept his Lent at the Castle. In 1437, Henry VI. kept Christmas here, and made subsequent visits in 1449, 1450, and 1457. Between 1441 and 1447, the ill-starred and frisky Eleanor

Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, who had been condemned for treason and witchcraft, was kept a prisoner in the precincts, Richard III. was at the Castle in July, 1483; he kept Whitsuntide in it in 1484, and twice visited it again in the same year. Henry VII. came here in 1487 to celebrate Whitsuntide with his Queen, his mother, and his infant son Arthur, and receiving intelligence of the landing of Lambert Simuel and his supporters at Furness Fells, proceeded from hence to meet the invaders, whom he routed with great slaughter at Stoke, in Staffordshire, thus effectually crushing the faction of the White Rose, and firmly establishing the House of Tudor on the Throne. The King paid two subsequent visits to the Castle in 1493.

Elizabeth, in 1563, granted the Castle to Robert, Lord Dudley, whom, in the following year, she created Baron Denbigh and Earl of Leicester. Dudley immediately set about enlarging and adorning his new property. He built the handsome Gate House on the north side, by which he converted what was formerly the rear of the Castle into the front, he constructed the pile of buildings known by his name, and gutted the Keep and the Annexe, remodelling them in the Tudor style. He also rebuilt the Gallery Tower, and probably reared the loft of the stables. It is said that he spent altogether £60,000 on his alterations, a prodigious sum in those days. Here he received visits from Queen Elizabeth in 1566, 1568, 1572 and 1575. This last visit, which began on Saturday, the 9th of July, and lasted seventeen days, was rendered famous by the sumptuous character of the entertainments offered to the Queen as recorded by Scott and others. At the gate of the Gallery Tower, she was greeted with a flourish of trumpets, and the huge porter, apparently overcome by her presence, presented the keys to her. Immediately on entering the Tilt Yard, the Lady of the Lake, attended by two nymphs, appeared suddenly on a floating island, blazing with torches, and welcomed her in a speech which was closed with music. In the Outer Court, a bridge, 22ft. wide and 70 ft. long, was constructed for her to pass over, on each side of which posts were erected, bearing gifts from the gods, which were presented by a poet. Her



Majesty then proceeded to the Inner Court, where she was again greeted with music, and alighted from her horse. On the following day, Sunday, there were fireworks on the lake, and on subsequent days various sports and shows were produced for her gratification, including bear baitings, Italian tumblers, a country Bride-ale or marriage feast tilting at the quintain, and morrice dancing. On the lake, a Triton was exhibited, riding on a mermaid 18ft. long, and Arion on a dolphin, each carrying concealed music of an exquisite character. The Coventry players came over and acted their ancient play called "Hocks Tuesday," depicting the destruction of the Danes in the time of King Ethelred, which greatly pleased the Queen. Dugdale says that the cost of the entertainment may be guessed at from the fact that 320 hogsheads of beer were consumed.

Sir Walter Scott, in the novel represents Amy Robsart as being present at Kenilworth in 1575. This is said to be a fiction, as are many other of the incidents connected with the tale. The following are said to be the real facts, and they are entirely different to Sir Walter Scott's story. She was the only legitimate child of Sir John Robsart, of Sidersten, in Norfolk, and was born in 1532. On June 4th, 1550, she was publicly married, at the Royal Palace of Sheen, to Lord Robert Castle, who enlarged the park, and was beheaded at Pontefract, ostensibly for treason, but in reality it was mainly for the share he took in the execution of Piers Gaveston, the favorite of King Edward II. The King seized the Castle and then by a fortuitous operation of retributive destiny, he was himself brought there as a prisoner, in December of the latter year, by Henry, Earl of Lancaster, who was a brother of the beheaded nobleman. Amy Robsart lived chiefly in the country while her husband attended the Court. In 1560 she was residing at Cumnor Place, which was rented from Mr. William Owen, a son of George Owen, physician to Henry VIII. Staying with her were Mrs. Owen, and a Mrs. Odingsells, sister of a Mr. Hyde, in whose house she had previously resided. On Sunday, September 8th, she sent all her servants to visit Abingdon fair, and, on their return, she was found lying at the foot of the staircase with

her neck broken. A full and public inquest was held, but nothing was discovered in the least implicating any one in the matter. It is perhaps too much to affirm, as is sometimes done, that Amy Robsart never saw Kenilworth, as at Moreton Morrell there is an old tradition that she rested there on a journey to Kenilworth. In 1558 and 1559 she was living at Denchworth, about ten miles south of Cummor, and very probably went on a visit to Sir William Flammock, who then owned the Priory, and whose daughter and heiress afterwards married John Coleburne, the owner of the Manor House at Moreton Morrell. Dudley is correctly described as being secretly married at the time of the festivities at Kenilworth, though not to Amy Robsart, who had then been dead nearly fifteen years. In 1571, he engaged himself to Lady Dougall Sheffield, whom he privately espoused in May, 1573, a son, Robert, being born to them two days later. This marriage he afterwards endeavored to repudiate, and at the period of the festivities he was actually carrying on a clandestine intrigue with Lettice, Countess of Essex, whose husband died in 1576.

From Kenilworth Castle the party proceeded to Leamington where they were entertained at dinner by the Mayor and Corporation of that town. This dinner was presided over by the Mayor, and among the speakers of the evening were Lord Leigh, the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, Sir Edward Iliffe, who has again been returned as Member of Parliament for that district and Major Glover who acted as host on behalf of the Staffordshire and Warwickshire Newspaper Society. During the evening excellent musical numbers were rendered by the Pump Room Trio of Leamington, which is a Spa noted for the curative properties of its waters. The menu on this occasion was one of many which some of the editors sent home to friends in Canada to prove that they were telling the truth when they wrote of the excellent liquors provided. In the margin on the menu beside the sumptuous ten-course dinner was listed Sherry (Amontillado); Burgundy (Beauve 1919); Sauterne (Chateau de Flora Blanche); Whiskey, Cider, Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Coffee. Everything was served with a lavish hand, but despite this

all were up early and ready for a brief inspection of the town with its beautiful parks and buildings, before leaving at 10.30 for Torquay in Devonshire, about which I shall write next week. Too much cannot be said of the generous hospitality of Major Glover and his friends and our first day in the province was a most pleasurable one.

## CHAPTER XIII

### A Visit to Torquay and Exeter in Beautiful Devonshire



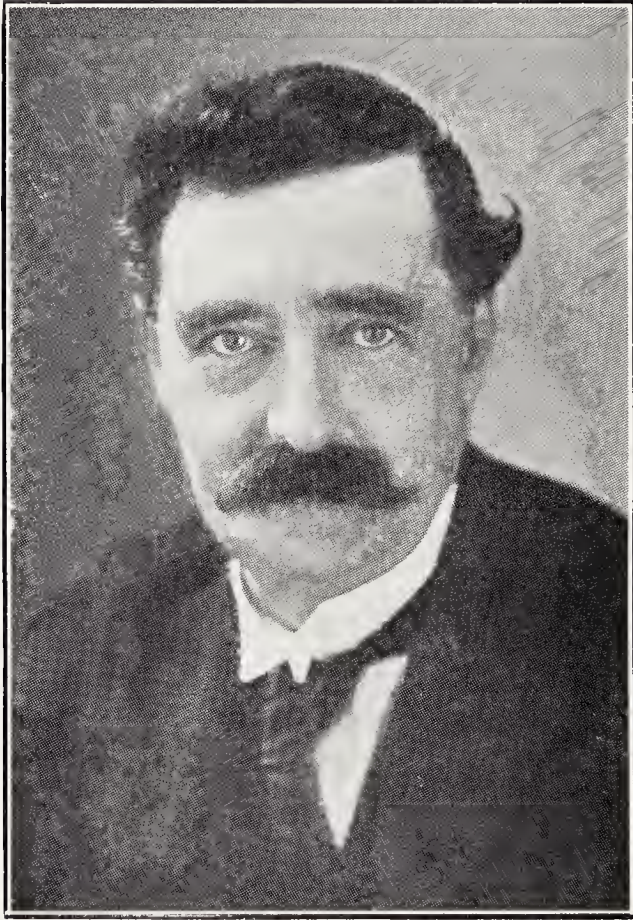
It was not the original intention to include Devonshire in the itinerary of the Canadian weekly editors because of lack of time, but when Sir James Owen, who was president of the English Newspaper Society in 1923 when the arrangements were completed, learned of this, he decided otherwise. Sir James is managing director of The Western Times Co., Limited of Exeter, the capital of Devonshire. He is a big man physically, likewise mentally, and it is no accident that his is a dominating personality in the capital of England's second largest county. He was Mayor of Exeter during the war (1914-19), and we were informed by Devonshire men that his efforts in every patriotic direction during that strenuous period were second to those of no mayor in the United Kingdom. He was ably assisted in his war efforts by Lady Owen, whose delightful personality is none the less charming, because it clothes a most capable and efficient lady. Sir James had his way, plans were changed and Devonshire was visited, and it was a visit that shall never be forgotten. We arrived at Torquay at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, July 10th, and were met at the station by Mr. A. T. Gregory, of The Tiverton Gazette, president of the Southwestern Federation of Newspaper Owners. After a few words of welcome from Mr. Gregory, we were assigned to our various hotels.

Torquay is one of the most picturesque places that we visited during our trip. It is built around a semi-circular bay, some of the buildings being high up on the cliffside. This lovely seaside town on the south coast of Devon is one of the most popular watering places in England and attracts thousands of tourists and holiday-makers every year. For this reason it has a number of excellent



**SIR JAMES OWEN**

*The Exeter Echo, Devonshire, President English  
Newspaper Society 1923, and one of the hardest  
working members of the English Joint  
Committee.*



WM. ASTLE, O.B.E., J.P.

*President of the English Newspaper Society, 1924-5.  
Editor and Director of the Stockport Advertiser,  
Stockport, England.*

hotels, and we were fortunate in being assigned to the Grand, directly across from the station. It was ten or fifteen minutes' walk from the centre of the town but there was good tram accommodation, and a more delightful walk than that along the quay could not be imagined. Those of us staying at the Grand thought we had been fortunate in being assigned to such a comfortable hotel, particularly as we had all been given nice rooms overlooking the gardens and the bay. Later in the evening, however, we discovered that those who were staying at other hotels, felt that they were the favored ones, so everybody was pleased. Among those at the Grand were Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Knapp. Mrs. Knapp being a Devonshire lady, she is naturally very proud of her native county, and was able to tell us a lot of interesting things about it. We had the pleasure, too, at the Grand of meeting Mr. Jos. E. Atkinson, president of The Toronto Star, who was touring England with his wife and son, covering much the same ground as the weekly editors, only for the most part, on different dates.

The first duty of those in charge of the Canadian editors' party after our arrival at Torquay was to make an official call on the Mayor. We were received most kindly by this genial official, and after a short visit returned to that part of the town frequented by the tourist. Here there were bowling greens, band concerts, bathing beaches, pavilions, pierrots, and many other attractions which add to the pleasure of living on a sunny July afternoon. After dinner we were all entertained at a civic reception and dance at the Medical Baths. It so happened that on this particular occasion an American man-of-war was in the harbor of Torquay on a friendly visit, and the Commander and the crew were all invited to the dance. This added a delightful touch to the evening's enjoyment. One of the unofficial hosts on this occasion was Commander Williams. The Commander lives in a beautiful country home overlooking the River Dart. It was formerly the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh, but that was a good many years ago. Commander Williams, if my memory serves me correctly, has been in Canada once or twice, and likes Canadians. Therefore, he was anxious that we

should all have an enjoyable time. The first dance did not suit the Commander. It was too stiff and formal. Canadians were dancing with Canadians and Devonshire lads and lassies were also dancing together. He talked it over with one or two, and an announcement was made that the dancers were to mix up more and get acquainted. It didn't work. The second dance was about as cold and formal as the first. Commanders are in the habit of having their own way. (Incidentally Commander Williams had his in the election, and is now in Parliament.) The next dance was suddenly changed in the middle to a Paul Jones. The ice was broken, and Commander Williams and everyone else was happy. It was a jolly night. Everybody had a good time. When the Weekly Newspaper Association went west in 1921, they were invited to many formal dances, which were all enjoyed by those who could dance, but those who knew they couldn't dance, but yet wanted to have some fun, sat around the wall. On the way home we stopped over at Field, and, being president that year, I was asked to enquire at the station if it was possible to have a little dance. It happened that Mr. Thos. Clark of Renfrew was in charge of the railway Y.M.C.A. there and he had soon arranged what was the most enjoyable evening of the whole trip. What Mr. Clark did at Field, Commander Williams did at Torquay. The writer can't dance. Never could. I have been told so times without number. Valiant efforts in the privacy of the home to prove my contention to the contrary by giving demonstrations of the polka and the schottische as they were danced away back in the early nineties usually meet with laughter and applause from the younger members of the family, and an earnest request not to do it in public. Torquay is a long way from Renfrew, however, and during the delightful chat I had with Commander Williams before the dancing started, I seemed to have caught some of his spirit. In that atmosphere of friendliness I forgot that Cicero had said that no man in his senses will dance. I forgot the earnest injunctions of the sons of the house. The mysteries of the one, two, three and four step were all revealed. Their difficulties disappeared as the snow at noonday. Everybody was doing it, and each one



a different way—which peculiarity, I may say in passing, observation has taught me is common to all dances whether on land or sea. I am inclined to think, however, that the assertion of a certain lady who was in the party that I danced every dance, is a bit exaggerated. I will only state in self-defence that I tried to keep up with Mr. Valentine Knapp, who admittedly gave up dancing some years ago and was just going to dance one or two. We can all testify that the Devonshire girls are nice girls; and that they can dance. What they are saying about the gray haired Canadian editors is not pertinent to the story. Everybody spent a most delightful evening and we all deeply appreciated the kind thoughtfulness of the Mayor, the Mayoress (who received with him), Commander Williams and the other Torquay ladies and gentlemen who made possible such a pleasant occasion.

Torquay is a health resort. Late hours are taboo. So everyone was home and in bed shortly after midnight. I rose early for I had promised to take Robertson for a dip in the sea before breakfast. What a wonderful sight met our gaze as we looked out of the window that morning. Seventy-five ships of the Atlantic squadron of the British Navy had slipped quietly into the harbor during the night, and when Torquay awoke there they were grim, grey guardians of the Empire. The day was to be a full one. We were to be the guests of the Corporation of Torquay. In the morning we were taken for a trip up the River Dart, sometimes referred to as the English Rhine, from Dartmouth to Totnes. At noon a civic luncheon was given by the Mayor and Corporation of the town. At this function official welcome was given us. The Mayor presided, and he was supported by the Mayor and Mayoress of Plymouth, Sir James and Lady Owen, Commander and Mrs. Williams and many others. The toast of The Dominions was given by the Mayor of Plymouth and responded to by Mr. H. P. Moore of Acton. Mr. Knapp proposed "The Canadian Press," in a happy vein and this toast was ably responded to by Mr. W. A. Fry of The Dunville Chronicle. At the luncheon the Mayor announced that permission had been obtained for the entire party to visit the fleet, and we

were all taken out to see the big battleships. The party was taken on board the Admiral's flagship, the *Revenge*, and divided up into small groups, each group in charge of an officer. We were shown all over the ship, and the visit proved not only interesting, but most instructive. The officers and men of the warship were a fine-looking, keen lot of men, and they all lined up at the rail as we sailed away in the launch, shouting and waving their goodbyes. We were singing as the launch pulled away, first one chorus, then another. Suddenly Editor Hunter of *The Kincardine Reporter* struck up "God Save the King," and it was a thrilling and inspiring sight to see that crowd of naval men, that a second before had been leaning over the rail in all sorts of positions, taking part in the farewell banter that was going on, suddenly come to attention like the crack of a whip and stand rigid and respectful till the verse was finished. The evening was spent in various ways, many sitting on the quay and watching the working of the wonderful searchlights of the men-of-war anchored in the bay, others visiting with Devonshire friends, or having a farewell look over the town.

Saturday, July 12th, dawned clear and bright, and early after breakfast we started by motor bus on our journey from Torquay to Exeter. Everyone has heard of "beautiful Devon," and on this Saturday morning it was a picture. Exeter, the capital of Devonshire, is an ancient city. It is so ancient that "the memory of man goeth not to the contrary." The gateway of the West it has been held successfully by Iberian and Celt, and Roman, and Saxon, and Dane, and Norman in succession. It sustained many sieges, because whenever there was a rebellion, or a rebellion had to be crushed, the aim of opposing armies was to hold Exeter, because it was recognized that the city was the key to the West. Whoever held Exeter held the West. And it is not a little significant of the persistence of natural conditions and advantages through the ages, that Exeter standing at the heart of a great ganglion of roads and railways is still the door of the West, still the capital of the West in a very real sense. It is the great distributing centre of the West. Three hundred and fifty years ago, Exeter occupied a high position in the com-

mercial world; her merchants were men of mark, and the rules of a Trade Guild, which flourished as early as Henry II's. times, still exist as evidence of her ancient prosperity. The main trade of Exeter in those days was wool, and by the time Elizabeth came to the throne, her merchants were trading with the most important markets in the world. It was owing to the closing of the Channel ports during the Napoleonic wars that the woollen trade declined, and finally left Exeter. After this there was a long period in which Exeter flourished by the wine trade. It is said, indeed, that the port wine now specially matured for the English market, was first, introduced by Exeter merchants. With the coming of bigger ships, the port of Exeter fell into disuse, and the wine trade left her in a great degree. The present wholesale industries in the city include engineering works, soap and candle works, tanneries, breweries, iron and brass foundries, etc., etc. But her present day prosperity relies mainly on her retail establishments. Situated in the centre of a wide area, easily accessible by two railways, and numerous motor 'bus and char-a-banc services, the city has become the shopping centre for Devonshire, and parts of Cornwall, Dorset and Somerset.

Immediately upon our arrival we were officially welcomed by the Mayor and Mayoress, Mr. and Mrs. Philip F. Rowsell, and Sheriff and Mrs. Vincent Thompson at the Guildhall. Exeter Guildhall is an ancient building and here are kept the civic records and treasures, including the ancient charter of the city. The Guildhall is a spacious and handsome structure, 62 feet by 25 feet with a graceful single-span timbered roof rising to 37 feet 4 inches, supported on orbels in the form of grotesque figures of beasts. It is entered through a massive oak door (1593) studded with large-headed nails, which give an appearance of great strength. At the end of the hall on a dais are the Mayoral Chair (dated 1697) and seats for the Aldermen. Below are the Town Clerk's chair and benches for the Common Councilmen. The back portion of the hall is ordinarily railed off, and here, and also in the gallery above the public gather on the occasion of Council meetings or the holding of various Courts of Justice—the Assize, Quarter Sessions, and Pro-

vost—this last being a local Court of very ancient origin, the survival of a Court presided over by the Roman Praepositus. The Hall is also used for mayoral receptions and other civic functions, on which occasions the benches are removed. A most interesting feature to our party was the four Dominion Flags hanging in the main hall. These flags, as is shown by the brass plates on the panelling beneath them, were presented by the Dominion Governments of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa to Lady Owen, J.P., Mayoress of Exeter for the War Time Period, in recognition of her services and those of her Committee in giving hospitality to Overseas troops during the war. Lady Owen has presented the flags to the City and they are very highly esteemed by citizens of Exeter who feel proud that their city was able to be of some assistance to the splendid troops from the Dominions who so gallantly came to the help of the Empire.

One of the great sights of Exeter is the Cathedral. The first church upon its site was built in Saxon days. It stood for seventy years, until the coming of Bishop Warewest, or Warelwast, nephew of the Conqueror (1107-1136), who demolished it, designing to replace it by a nobler building in the Norman style, of which the twin towers yet remain. The erection of the Norman Cathedral occupied a century, until the death of Bishop Marshall (1206), in whose episcopate the Choir was lengthened, the Lady Chapel built, and the Norman edifice completed. Between this date and the consecration of Bishop Quivil it is known that Bishop Bruer (1224-1244), built the original Chapter House. Bishop Peter Quivil, the son of Peter and Helwisa Quivil of Exeter, was consecrated November 10th, 1280, and during his episcopate works of great importance were carried out. The inner walls of the two towers were removed, their lower portions being made to form the North and South transepts, and large windows were inserted to light the added spaces. Commencing at the East end, he altered the architectural features of the Lady Chapel—which ultimately became the resting place of his remains—to accord with the decorated style to which he designed to convert the whole building. Bishop Grandis-

son (1327-1369), who continued Bishop Quivil's work, completed the Nave and the original West end in the decorated style. The magnificent stonework of his windows shows the design of the period at its very best. Against the West end, the elaborate exterior screen, so curiously continental in appearance, was built by Bishop Brantyngham (1370-1394), to whom also may be ascribed the insertion of the Great East Window. Both window and screen are in the perpendicular style, and with these works the history of the Cathedral's building ends. During the Commonwealth a brick wall was built upon the roodloft, completely dividing the Choir from the Nave, and the two halves of the divided, building were styled "East Peter's" and "West Peter's" respectively. The Presbyterians took possession of the first-named portion, whilst the latter was occupied by Stucley, the notorious Independent preacher, said to have been at one time Chaplain to Oliver Cromwell. At the Restoration of the Stuarts the wall was removed. The whole of the Cathedral was thoroughly restored (1870-1877), under the superintendence of Sir Gilbert Scott. In the green opposite the West front of the Cathedral is erected the Devon County War Memorial. This Dartmoor granite cross, some 30 feet in height, was designed by Sir Edward Lutyens. It bears the following words: "The County of Devon to her Glorious Dead, 1914-19. Te Deum Laudamus." This memorial was unveiled by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales on Whit-Monday, 1921, in commemoration of 11,601 men and women of the County of Devon (including Exeter) who gave their lives in the Great War.

After the reception at the Guildhall the party was entertained at lunch by the President and members of the Southwestern Federation of Newspaper Owners. Mr. A. T. Gregory presided, and he was supported by a number of distinguished Exeter citizens. Sir James Owen proposed the toast of "Our Guests," and a unique feature was introduced when the replies on behalf of the editors were made by the two editors from Exeter, Ontario, Messrs. R. N. Creech and J. M. Southcott, who referred to the fact that Exeter, Ontario, had recently exchanged flags with the Devonshire capital.

The afternoon was spent in seeing the city. Nearly three days were spent in Devonshire, and they were all too short. Devonshire represents England at its best and there are no finer or kinder-hearted people in the land. The Canadian party left

“This land of such dear souls,  
This dear, dear land”

late in the afternoon for Bath where they were to spend Sunday. The writer with Mrs. Davies and Robertson left to spend the weekend with relatives in the Isle of Wight, and I shall next week say something of this little island.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### The Isle of Wight—One-Time Home of Poets and Royalty— Carisbrooke Castle Ruin.



THE Isle of Wight is, except for the most southerly portions of the counties of Devon and Cornwall, off which are the Scilly Isles, the most southerly portion of England. In my first article I said something about the beauty of this little island as we sailed past it into Southampton Harbor on that June evening.

I have paid several brief visits to the Isle of Wight, and each time I become more enamored of its beauty. Saturday, July 12th, was a very hot day, one of the hottest that we experienced during our entire trip. We left Exeter in the afternoon and reached our destination, Ventnor, at nine o'clock in the evening. We had rather an amusing experience on that trip. Three or four hours in an English railway carriage on a hot afternoon has a tendency to make one thirsty, so at a place called Templecombe Junction, I thought I would make an effort to get some tea for the three of us. I looked out and sized up the situation, waited a minute or so to see if the commotion on the platform indicated a long wait, and made a dash for the refreshment room, minus coat, vest and hat. I ordered three cups of tea, proffered half a crown to pay for them, received my change, picked up the tea and turned around to find the train moving out at a fair rate of speed. Needless to say I hastily dropped the tea and made a run for it. A porter opened the first carriage door he could and catching me by the arm ran along with me until he had successfully pushed me in and slammed the door. It was not just exactly a pleasant predicament, but it was one that can easily happen on an English railroad. I was in a carriage, all alone. The rest of my family were somewhere on the train

back towards the end, but just where I had no idea. Nor had I any idea whether they knew I was on board or whether they thought I was still back on the platform at Templecombe. As this was not a corridor train of the type usually provided for our party when we were all travelling together, I had no way of finding out. To make the predicament more complete, the next stop was Salisbury, about fifty miles away, where we changed. I leaned out of the window for ten or fifteen miles, and then concluding that the only thing to do was to take the situation philosophically, laid down on the seat and had a nap. There are some things about English railways which I don't like. One is the lack of information. Having as a boy learned the geography of the British Isles upwards and downwards, and backwards and forwards, I have not forgotten the big towns and where they are situated, but I would have defied any stranger not familiar with England to have told from the far end of the platform where the carriage that I was in stopped, whether we were at Salisbury, Crewe, Guilford, Bristol or any other big town. It turned out to be Salisbury, where we changed. Our carriage was away past the end of the platform, and in my compartment the door was locked on the platform side, so I had to climb out of the window and help Mrs. Davies and Robertson down to the ground, a distance of four or five feet. All well that ends well, however, and we got another train safely and about seven o'clock reached Portsmouth, where we took the ferry for Ryde. A railway ticket from any place on the mainland to the Isle of Wight includes the half hour sail from Portsmouth to Ryde, but a third-class ticket, which is what about ninety per cent. of the people use, and which entitles the user to accommodation fully equal to our first-class here, does not allow one to sit up on the deck of the ferry. That costs sixpence extra. It is worth it, however, and on that hot afternoon the breeze was very welcome. As we sat on the deck waiting for the luggage to be put on board, we saw an aeroplane doing some sky writing. It was the first time we had seen it done and it is very interesting to watch. From Ryde to Ventnor is a run of a little over half an hour along the southeast coast of the Isle. A



railway runs right around the island, and there is a good connection with the mainland from early morning till late at night. At Ventnor we were met by an uncle and aunt of mine and we were soon comfortably settled in their large and hospitable home.

The Isle of Wight measures twenty-three miles at its greatest length, and about thirteen miles across at its broadest part. Its circumference is about sixty miles and its total area about one hundred and fifty-five square miles. It is separated from Hampshire by a narrow channel called the Solent. It was for centuries part of the county of Hampshire, but is now for administrative purposes a county by itself, having its own Council. The island is divided into two very nearly equal parts by a range of chalk hills, or downs, running from the Culvers, at the northeastern end of Sandown Bay, to the Needles, at the extreme west of the island. Another range of hills runs along the south coast from St. Catherine's to near Shanklin, and shuts in the district of the Undercliff, called "the Madeira of England." Delicate plants of all kinds grow here in the open air, and while I forgot to ask about the winter of 1923-4, I remember that in the winter of 1922-3 at Ventnor they did not have one degree of frost or one flake of snow, with the exception of a little flurry that lasted about an hour in April. The average temperature in winter is about 40 degrees. Ventnor is referred to as a sun-box, and it is said that the east and north winds have not even a visiting acquaintance with this sheltered spot. The airs of this section of the island are said to be very healing, and for nearly half a century the National Hospital for Consumptives has been located there. Ventnor faces due south and the houses are built in terraces up the side of the cliff. In various places there are flights of steep steps which lead from one level of the town to the other. Ventnor, like all English seaside resorts, has a fine pier and a pleasing esplanade. There is also a nice park and a simple cenotaph in local stone in this park is Ventnor's war memorial. To me the most attractive feature of the Isle of Wight is the facilities it offers for delightful walks. Towering behind the little town, of Ventnor are the Downs, which rise to a height of 800 feet above sea level. I

remember, years ago in Detroit, hearing the Elgar Choir of Hamilton sing a part song entitled "O Who Will O'er the Downs With Me?" and after several walks along the top of these hills I can well imagine the feeling that inspired the writer. There are Downs in other portions of England besides the Isle of Wight, but none, I imagine, over which a walk is more enjoyable. The climb up to the top of St. Boniface Down is a stiff one, but when the top is reached one is well repaid. On the top of St. Boniface Down are many paths, beckoning in various directions, for as Bryant so beautifully puts it,

"What beauty does a path bestow  
Even on the dreariest wild!"

Taking the path to the left one has a wonderful view of the valley on the north side, its fertile fields, neatly tilled and its surface broken by green hedges with that evident disregard of plan and precision, which makes the English countryside so attractive. A stroll of a few miles brings the pedestrian to a point overlooking Shanklin, another of the island's pretty, little coast towns. Coming back one usually takes the path along the top of the cliff and as it winds in and out a grand view of the sea is obtained. On the St. Boniface Down is a Wishing Well, interesting to the geologist from its unusual elevation, and to the lover of old superstitions from the reverence formerly paid to it on account of a popular belief that if one achieved the difficult feat of climbing to the spring without looking backward, any three wishes formed while drinking its waters would be gratified.

Numerous barrows on the Downs, especially in the western portion of the Island, point to the fact that its first inhabitants were of the Celtic race. The name, indeed, is generally held to be a corruption of the Celtic gwyth, or channel. To the Saxons it was Whitland or Wiht-*ea*. The Island is believed by some to be the Ictis mentioned by Diodorus as the emporium of the tin trade, though Max Müller and other authorities hold that the reference is almost certainly to St. Michael's Mount, near Penzance. Against this contention may be set the fact that at the period referred to St.

Michael's Mount was not an island, even at high tide. The Romans, under Vespasian, took possession in the reign of the Emperor Claudius (A.D. 43), and settled in the Island in considerable numbers, as extensive remains near Brading and Carisbrooke attest. About 530 A.D. came the Saxons, under Cerdic, and after a stiff conflict established themselves in the already strong fortress of Carisbrooke. Their occupation can still be traced in many place names. At the Norman Conquest, the Island was bestowed by William on Fitz-Osborne, Earl of Hereford; and for more than two centuries it was governed by independent lords, who exercised all the rights or sovereignty. In 1293, Edward I, realizing the importance of such a base being in the hands of the Crown, purchased the royalty by somewhat dubious means from Isabella de Fortibus, the famous "Lady of the Island," for the sum of six thousand marks (upwards of £60,000 of English money). Isabella died at Stockwell on the day the bargain was concluded; and though her son, Hugh de Courteney, the founder of the Courteney of Devon, disputed the validity of his mother's act and sought to set it aside, he was unsuccessful, and the Island has since been part and parcel of the realm of England. It has been governed by a succession of Governors and Captains, many of whom have been men of note. From the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, the French made frequent descents upon the Island, but though on one occasion they succeeded in burning Yarmouth, Newport and Newtown, they were more often repulsed with heavy loss by the doughty islanders. The most interesting event of later history is, of course, the incarceration of Charles I. in Carisbrooke Castle. A far different connection with royalty arose from the purchase in 1845 of the Osborne estate by Queen Victoria. Here for many years she spent a portion of each summer, and here on January 22, 1901, she passed away. Though, owing to the presentation of Osborne to the nation by King Edward VII. in 1902, the Island lost its prestige as a residence of the monarch, the connection of the Royal family with the Island is still very close. H.R.H. Princess Beatrice has for many years held the honorary office of Governor and resides at Carisbrooke Castle. The

Prince of Wales and the Duke of York received the first part of their naval training at Osborne College, which was, until the spring of 1921, a preparatory establishment for Dartmouth.

To many the Isle of Wight is well known because of its literary associations. It was while living at Farringford, his beautiful home near Freshwater, that Lord Tennyson wrote several of his best poems, including *Maud*, *Enoch Arden* and the *Idylls of the King*. It was from Farrington that Tennyson sent the invitation to his friend, Professor Maurice, to come

“Where, far from noise and smoke of town,  
I watch the twilight falling brown,  
All round a careless-order’d garden,  
Close to a ridge of noble down.”

It is somewhat curious that the Isle of Wight, with its wealth of natural and historical interest, should have figured so little in fiction. The writer has yet to rise who will do for it what Scott did for the Highlands, Blackmore and Kingsley for North Devon, Thomas Hardy for “Wessex,” and Sir Hall Caine for the Isle of Man. Dickens, we know, stayed at Bonchurch, and wrote enthusiastically of his surroundings, but he did not introduce them in any novel. References, more or less extended, are made to the Island in numerous well-known works, including Fielding’s amusing *Voyage to Lisbon*, Scott’s *Surgeon’s Daughter*, Marryat’s *Poor Jack* and *The Dog Friend*, and Meredith’s *Adventures of Harry Richmond* and *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*. Reminiscent of the War also is *The Sub*, by Taffrail—the training at Osborne of a naval sub-lieutenant and his after experiences. Bembridge, Ryde and Sandown all appear in *The Privateers*, by H. B. Marriott-Watson. Ventnor and Shanklin, under different names, will be found in a long novel, *Old Mr. Tregold*, by Mrs. Oliphant. Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) did much of her literary work at Steephill Castle, a beautiful residence high up on the hillside just outside of Ventnor. *Ursula*, by Miss E. Sewell, and *A Romance of the Undercliff*, by Mrs. E. Marshall, deal with the Undercliff, and the closing chapters

of William Black's Madcap Violet take us to the same delightful region.

The most interesting town on the island is, of course, Newport, the capital, which many will probably recognize as "Oldport" in Maxwell Gray's well-known novel, "The Silence of Dean Maitland," in which also "Chalkburne" is Carisbrooke Castle. Newport is the commercial capital of the island and the chief railway centre. It is a busy town, particularly on market day. For upwards of three centuries Newport sent two representatives to Parliament, among them the great Duke of Wellington, George Canning and Lord Palmerston. The chief attraction of the tourist to Newport is, of course, the celebrated Castle of Carisbrooke. The Castle stands on a wooded hill at an elevation of about a hundred and fifty feet. The summit forms a level plateau some twenty acres in extent, the whole of which is enclosed by the castle walls. It is said by one authority that Sir Walter Scott had Carisbrooke in mind when writing Marmion:

"The battled towers, the donjon deep,  
The loop hole grates where captives weep,  
The flanking walls that round it sweep,  
In yellow lustre shone.  
The Castle gates were barred;  
Above the gloomy portal arch,  
Timing his footsteps to a march,  
The warder kept his guard."

A no less competent judge than Keats, who lived some time at Newport, remarked, "I do not think I shall ever see a ruin to surpass Carisbrooke Castle." Certainly few ruins in England enable one with greater ease to conjure up the past. The still existing British entrenchments near the bowling-green leave no room for doubt as to the hoary antiquity of the Castle. It does not figure prominently in history, however, until the time of Charles I. When the Civil War broke out, Carisbrooke was garrisoned by a small detachment of Royalist troops under Colonel Brett. The Mayor of Newport, a fanatical Puritan, determined to seize the stronghold for the

Parliament. When the besiegers advanced, the Countess of Portland, wife of the Governor of the Island, who had sought asylum in the castle, appeared on the ramparts with a lighted match in hand, and threatened to fire the fire cannon and to hold the fortress to the last extremity, unless she and her party were permitted to depart with all the honors of war. The attacking force, ignorant probably of the fact that there were but three days' provisions in the castle, and that the defenders were nearly all invalided soldiers, thought it prudent to comply with the heroic lady's demands. The governor appointed by the Parliament was one Colonel Robert Hammond, a young soldier of brilliant parts, who had risen rapidly in the service, and was married to one of John Hampden's daughters. His motives in seeking the post, and sacrificing for a time his military prospects were apparently to gain quiet and to keep aloof from the violent measures to which some of his colleagues were already openly committed. The King seems to have had some inkling of the state of the young Colonel's mind, and on his escape from Hampton Court the misguided monarch determined to seek refuge in the Isle of Wight, not merely because he believed the local gentry to be well affected to his cause, but from a vague hope that he would be able to establish an ascendancy over Hammond, whom he remembered as an amiable and well-spoken gentleman whose grandfather had been physician to the Court. When the King's messengers arrived, Hammond, in order to gain time to consult the Parliament, volunteered to wait upon His Majesty at Titchfield, where he was then hiding. On the 22nd of November, 1647, Charles, attended by only three of his suite, accompanied the Colonel back to Carisbrooke. Hammond played the different and unsought-for part assigned to him by events with rare discretion and ability. The King was given plainly to understand that he was a prisoner, but his entertainment was rather that of a guest. The gentlemen of the Island were allowed to wait upon him, the bowling-green was constructed for his amusement, and he was even permitted to follow the chase in Parkhurst Forest, where, as Prince Charles, he had twice "hunted and killed a bucke." An ill-timed attempt by Captain Burley,



**THE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD**

*Who proposed the Toast to the Canadian Editors at  
Col. Grant Morden's Luncheon.*



THE RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

*Who delivered the main address at Lord  
Beaverbrook's dinner.*



who was subsequently hanged, drawn and quartered for his pains, to effect a rescue, led to the curtailment of most of these privileges; though Charles was still treated with the most scrupulous courtesy.

“The king’s lodgings were at this time limited to the first floor of the buildings facing the entrance, the upper portion of the Great Hall forming his audience and antechambers, and his bedroom being on the mezzanine floor in the adjoining building to the south.” Captain Titus and others of the guard having been seduced, Charles determined, with the assistance of his page, Firebrace, to make a dash for liberty. With characteristic obstinacy he refused to believe but that “where his head would pass his body would follow.” According to Firebrace’s narrative, His Majesty in attempting to get through the window of his bedroom “found himself mistaken, he sticking fast between his breast and shoulders, and not able to get forward or backward, but that at the instant before he endeavored to come out, he mistrusted and tied a piece of his cord to a bar of the window within by means whereof he forced himself back. Whilst he stuck I heard him groan, but could not come to help him. So soon as he was in again, to let me see the design was broken, he set a candle in the window. If this unfortunate impediment had not happened, His Majesty had certainly then made a good escape.” Not only Hammond, but the Derby House Committee in London were well aware of this attempt, and it was thought advisable to lodge the King in a place of greater security. He was moved to the officers’ quarters (now in ruins), “in a building on the left side of the first court,” and a sentry was stationed on the platform below. As his window contained but one bar, a second was inserted, leaving scarcely five inches between each bar and the stone mullions. On Saturday evening, May 20, Charles, undaunted by his former failure, had determined to make a second attempt. On coming to the window, however, he found more persons about than he had been led to expect and, scenting danger, he wisely retired to rest in his usual manner. Hammond and his official superiors were, as a matter of fact, cognizant of every detail of the plot, though some doubt still exists as to the identity of the traitor. On the 6th of

September following, Charles left the Castle to take up his quarters at the Grammar School, Newport, during the negotiations with the fifteen Commissioners of the Parliament which ended in the farcical "Treaty of Newport." The Army had meantime grown stronger than the Parliament, and its leaders decided, as Carlyle put it, that "a young colonel with dubitations such as those of Hammond will not suit the Isle at present." Hammond was accordingly summoned to Windsor and replaced by Colonel William Sydenham. While it was yet dark, on the morning of November 30, three days after the signature of the treaty, certain officers demanded admission to the royal apartments at Newport, and Charles was hurried, with scant courtesy, to a coach which drove him rapidly "towards Worsley's Tower, a little beyond Yarmouth Haven," where he crossed in a sailing vessel to Hurst Castle. An entry in the register of Carisbrooke Church records the melancholy sequel: "In the year of our Lord God, 1649, January the 30th day, was Kinge Charles beheaded at Whitehall Gate."

A somewhat steep climb from the village brings one to the Outer Gateway, bearing the initials E.R. (Elizabeth Regina) and the date 1598. The massive and imposing Gatehouse, with the two round Woodville Towers and parapet, is sufficiently ruinous to be picturesque, without losing its air of grandeur and stern command. The roofs and floors of the Gatehouse were restored in 1899 as a memorial of Prince Henry of Battenberg. The massive wooden inner gates date from 1470. In the Armory and adjoining apartments is housed a Museum containing ancient manuscripts and other antiquities relating to the Island. No visitor should miss seeing this most interesting collection, especially the Stuart relics, transferred from Windsor Castle by direction of Queen Victoria. These include the nightcap worn by Charles I. the night before his execution. Another interesting relic is the seal used in connection with the decree ordering the levy of "ship-money," one of the direct causes of the Revolution. Special interest attaches to the worm-eaten pieces of timber from the wreck of the Royal George. In the circular rooms of the Gatehouse are cases containing cinerary urns,

skulls, and other relics of the Early, Middle, and Late Bronze Ages, acquired from the former Isle of Wight Museum at Newport. On entering the Base-court, with its well-kept lawns, we turn left to where some steps lead up to the Ramparts. We can walk all round, the prospect over the surrounding country being delightful. The curtain wall is said to be Norman, but was restored and altered by Gianibelli, the Italian engineer employed by Elizabeth at the time of the Armada scare. The "Knights" at the south-west and south-east corners, and the external wall and ditch and sally ports, are also his work. In one part the pathway passes right outside the wall, but this is a modern innovation. The former tiltyard, or "place d'armes," was converted into a bowling-green in 1648 for the use of Charles I. The earthen banks which almost surrounded the green are the remains of the original "Caer," or British entrenchments believed to date from about 300 A.D. A flight of seventy-one irregular and well-worn steps leads from the courtyard to the Keep, the most ancient portion of the pile. It stands upon an artificial mound, probably of British origin, fifty-eight feet high. With the exception of that at Windsor, this is probably the most perfect specimen of a Norman shell in existence. An archway on the left leads to the well-chamber, in which is a well of great depth, long choked up, but cleared in 1914, and now surmounted by a stout iron grating. A further flight of twenty steps leads to the parapet above, from which the view is, of course, even more extensive than from the ramparts. Close below the northern rampart, between the Gatehouse and the Keep, is the Great Hall, the lower part twelfth-century work, the upper Elizabethan. These cheerless rooms, with their old-world air, would be interesting even had they no historical associations. Charles I. was lodged in this block until his first attempt to escape, and in a room over the lobby, marked by a tablet, the Princess Elizabeth died on September 8th, 1650. The Well-house is a restored sixteenth-century building regarded by many people, especially juveniles, as the most interesting feature of the Castle. The well was sunk in 1150 and has a depth of 161 feet and a diameter of 5 feet 3 inches. The masonry goes down 16 feet. The depth of water

varies from 3 feet to 60 feet; the fluid is drawn up by means of an ingeniously contrived draw-wheel (15 feet 6 inches in diameter), to which two intelligent donkeys take turns to supply the motive power. It is interesting to know that each time the bucket rises to the surface the patient victim of the tread-wheel has accomplished the equivalent of 300 yards. We are assured that the life suits the animals, and one is recorded to have died at the ripe old age of 50. An electric light near the bottom of the well is switched on to give an idea of the depth. The private portion of the Castle has for some years been the residence of H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, Governor of the Island. Perhaps I have dwelt overmuch on Carisbrooke Castle, but it is a most interesting place, and our visit will be long remembered.

## CHAPTER XV.

### A Brief Visit to the Ancient City of Bath, Cardiff, the Capital of Wales, and Its Adjoining Seaport, Swansea.



WHEN the main party left Exeter on Saturday afternoon, July 12th, they proceeded to Bath for Sunday. Bath is the chief city of Somersetshire, and is situated in the beautiful valley of the Avon. It is built in a natural amphitheatre, and as the character of its buildings and streets corresponds with the beauty of its situation it has an appearance equalled by no other English city. The houses are largely built of white freestone, known as bathstone. Besides being a city of great beauty and noted for the medicinal properties of its waters, Bath is known as a city of great antiquity, dating from the time of the Romans, when it was called *Aquae Sulis*. Magnificent remains of the Roman baths still exist and these were shown to the party. Richard I. granted the town its first existing charter. This was confirmed by Henry III. and extended by George III. Bath was very famous in the days of Beau Nash, 1704-1761, and the follies and vices of the city have been frequently commemorated by Fielding, Smollett and others, and in more recent times by Booth Tarkington, the American novelist. The Sunday spent in Bath was a busy and enjoyable one for the editors. The arrangements were all in charge of Col. Lewis of the Bath Herald, a most courteous English gentleman, who in order to be sure that everything would run smoothly made a special trip to London and conferred with the committee there and the heads of the party. Col. Lewis had made most complete arrangements for the day, and in these arrangements he was assisted by Mr. Broom of the London office of the English Newspaper Society. In the morning the party was taken for a motor ride around the city.

On returning from the drive they were all entertained at the Grand Pump Room Hotel for lunch, at the invitation of the Hotel Mineral Baths Committee. At three o'clock they were conducted over the bathing establishment, which is excellently equipped. At 4 o'clock a visit was made to the Roman baths mentioned above, and at 4.30 tea was served in the Roman promenade at the invitation of the Mayor and Mayoress. The day spent in this wonderful old city was full of enjoyment for the party and was a revelation in many ways. Here, however, as everywhere, true English hospitality prevailed and Col. Lewis and all those who assisted him were untiring in their efforts to make the visit of the Canadian editors' party as perfect as possible.

The party left on Monday morning for Cardiff, the capital of Wales. To the visitors Cardiff was a city of surprises and contrasts. It is one of the most modern of cities, although its history dates back to the Roman Period, and even earlier than that. Cardiff is one of the brightest and cleanest of all the cities visited. It is the premier coal-exporting port of the world, and those who have not seen it, picture it as a grimy coal centre, where pit shafts and other colliery equipment are prominent. The visitors were told that it was quite possible to pass a lifetime in Cardiff without witnessing the handling of coal, and a visitor staying in the city or its suburbs might well wonder as to the whereabouts of the commodity upon which so much depends. In 1801, the population of Cardiff was 1,870; today the city stretches from east to west  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and from the northern boundary at Llanishen to the Queen Alexandra Dock, at the extreme south, six miles. Within these limits are today more than 200 miles of streets, arcades and other thoroughfares, and 230,000 inhabitants; a small population for the area, but no other large town in Great Britain is so honeycombed with open spaces, or has streets so generally wide. The population itself is fast increasing, a healthy sign of good times. In November, 1922, the city boundaries were extended, resulting in the area of the city being increased from 8,095 acres to 13,628 acres, and the population from 200,184 to 219,580. Cardiff is the metropolis of

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mountainous Wales, yet it is spread on a plain. The mean little houses of a century ago have disappeared from the main streets, and their three-storeyed, stuccoed successors are giving place to buildings of modern type and of harmonious and even beautiful architectural treatment. Cardiff lies at the mouth of three rivers—the Rumney, Taff and Ely; and from its natural position and other advantages has secured a coal export trade unequalled by any other port in the world. The town in general is built on low-lying land, which stretches eastwards with little to break the monotony along the course of the Severn as far as Chepstow. Westward, however, the flat is bounded by a ridge which terminates in the bold promontory of Penarth Head. The Vale of Glamorgan lies further west, and is, for the most part, a gently undulating plain from the sea to the margin of the coal basin. It would be difficult to find in any part of the British Isles a district containing so considerable a series of geological formations, well developed and clearly exhibited, as may be studied within a radius of twenty-five miles of Cardiff.

Cardiff is a Parliamentary, Municipal and County Borough, the capital of Glamorgan. The advance made by the city and port during the past century is little short of marvellous. Nor has Cardiff grown at the expense of health or beauty. Cardiff is a Garden City, and it has become so in no small degree by the foresight of the civic fathers, aided by local landowners. It is remarkable for its sylvan area bordering the river right into the centre of the city, this being due to the proximity, on the one side, of the Castle grounds, and on the other of the Sophia Gardens and Fields, which the Marquis of Bute opens freely to the citizens. On their part, the City Corporation have bought the magnificent estate of Llandaff Fields, and have spent, on parks and open spaces, nearly £400,000. Roath Park, covering 120 acres, includes a large lake, botanical gardens and pleasure grounds. A unique feature has been the presentation to the city of a beautifully situated and fully stocked park by Mr. Charles Thompson, and known as "Syr David's Field." The greatest improvement of all centres is Cathays Park. Within thirty years the town hall of 1849 was doubled in size, and further in-

creased by the acquisition of the old post office adjoining, in 1895. The need of larger municipal offices was already pressing, and it was patent that Cardiff was outgrowing some of its institutions. Deliberations between the corporation and the late Marquis of Bute led to the corporation acquiring most of the Park as a site for public buildings, in 1898. Thus passed to the city a magnificent central site, containing a fine avenue of trees. Today can be seen a group of municipal buildings, the like of which is not excelled in the British Isles. In its institutions Cardiff compares well with other large towns. It is an important centre of education, the seat of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, the Technical College, the Registry Office of the University of Wales, and it has two intermediate, five secondary and twenty of more elementary schools.

The first appointment for the visitors after their arrival in the morning was a tour of the public buildings of the city. In Cathays Park is situated a group of noble buildings that are a great credit to the city. These include the City Hall, the Law Courts and the National Museum of Wales. The writer visited all these buildings in 1921 in the company of Sir William Davies of *The Western Mail*, and was tremendously impressed with their magnificence. On the first floor of the city hall are a large number of beautiful paintings, and also some exquisite statuary. While space will not permit a detailed description of Cardiff's handsome city hall, it is interesting to note that owing to the munificence of the late Lord Rhondda the city has been able to perpetuate the more prominent of the Welsh National heroes in a unique series of statues. The central figure is, of course, St. David, others are Llewelyn Olaf, (the last Welshman to be Prince of Wales), Owen Glendower, the great Welsh soldier-statesman; Dafydd ap Gwilym, the Welsh poet; Boadicea, wife of the British King Prasutagus, and William Williams of Pantycelyn, the preacher who is perhaps, best known as the author of the familiar hymn, beginning:

"Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land."



The National Museum of Wales was also a centre of great interest. At 1 o'clock the party was entertained at lunch, and during the afternoon were shown over the large docks for which the city is famous. A dinner which was given by the proprietors of The South Wales News and The Western Mail brought to a close a most enjoyable day, and at the dinner the editors, through Mr. Malcolm MacBeth of Milverton, expressed their appreciation of the kindness shown to them by the city officials and the newspaper representatives, with particular reference to Mr. R. J. Webber and Mr. John Duncan.

The next morning the party left for Swansea, a town which rivals Cardiff in importance in South Wales. Here they were received by Mr. Henry Mond, (son of Sir Alfred Mond, who owns important industries there), and by the Mayor and other prominent citizens. Swansea is an important seaport and manufacturing town. It is the chief seat of the copper trade. It is also an important tin plate centre. Besides this it has the largest tube works in England and manufactures gold, silver, steel, iron, nickel, cobalt and many other things. The harbor and docks are extensive, and there is a very active trade in coal. Most of the Welsh anthracite that is now coming to Canada comes from Swansea. Swansea Castle with its picturesque tower is said to have been originally built about 1120, but was rebuilt about 1330. As in Cardiff there are many fine public buildings in Swansea, including the museum and library. The morning was spent in visiting the docks, the enormous dimensions of which were a great surprise to the party. After luncheon a visit was paid to the collieries, the Mond Nickel Works, the works of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co., the tin and steel mills and other industrial plants which play so important a part in the life of this Welsh seaport. At 7.30 a public dinner was tendered the Canadians at the Hotel Metropole by the Amalgamated Anthracite Collieries and the Mond Nickel Co., Limited. In the speech-making which followed the appreciation of the Canadians of the hospitality of Swansea was voiced by Mr. D. A. Jones of The Pembroke Observer in an able speech, in which he spoke of the Canadian interests of Sir Alfred

Mond, and expressed the hope that in the not far distant future his company would refine its nickel in Canada instead of shipping it out of the country in its crude state. A Welsh choir provided music during the evening and a most enjoyable time was spent by all, thanks to the untiring endeavors of Mr. Henry Mond, Mr. J. D. Williams and others.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A Visit to North Wales—A Brief Historical Outline—Chester an Old Roman City.



AS it has been previously stated in some of these articles, when the original itinerary of the Canadian editors was planned it included many places which it was found advisable later, for various reasons, to omit. One of these was North Wales. The original plan was to leave London, and go direct to Devonshire, thence to Warwickshire and from Warwickshire to North Wales, with brief sojourns in Birmingham and Shrewsbury. This plan was eventually changed, and instead of going direct to Devonshire, Warwickshire was visited first, and then Devonshire. From Devonshire, as stated last week, the party proceeded to South Wales via Bath. South Wales was put into the final itinerary in place of North Wales. This was done for several reasons. One was that it was felt by our friends in the Old Land that such important industrial and shipping centres as Cardiff and Swansea, should not be missed. Then, too, the matter of accommodating 170 people at first-class hotels in any North Wales town presented many difficulties. The committee at one time contemplated endeavoring to do this at Llandudno, a beautiful spot which nestles under the shadow of the Great Orme on the north coast of the Welsh principality. It was then planned to make a day trip through the beautiful Snowdon country. But difficulties presented themselves, which could not be overcome, and this part of the itinerary had to be changed. To the writer, however, North Wales is a place full of pleasant boyhood memories, and for him its scenic beauties will never lose their attractiveness. We, therefore, left the party for two or three days, and while they were being royally

treated at the southern capital, we were being just as royally treated up in Northern Wales.

To anyone who has not been to Britain, but has studied the map, it would seem that the distances, from one point to another were not very long and should be covered quickly. However, to reach the border county of Montgomeryshire necessitated getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning on Monday, July 13th, and catching the boat at Ryde in the Isle of Wight shortly after 6 o'clock. We made a close connection at Portsmouth, and journeyed north till 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when we arrived at Shrewsbury, the capital of Shropshire, and a very important centre. There are three points from which one can get into the various sections of North Wales, Shrewsbury, Oswestry and Chester. To get to any of the seaside resorts along the north coast such as Rhyl, Colwyn Bay and Llandudno, it is necessary to go to Chester. From Oswestry one can get to Welshpool, the birthplace of the writer, and a train from Shrewsbury will bring one to the same place. Welshpool is one of the gateways to the coast. At this point the London and North Western Railway and the Great Western Railway (which are now in one of the three great systems) used to connect with the old Cambrian, which ran to the coast, branching off at Machynlleth. One fork of the road ran to Aberdovey, a busy little port, and another fork to Aberystwith, a popular summer resort, where the University of North Wales is situated. We arrived at Welshpool about a quarter to four in the afternoon, and it was pleasant, indeed, to be back in the old town, after thirty years. I fancy that as I met this one and that one, with whom I went to school, and with whom I played football and cricket as a boy, I experienced much the same thrill of pleasure that many Renfrew citizens experienced who came back here to the delightful Old-Home Week we had last year. The changes which I saw, the progress which I noticed, and the many enjoyable visits which we had will be of no interest to Mercury readers, but they will probably be interested in some historical features of the border county of Montgomeryshire over which we motored in every direction.

Montgomeryshire was the scene of many a conflict during the struggles for supremacy in mid-Wales. In the early stages of the Roman conquest of Britain nowhere was the path of the invader more stubbornly contested than in the borderland of the mountainous country afterwards to be known as Wales. The leader of the Britons was Caradoc (Caractacus), and it was in the Breidden Hills, five miles from Welshpool, that he made his famous but futile stand against Ostorius and his Roman army. For a time Powysland was occupied by the Romans, but when they left about the year 410 to save the Imperial city from German aggression, the foundations of a new nation were laid—the nation of the Cymry. With the coming of Cunedda and his sons the House of Cunedda was established as the ruling princes over the whole of North Wales. The territory of mid-Wales now became known as Powys. Powys was the scene of many invasions but a new period commenced when Vesta, “the iron-fisted princess of Powys,” married Mervyn I, the King of Gwynedd, and Powys became a tributary state to Gwynedd. Powys had many princes, and about the time of the Norman invasion this section was being ruled by Bleddyn ap Cynvyn. About 1160 a younger branch of Bleddyn’s line acquired the overlordship of Powys and built their chief seat “on the red rock of Trallwm” (Welshpool) which in after ages became known as the “Red Castle in Powys.” Castle building was a favorite occupation in those days. A century or so earlier Roger de Montgomery built his castle on a high hill, and gave it the name of his ancestral hall in Normandy—Montgomery. Thus did the county get its name. Montgomery Castle is now nothing but a ruin, but as one stands amidst these ruins on the high hill overlooking the country on every side for miles around, it is easy to picture the days that are gone, the attacks of Owen Glendwyr, Henry I recruiting his army for Bosworth Field, the attack of Cromwell on Powys Castle, (still a mighty pile of red sandstone on a neighboring hill, and the ancestral home of the Earl of Powys), when King Charles was in hiding there. The Valley of the Severn and the hills around teem with romance, and there have been many stories written about this section. The scene of Sir

Walter Scott's novel, "The Betrothed," in which he refers to Gwenwynwyn as "The Torch of Pengwern," was laid here. In Powys Castle too, the heir to which inherits the title of Lord Clive, are many of the treasures that the great Lord Clive who "was astonished at his own moderation" brought home from India.

Leaving on Wednesday to join the special press train at Shrewsbury we had a couple of hours to look around that town. Shrewsbury is a busy place, with a population of some 30,000. It is the home of the famous Shrewsbury school which was founded in 1551 by Edward VI. Sir Philip Sydney, Darwin, Paley and Stanley Weyman, the novelist who wrote a splendid novel called "Shrewsbury," all attended this school. There are many things of great attractiveness to the visitors at Shrewsbury. It is interesting to learn that this town, which received no less than thirty-three charters at different times, from monarchs who either captured or besieged the town, goes back to the time of Offa, King of Mercia, who captured it in 778. It is said that this town was taken and retaken, occupied and abandoned, burned and rebuilt at least a dozen times before the famous battle when Henry IV. defeated Harry Hotspur. At Shrewsbury there is a noble monument, erected to the memory of Lord Hill, the hero of Waterloo, and many other famous men having been connected with this town.

From Shrewsbury we journeyed to Chester where we were all entertained at lunch by the Shropshire and North Wales Newspaper Owners' Association and where a very generous presentation was made to Mr. E. Roy Sayles and the writer. In my own case it was immediately converted into some beautiful silverware which will always serve to remind me of the bountiful generosity of my friends. There is an old-world charm about Chester with its walls and its "Rows" that one does not find in any other city in Britain. Chester is full of historical associations, Its time honored relics possess an extraordinary fascination for English speaking people. Our party was guided over the city and shown its various points of interest by different prominent gentlemen. The trip was made along the walls. A visit was made to

King Charles' Tower, the Cathedral, the Rows, the Castle and the remains of the Roman Bath. The visit to the Rows was one of particular interest, and here glorious examples of 16th and 17th century buildings were seen. One of particular interest was God's Providence House, which was erected in 1652, according to tradition on the sight of another tenement, which was the only one in Watergate Street passed over by the plague of 1647. At Chester is located Eaton Hall, the home of the Duke of Westminster, and only a few miles away is Hawarden, the former home of that grand old man of English politics, the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Through the city runs the river Dee. Every boy and girl has doubtless learned the poem, "The Miller of the Dee." At luncheon, which was served to us, we were treated to some salmon which was caught in the Dee, and said to be superior to any other kind of salmon in that district.

The following is a fuller account of a visit to Chester by the writer in the Spring of 1921:

In his delightful and entertaining book, "Wild Wales," George Borrow, the author tells how on the occasion of his first visit to Chester, he put up at an old fashioned inn in Northgate street to which he had been recommended, and ordered ale and cheese. The ale he expected to find bad, but "I shall have a rare treat in the cheese," he said, "Cheshire cheese has always been reckoned excellent and now that I am in the capital of the cheese county I shall have some of the very prime." Those who have read this interesting itinerary will remember how disappointed he was in Cheshire cheese. which he said had much the appearance of soap of the commonest kind and was of such a nasty taste that the noted writer spit out the only mouthful he took of it, in a half masticated condition. We sympathized with Borrow when we were in Chester. We did not stop in Northgate street, but we supped at a restaurant in Foregate street. Nor did we call for ale and cheese, but having seen the sign "Fish and Chips" many, many time since we had been in England, and having heard a great deal about this popular dish, we decided to try it. We were hungry when we reached Chester. We had got to Manchester only to find several trains cut off on ac-

count of the strike and the journey had been a long and tiresome one. We were not quite sure whether "Fish and Chips" was a Welsh dish or an English one, but we ordered it as a starter. It was both a starter and a finisher. We never tried it again. But we shall always remember Chester as the place where for the first and last time we tackled that greasy and over-rated concoction called "Fish and Chips."

Chester is a very ancient city. It is, as everyone knows, the capital of Cheshire, one of the English counties on the borders of Wales. It is recorded that its history dates back to 47 A.D. when the Romans under Ostorius Scapula advanced from the Midlands to attack Wales, and establish a military base which they called Deva, named after the river on which the camp stood. Deva, we are told, continued for more than three centuries, to be a legionary fortress, occupied by 5,000 or more infantry drawn from various parts of the Roman Empire. It was from this well-secured base that Suetonius Paulinus in 61 A.D. set out on his punitive expedition against the Druids in Anglesey, and Agricola in 78 waged a successful war against the Ordovices of North Wales. The Romans left many enduring proofs of their occupation of Chester, the principal feature of interest being, of course, the walls. These walls completely encircle the older portions of the city, and form a continuous promenade of nearly two miles with delightful views of the river, the green meadows and the mountains in the distance. Chester, is of course, much enlarged from the old days when the walls really encircled the city, and as one crosses over the various "gates" one gets a good view of the streets. A trip around the walls is most interesting. Mounting the steps by the Eastgate, and proceeding northwards, the first objects of interest that we passed were the Cathedral, with the Chapter House and Lady Chapel, both of the early English style. Chester Cathedral is rich in historic associations. It dates back more than a thousand years. It was here that St. Werburga's remains were buried in 875. She was the daughter of Wulphere, King of Mercia. It was here in 925 that Ethelfleda,

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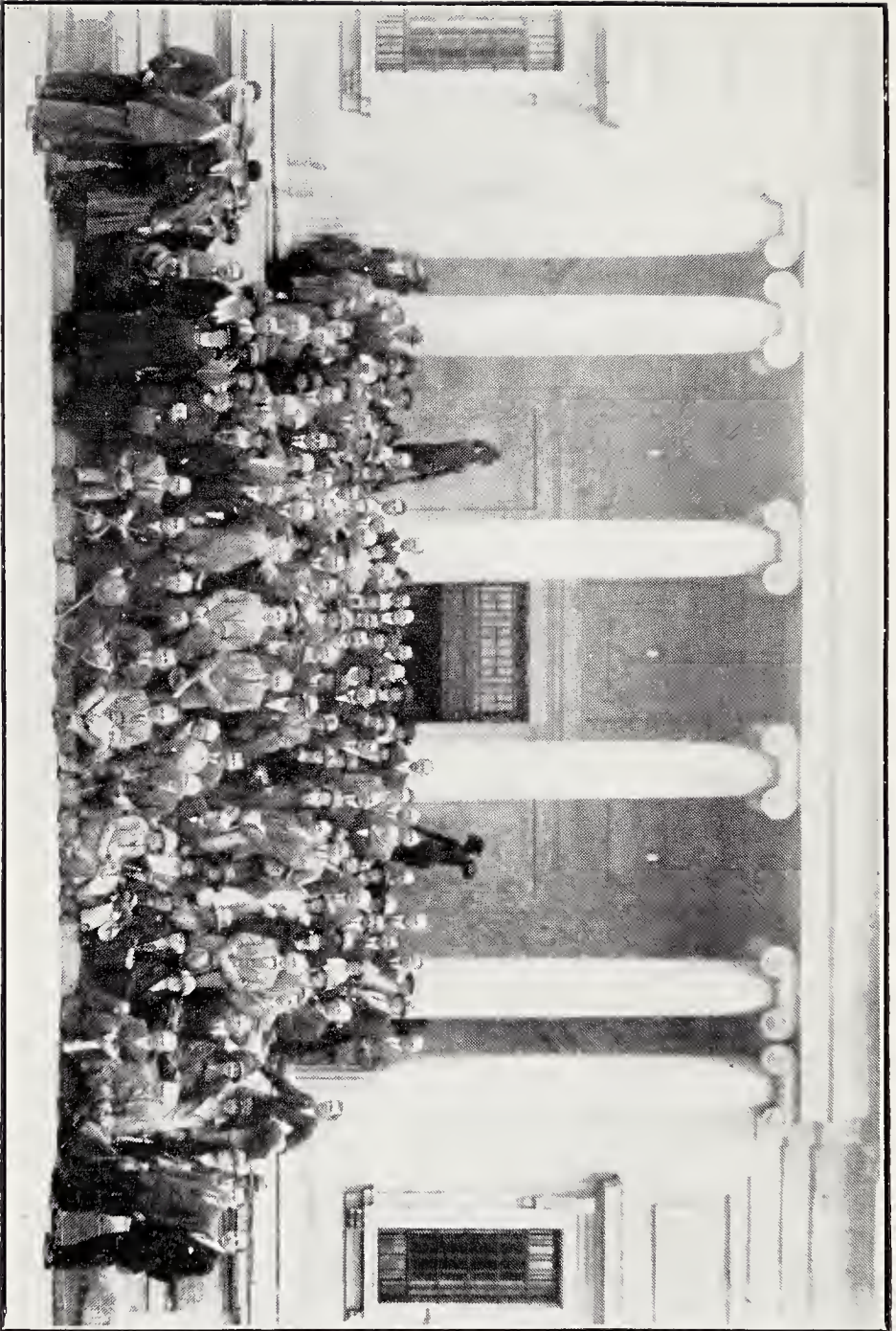
**E. ROY SAYLES**  
*Manager C.W.N.A. 1919-1925*  
*Treasurer of the Tour.*



**LORNE A. EEDY, B.A.**  
*President of the C.W.N.A.*  
*1924-25.*



**W. RUPERT DAVIES**  
*Organiser and Chairman of*  
*Tour Arrangements.*



*"Pilgrims of the Press" in front of the Lady Lever Art Gallery at Port Sunlight.*

daughter of King Alfred, established a house for secular canons, which, was later extended by Leofric of Mercia, husband of the Lady Godiva.

It was on the 12th of April that we first visited Chester. It was a beautiful day. The apple trees were in blossom, the shrubs were out in leaf, and the rhubarb in the gardens that we looked down upon as we walked around the walls, was ready for use. Flowers, too were blooming everywhere. At Chester, as in most places in England the gillyflower or wallflower was prominent. On one of the bowling greens we passed a number of games were in progress, but much as we would have liked, we were not able to watch the games, as the club had for some reason or other (to a stranger it looked like a selfish one) erected a board fence sloping away from the wall. Shortly after passing the Cathedral we came to a tower. This tower has various names. It is sometimes called Newton Tower, sometimes Phoenix, but is commonly known as King Charles Tower, so called because it was from this tower that King Charles I. on the 24th of September, 1645, watched the battle of Rowton Moor, when his forces were put to rout by the Parliamentarians. On that memorable occasion the King was attended by Sir Francis Gamul, the Mayor of the city and Alderman Cowper.

In King Charles' tower there is a very interesting collection of relics, and for a few pence one is permitted to mount the steps into the little room and view the collection, and also stand in the self-same spot where Charles Stuart stood when he watched the battle from the window. In the tower we found a very interesting collection of pottery, some of it used in Chester nearly 2,000 years ago. There were also 11th century jugs, and some fine pieces of Wedgewood ware. Perhaps the most interesting was the collection of Jackfield ware, made in Shropshire. There were also some interesting relics of the battles of bye-gone days, including a suit of armour used at Rowton Moor, a suit of chain armour, a powder horn, and a Roundhead breastplate.

Leaving this tower and proceeding along the walls, we passed over the Northgate, from which we had a splendid view of the

Welsh hills, Moel Fammau, the highest summit being plainly visible. We next came to Morgan's Mount. This is a watch tower consisting of a chamber on the walls, with an open platform above, accessible by a few winding steps. Here in the earlier part of the siege of Chester, a battery was erected, but in October 1645 the Royalists were driven from their posts. A little further westward is Goblin Tower. In 1720 it had the name of Pemberton's Parlor, from the fact that a ropemaker of that name used to sit in it, watching his men at work under the walls. The last of the towers on the north side consists of an inner and outer tower, connected by an embattled terrace, and a flight of steps. The upper one bears the name of Bonewaldesthorpe Tower. The outer one was called the New Tower as long ago as 1322. It was built under contract for a payment of one hundred pounds by John de Helpstone, a mason. This seemed incredible, but when we learned that in those days the wages of a carpenter or a mason was threepence a day, and a laborer was paid half that, it was easier to understand. It is also known as the Water Tower, and when it was built the River Dee washed its base. This corner was perhaps the most picturesque in the whole circuit of the walls. In the grounds below the walls are several very interesting relics of antiquity, including the "pilae"—or supports of the flooring of a hypocaust or heating apparatus, which had been removed from Bridge street. Further on there are "The Wishing steps" and Thimbley's Tower and other features of lesser interest.

As we walked along the walls we passed several places of more than slight interest, including the Castle and the Roodee. The front view of the castle brought back memories of Renfrew county, because of the fact that in the foreground there is a very fine equestrian statue of Viscount Combermere. The castle dates back very many centuries. It is said that Ethelfleda included it within the walls of the city as far back as 907. It was then merely an entrenched earthwork, and not until Henry III assumed the Earldom of Chester in 1237 that any extensive stonework was introduced. The castle appears to have been added to and altered from time to

time as different ones occupied it. At one time we were told the inner bailey was separated from the outer bailey by a deep ditch 100 feet wide crossed by a drawbridge. A great deal of improvement was made to the castle by Edward I. and many fine halls were added and entrances arranged. At the present time the castle is not of imposing appearance. The main part is a long low two storey building, quite in contrast to Edinburgh Castle, or the Carisbrooke Castle or others that we visited. It has an extensive courtyard in front with walls running around it, and at the entrance is another building which looked something like a Greek temple. The castle is carefully guarded. It played an important part in the siege of Chester. Among the many notable prisoners, who have been confined within its walls were David, Prince Llewelyn's brother, King Richard II, Eleanor Cobham, and the Abbot of Norton.

The Roodee is a well known race track and athletic grounds, some 65 acres in extent. The name is a corruption of Rood (a cross) and ela (an island). In a Royal Order issued 1403 it is called *Oculus Crucis*, the Eye of the Cross. The Roodee has always been a valuable assembly ground. Here, each year, were held the City Pageants. A great football match was played here each Shrove Tuesday, to which the whole city flocked. Here the horse races on St. George's day were run, with two silver bells as prizes. Here, since 1610, have taken place the famous Chester Races. When we viewed the Roodee on two occasions, it was a lively place. Football matches were in progress, horsemen were exercising their horses, but the great attraction for the crowds was the little village of tents, for here was one of the encampments of the soldiers enlisted by the government in case of serious trouble over the coal strike. It was interesting as we watched the movement of the soldiers around the tented area to ruminate over the fact that probably on that very spot 2,000 years ago, Roman soldiers were camped. That the Romans did occupy the old area of the Roodee, which extended from the Water Tower to the Bridge Gate, as long ago as that was proved in 1886, when there was discovered at considerable depth an oblong pig of lead weighing 192 lbs. It is now in the Grosvenor Museum,

and bears an inscription showing that it belonged to the time of Yespasian and Titus, 74 A.D., and was sent from the district of the Deceangli Tegeingle, Flintshire, in Wales, for the use of the Roman garrison.

The four city gates, which admit to the walled enclosure at various points, (though they have been despoiled in the course of modern improvements and in the interests of public convenience) have a special interest of their own, and a brief reference to their history will help us to conjure up a better idea of Chester in the olden time. They were held by Sergeancy under the Earl of Chester, and in the mediaeval period considerable tolls were exacted.

The East Gate, as existing at present, was erected in 1769 on the old site, at the expense of Richard, Lord Grosvenor. The gate is surmounted with some iron-work, supporting a clock, set up in commemoration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. The predecessor of the existing up-to-date gateway was flanked by massive octagonal towers, four stories high, with rooms on each storey let to divers tenants, one of whom was a city company. The keepers of the East Gate had the inspection of weights and measures, and exacted toll on a great variety of articles.

The present Water Gate was erected 1789, when the Corporation came into possession by purchase from the Stanleys, Earls of Derby. The old gateway was closed by a double door, strengthened by a portcullis and a draw-bridge. The water of the Dee is represented in old maps as coming right up to this gate, but this could only have been at high tides, as in 1340 the keeper, by warrant was entitled to take toll of every cart and horseload entering as well as of every ship or boat coming to the gate with large fish, salt salmon, or herring." The Sergeant of the Water Gate was required to execute processes on the River Dee for the Mayor, who had extensive powers as an Admiral.

The Bridge Gate was rebuilt by the Corporation in 1782 and took the place of a much more imposing structure. The arched gateway was flanked by two strong round towers. This, called

Tyer's Tower, was used in connection with the system then adopted for supplying the citizens with water.

The North Gate was built in 1809-10 at the expense of Robert Earl Grosvenor, The North gate was specially in the charge of the Sheriffs of the city who had also imposed on them the unpleasant duty of attending to the pillory and the stocks (both in frequent use), the execution of felons and robbers after sentence, and the more welcome and honorable task of summoning citizens to the assembly of "Portmore" by sounding the horn. In return for this they were entitled to the tolls on fish, fowl, vegetables, cheese, manufactured and other articles of every kind, brought from the countryside for the citizens' use. The watch kept was strict, but the evasions by forestalling the methods of bartering outside the city gates were numerous and frequent.

In addition to these four gates of the old city there is a fifth, called the New Gate, This gate, despite its name, which, appropriate once, has lost its meaning, was certainly in use in the reign of Edward VI. (1552), and probably much earlier. A romantic story is related in connection with this gate. It was closed up and kept shut because a young man one summer's day stole away a Mayor of Chester's daughter as she was playing at ball with other maidens in Pepper Street, which leads up to New Gate. It may be gathered from an entry in the City Records that the maiden was the daughter not of the Mayor but of an Alderman. This incident gave rise to a local variation of the old proverb about locking the stable door after the horse is stolen, and a Chester maxim reads: "When the daughter is carried off then shut the Pepper Gate.

#### **The Rows.**

The Rows are a remarkable feature of Chester architecture and are, it is believed unique. It is said that they resemble the arcades in Berne and the old parts of Bologna and Pisa. These Rows consist of shops one above the other. Above the shop on the street level is a wide covered piazza with steps leading up here and there. Along these piazzas is another row of shops. We must confess that although we had heard a great deal about the Chester

Rows we were not impressed by them. They struck us as being untidy in places and the second row of windows was of necessity somewhat dark. Here and there back off the second story of shops there run arcades which were lighted from above. There were some very fine shops along these rows and especially in the arcades, but while, as always there is a certain sentimental interest about old architecture and buildings and while undoubtedly the building of these Rows enabled the business places to be clustered together in a much smaller area. We think the more modern method of building shops is much to be preferred. Various theories have been propounded about origin of the Chester Rows. Some say the idea is derived from the Romans. Others state that these rows were built so that the business men would be better able to defend themselves from the marauding Welsh. We of course, did not accept that theory. The rows cannot be dated back further than 1275 because in that year almost the whole of the city was destroyed by fire. Probably one of the most likely theories is that the rows were built so that people would have a fashionable promenade and shelter in bad weather.

#### **The Streets.**

The mediaeval appearance of Chester is due chiefly to the condition prevailing in early days, the abundance of timber readily obtained near at hand from the great forests of Cheshire and worked up without very great trouble or skill into comfortable dwelling houses. The picturesque aspect of the main streets as well as in the offlying "lanes" has on the whole, been judiciously maintained and the restoration or reconstruction of old buildings carried out in conformity with the prevailing character of the half-timbered houses which the frequent fires, the siege, and the mischievous desire for striking novelty have spared. The arrangement of the four main streets follows the lines of the ancient Roman fortress, which had at their intersection the Praetorium or headquarters, the site of which is occupied in part, at present, by St. Peter's Church. Here (to carry on the resemblance in plan), built on to the south side of St. Peter's, from the thirteenth century



down to 1700, was a two-storied timber structure called the "Pentice," where the Mayor and City Fathers held their courts and conducted municipal business. Here, too, was the High Cross (pulled down in 1646), just opposite the church door, and clustered round were the stocks, the whipping-post, and the pillory. The last-named is still preserved in the local museum, as also is a portion of the old cross. Here was always a lively scene, not the least attractive on the occasion of the annual bull-baiting held under the auspices of the civic authorities. The principal point of interest in Watergate Street is "God's Providence House," erected in 1652. On a beam under the uppermost window is an inscription. "God's Providence is my inheritance," carved, according to tradition in gratitude for deliverance from the plague which depopulated the city. This house was the only one in the street which escaped the disease. It was re-constructed in 1862, when the oak beam bearing the inscription was straightened out and replaced in its present position.

Bishop Lloyd's Palace, on the same side as "God's Providence House," is an example of the decoration in vogue in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is elaborately carved with the figures of various animals, the bear and ragged staff, a dolphin embossed, a sow, a lion, and some nondescript creatures. In the lower series, of panels is a representation of scenes from sacred history, commencing with 1, Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden; 2, the Murder of Abel; 3, the Sacrifice of Isaac; 4, the Annunciation; 5, The Prophecy to the Blessed of Virgin. "A sword shall pierce through thine own heart." In panel 6 is Bishop Lloyd's shield with the three legs of Man surmounted by a mitre. George Lloyd was Bishop of Sodor and Man, 1599; Bishop of Chester, 1604-1615; and one of his brothers, David, was Mayor of Chester, 1593-4.

It is interesting to note that the Bishop's eldest daughter was married to two husbands, whose names are connected with the early colonization of America. Her first husband, Thomas Yale was the grandfather of Governor Elihu Yale, from whom Yale College received its name. Her second husband, Theophilus Eaton,

a native of Stony Stratford, went in 1637 to Boston, in America, and founded in 1639 the settlement of New Haven, of which he was Governor until his death in 1659.

Eastgate Street continues to be at the present day the chief street of the city, with excellent shops and many handsome buildings. Among these may be noticed on the left hand side Parr's Bank, and the large and commodious Grosvenor Club, and, opposite, the Grosvenor Hotel. Several Roman altars have been dug up in or near this street, three of them dedicated to the "Genius (or guardian spirit) of the Century," one with a special prayer for the safety of the joint emperors; a fourth to "Jupiter Optimus Maximus"; and a length of leaden water-piping bearing an inscription with the names of Vespasian, Titus, and Agricola, which fixes the date at 79, a few years after the destruction of Jerusalem. Agricola was the famous Governor of Britain 78-85 A.D., and father-in-law of the Roman historian Tacitus.

In Northgate Street are situated the Public Market, the Town Hall, the King's School, and beyond the gate, Little St. John's and the Blue Coat School. The noble Abbey Gateway leading to the Cathedral close faces the Town Hall Square. In this Square stood the "Exchange," from 1701 the municipal headquarters, which had been housed for many generations in the old Pentice against St. Peter's Church, at the High Cross. In 1862 the "New Exchange" building was destroyed by fire, and in due course was succeeded by the present handsome and stately Town Hall, which likewise had an unhappy experience of fire, though less disastrous, 1897.

The collection of portraits in the Great Hall, and the Mayor's Parlor well deserve a visit, as well as the valuable articles of civic plate, all that remains after the loyal sacrifices made in the cause of Charles I., when so much of the magnificent old silver was melted down. Bridge street was, in the Stuart period, a fashionable thoroughfare with "town houses" tenanted in the season by the leading families in the county. The fashion has passed. In lower Bridge Street attention may be drawn to Edgar Inn connected with the traditional trip on the Dee of King Edgar and his titular princess.

Gamul House is where King Charles was entertained by Sir Francis Gamul, on his luckless visit to Chester in September, 1645. The Falcon Inn, excellently restored, is a good specimen of very early timber-framing. A larger number of Roman remains have come to light here during alterations in the last century than in any other quarter of the city. Amongst the most interesting finds are an altar of Minerva, found in 1861 in Bridge Street Row East; a hypocaust and sweating bath or sudatory, in excellent preservation; and on an adjoining site fragments of another hypocaust, with considerable remains, walls, colonnades, and tessellated pavements. These are still open to inspection by visitors on application.

The evening of our visit to Chester we spent in the beautiful Grosvenor Park. This is a delightful spot about five minutes walk from the centre of the city. Grosvenor Park was given to the city by the second Marquis of Westminster who further endowed it with one hundred pounds a year toward its maintenance. The seat of the present Duke of Westminster is Eaton Hall, a beautiful feature of which is the entrance gates called the "Golden Gates." A statue of the donor is erected in the park which was executed by Thorneycroft the celebrated sculptor. Grosvenor Park was looking its loveliest in April. It is kept in excellent order, beds of red, pink, yellow and tiger tulips were in full bloom here and there. One of the great attractions of the Park is the magnificent avenue of holly trees, some of which are 20 feet high. Grosvenor Park makes a beautiful recreation spot for the people of Chester and in addition to the walks with comfortable seats placed along them beneath the trees, there is good boating on the River Dee and also swimming baths. The city of Chester is a most interesting city to visit and a day and a half seems all too short in which to properly appreciate its many points of interest.

## CHAPTER XVII.



FROM Chester the party journeyed to Liverpool and thence to Manchester, two of the principal cities of England. At both places the Canadian editors were royally entertained, at Liverpool by the newspaper proprietors, and at Manchester by the Manchester newspapers and the Lancashire, Cheshire and Derbyshire Federation. A feature of the Liverpool visit was a trip to Port Sunlight, the model town built by Lord Leverhulme. Here the entire party was shown over this extensive soap plant. Not only has Lord Leverhulme erected a model town but he has a model factory and all his employees are happy and contented. By a system of valuable prizes steady employment is encouraged. The employees are also cared for when they are sick and are handsomely remembered when they get married. The feature of this visit was the Lady Lever Art Gallery, which was erected in memory of Lady Lever and which is filled with priceless art treasures. It is probably the finest private collection in England, and the china and pottery that has been gathered together is priceless. A very enjoyable luncheon was presided over by Hon. Hume Lever, who welcomed the Canadian newspapermen in a witty speech. The arrangements were all carried out by Mr. Ivie Fulton, the manager, who was indefatigable in his efforts to see that everybody had a good time. At Liverpool, the Canadian editors were splendidly looked after by Mr. Allan Jeans, Managing Director of The Liverpool Daily Post, and Mr. A. Burchill of The Liverpool Daily Courier. The big dinner was presided over by the Lord Mayor and the spokesmen for the editors were Rev. A. H. Moore, formerly editor of The News of St. Johns, Quebec, and now President of King's College, Halifax, Mr. Hugh Savage of The Cowichan Leader, Duncan, B.C., and Miss Forbes, business mana-

ger of The Tribune of Windsor, N.S. At Manchester Mr. John Scott of The Manchester Guardian, and ex-President of the English Newspaper Society presided, and Messrs. J. J. Hurley of Brantford, J. J. Hunter of The Reporter, Kincardine, and Alfred Archer of The Linotype News, Toronto, did the honors for the press party.

Liverpool claims to be the second city of the Empire. There is some dispute about that. There is none who disputes the fact that it is the second seaport of the Kingdom. As regards export trade it is even ahead of London. It is essentially a shipping centre. The world's biggest ships belong to Liverpool and many of them were observed in the Mersey last Friday. The city is said to derive its name from two Danish words, "Lide," or "Litle," the sea, and "pool," a creek or inlet of the sea. The borough dates back from the reign of King John. The total area of the city is 14,909 acres and the population today is close on to a million.

What impressed us at once were the shops. We "did" Bold street (which is said to take the place of Bond street in London). We also visited London Road, Ranelagh street, and several others. In women's attire the "classy" shops were showing some wonderful creations and mere man is also catered to in every conceivable line in Liverpool. Prices varied. Some lines of men's clothing appeared to be much cheaper than in Canada, while in other lines there did not appear to be much difference. Hats are cheaper, but good shirts ran from \$4.50 up. Ladies' suits appeared to be cheaper there, but judged by English standards clothing is still very high in price, in some cases (according to a gentleman who has been in the dry goods and clothing business for 40 years) two and three times as much as before the war. Bananas were quoted at two shillings (48 cents) a dozen; oranges at one and sixpence (36 cents); chickens from seven shillings (about \$1.75) up. The days of cheap food in England appear to have passed for the time being, at any rate.

One thing that impressed us very much was the large variety of cakes displayed in the confectionery stores. There were cakes of every kind and size, and dozens of stores. Sweets are evidently very popular in Lancashire, for in Manchester the same thing is notice-

able. They are not cheap, however. The fancy cakes run from 60c. a dozen up. Hotel rates, so far as the grill rooms are concerned are not quite as high as in Canada, but much higher than in pre-war days. With dear food and high-priced labor it is not to be wondered at.

One of the great sights of Liverpool, as everyone knows, is the Walker Art Gallery. It was a gift to the city by the late Sir A. B. Walker during his mayoralty in 1873. The building was opened in 1877, but was greatly enlarged in 1884. The gallery is in the Corinthian style, the portico consisting of four fluted columns, approached by a flight of twelve steps. On either side are colossal marble statues of Michael Angelo and Raphael. The picture gallery proper occupies the upper part. We spent a most delightful hour in this gallery and hope that some day we may return, with unlimited time to study the great masterpieces. Among some which we greatly admired (although we must confess several of them are not reproduced in the official, "Gems From the Galleries" were "The Trial of Thomas Earl of Strafford" by William Fisk. It depicts in great detail the historic scene in Westminster Hall in 1641. "Napoleon Crossing the Alps" is another striking picture, while among the many historical scenes shown on canvas, "The Evening of the Battle of Waterloo" (Ernest Crofts, R.A.) and "And When Did You Last See Your Father" (W. F. Yeamer, R.A.,) depicting a little boy, evidently of a Royalist family, being cross-examined by Cromwell and some of his lieutenants in a Manor house, the boy's home, are among the best. "Richard II. Resigning the Crown to Bolingbroke" (Sir John Gilbert), and "Eve of the Battle of Edgehill" (Landseer), are also splendid. Many sea scapes are shown, also a number of pastoral scenes, besides numerous miscellaneous subjects, but space will not permit us to dwell further on this gallery and its treasures.

St. George's Hall, which is one of the architectural glories of Liverpool, was also visited. In the Great Hall, which seats 2,500 people, is, as every music lover knows, situated one of the largest pipe organs in the world. It has 108 stops and 8,000 pipes. It was

built by Willis of London many years ago at a cost of over \$50,000. At the end of the Great Hall is a short flight of stone steps leading to the Crown Court, where criminal trials take place. We had time but for a glance at the Picton Reading Room, the Cathedral, and the Municipal Buildings, but the latter is a most imposing pile in the Corinthian style.

Manchester, the next largest city, is as everyone knows the centre of the English cotton trade. It is, like Liverpool, principally a commercial city, and since the opening of its immense ship canal has become a mercantile port of considerable importance. Its huge warehouses line street after street, and the products of its mills find their way to all parts of the world. Like Liverpool it has also an immense retail trade, and in some respects its shops seem to be ahead of the seaport town. Lewis' is known all over England and is to Manchester and Liverpool what Eaton's and Simpson's are to Toronto. Another of the big high-class departmental stores, Kendal, Milne & Co., has recently been taken over by Harrods of London, whose fame is world-wide. Market street, Manchester, is a busy place and compares very favorably with Bold street, Liverpool.

In addition to its commercial activities, however, Manchester has many attractions for the sightseer. Foremost among these to the person of literary tastes is of course the famous Rylands Library. This wonderful library was presented to the city by a prominent citizen named Rylands, and its treasures have been added to from time to time, till today it is one of the noted libraries of the world. It is a reference library only, and no one is allowed to take books away. The library contains many priceless manuscripts, but one that particularly interested us was the original manuscript of Heber's well-known hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," which was composed by him in an hour or two one afternoon for use in Wrexham church the next day. There are of course rare bindings of every description in the library. Some of the full leather bindings on the large books are truly the work of craftsmen gifted with wonderful artistic ability, but it was the ancient bind-

ings that impressed us the most. In one case there were massive bindings of brass, set with jewels, and with relief panels done in what appeared to be alabaster, representing ecclesiastical figures. One particular binding was very striking and measured about 16 inches by 12. The cover was heavy brass, set with brilliant jewels, while the top was a panel representing Christ and the Apostles in relief work. It was done after the style of a church window of the Gothic style and was strikingly beautiful. Some of these bindings were Limoges work, and other Byzantine work, dating back to the 12th century, while other was Graeco-Roman work of the first century. Another feature of this library which is particularly interesting to a printer is the collection of ancient hand-decorated books. The time consumed in decorating the pages of one of the large volumes must have been enormous, but what puzzled us more was where the artists got the brilliant colors. One book, a "Missale Romanum" belonging to Cardinal Pompeo Colona, who died in 502 and another that was the property of Charles VII, of France are exquisite. There are many valuable editions of English literature in the Library, including a 1625 edition of Shakespeare; a 1616 edition of "The Workes of Benjamin Jonson," and a first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost." Many early Biblical manuscripts are also there, including The Passover Ritual, and the Synagogue Roll of the Law. There is also "The Mantle of the Law," which looks like a large velvet bag with all sorts of figures worked on it. It is a cover for the scroll of the Pentateuch. The tablets of stone and papyrus rolls are interesting to Biblical students.

Manchester, like Liverpool, has a fine Cathedral. The outside is somewhat dingy, on account of the soot and smoke, but inside it is very beautiful. The carved woodwork in the choir and the chancel is very delicate, being almost like lace. Of particular interest is the tablet erected in the north transept to General Gordon, who was slain at Khartoum, January 26, 1888. There is also a beautiful stained glass window erected to his memory just above the tablet. Near the Gordon tablet is a more recent one, erected to Edith Cavell. A section that was of interest, was Piccadilly.



In front of it are statues of Queen Victoria, the Duke of Wellington, Dalton, Watt, and John Bright. Another fine square is St. Peter's on which the large Midland Hotel faces and near which is situated the Art Gallery. There are many fine pictures in the Art Gallery but space will not permit us to go into details. Besides the pictures there is a very fine collection of Wedgewood ware and Staffordshire Pottery

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A Brief Sketch of the Final Week—A Visit to Stockport.



THE last week of the Canadian editors' sojourn in England was full of interest and enjoyment. The programme was a varied one. One day the party was inspecting the workings of the huge Manchester ship canal which has meant so much in the modern development of world trade for the Lancashire metropolis. Another day they were visiting the ruins of an old abbey or the crypt of a Cathedral, which would take them back a thousand years; and the next day they were possibly on the banks of Bonnie Doon or sailing down beautiful Loch Lomond. During that final week we journeyed through the north of England, up into the Highlands of Scotland, and across to the north of Ireland, and every moment was full of unalloyed interest and pleasure. On Friday, July 18th, the party visited Stockport. Stockport is only a short ride from Manchester on a tram. It is a busy manufacturing centre, and is known throughout the world as the home of many famous makers of men's hats. During the morning a visit was paid to the hat works of Christy & Co., and Battersby & Co., also to the bleaching works of Sykes & Co., and the famous Diesel Engineering Works of Messrs. Mirrless, Bickerton and Day. A luncheon was tendered at noon in the Town Hall by Mr. William Astle, O.B.E., J.P., President of the English Newspaper Society, and Sir Allan Sykes, Bart., who presided. At the conclusion of the luncheon an important journalistic conference was held in the Council Chamber of the Town Hall, which was attended not only by the Canadian editors and their hosts, but by a large number of newspaper men from all over the north of England. At this conference, over which Mr. Astle presided, many topics of mutual in-



THE MINSTER, YORK



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE, EDINBURGH

terest were discussed, and the discovery made that weekly newspaper advertising in England is far more expensive than it is in Canada. After the conference the Mayor and Mayoress of Stockport very kindly entertained the newspaper men to tea, and they were then conveyed back to Manchester in special cars, where a dinner was tendered to them at the Midland Hotel by the Manchester Newspapers and the Lancashire, Cheshire and Derbyshire Federation. While the men of the party were visiting Stockport, the ladies spent a very enjoyable day motoring through Cheshire and Derbyshire, the programme including Bramhall Hall, an old fifteenth century building; Haddon Hall, where Dorothy Vernon lived. and Chatsworth House, the beautiful country home of the Duke of Devonshire, former Governor-General of Canada. This was a day of great enjoyment for the ladies, giving them an intimate view of three of England's famous homes about which there has been woven many a romance. Too much cannot be said in praise of Mr. and Mrs. Astle. They were indefatigable in their efforts to provide enjoyment for the party. Mr. Astle, from the very first had been a most competent member of the committee his extraordinary organizing ability being of immense value to all. On Saturday morning the entire party was entertained by the directors of the Manchester Ship Canal, a trip being made through a portion of the canal, and on the return a luncheon being tendered by the directors at which Mr. David Williams of the Collingwood Bulletin spoke on behalf of the editors' party. Everything was done to make this trip as informative as possible, and much of the success of the event was due to Mr. R. Dawson Harling, Secretary, and Mr. Herbert M. Gibson, the Superintendent of the canal.

We arrived at Harrogate Saturday afternoon and here we were heartily welcomed by the newspapers men of the town. Harrogate is unique amongst the health resorts of the world. It is, possibly, the best known inland watering place in England. The variety of its curative waters is very large, there being about eighty different wells in the town. The population of Harrogate is about thirty thousand, and there is usually an extra twenty thousand of a floating

population. As might be expected, Harrogate has a number of first-class hotels, and also a very fine building called the Royal Baths, erected at a cost of nearly three quarters of a million dollars. Saturday evening was spent looking over the town. On Sunday morning motor busses were supplied and the entire party taken for a delightful ride around the town, including a run over the Harlow Moor Road, and the Duchy estate, and then on to Knaresborough, ending up at the Royal Baths where a mid-morning lunch was served in the Winter Gardens, and a welcome extended on behalf of the town by the Deputy Mayor and others. A number of Yorkshire newspaper men joined the party for Sunday including Mr. Pickering, president of the Press Association, Mr. Wiseley of York, secretary of the Yorkshire Newspaper Society, and others. After the formal reception at the Royal Baths, the party was divided into small groups and shown all through this wonderful institution. The curative powers of the Harrogate sulphur waters is truly remarkable, and many of the ills that flesh is heir to are treated here. One of the most interesting features was the room in which mud baths are given, and many were equally as deeply interested in the varied electrical treatments for disease.

After luncheon the party was taken in motor busses to Fountains Abbey and Ripon. Fountains Abbey is said by many authorities to be the finest ecclesiastical ruin in the world. It was established by the Cistercian Monks about the year 1100. The Cistercian order, a branch of the Benedictines, was founded by St. Robert, Abbot of Molesme, who with twenty of his Monks settled at Citeaux (Cistercium) near Dijon in 1098, and built there an abbey. The third abbot of Citeaux, St. Stephen Harding, was a native of Dorsetshire, England, and for this reason keen interest was taken by the English in the resurrection of this order. Cistercian monasteries were self-governing and the life was very severe. The Monks slept on straw, and abstained not only from meat but also from cheese, eggs, fish and milk. The architecture of their abbeys was of the utmost severity, but judging from what is left of Fountains also of stern beauty. We had as a guide over the ruins of Fountains

Abbey Dr. Moody, C.B.E., who has made a close study of its history, and he was able to speak with confidence and authority regarding the various portions of the ruins, which made the visit of the pressmen doubly interesting. I will not attempt to weary readers with a long account of the various sections of this famous ruin, which we were privileged to visit, but will just touch briefly on one or two features of great interest. Two of the most interesting portions were the Refectory or dining-room, and the Cellarium. The Refectory was 105 feet long by 45 feet wide. It was originally divided into two aisles by five arches carried on four round marble pillars. The roof was of wood, high pitched, in two spans, Along the south wall and part of the east and west walls is a platform on which stood the dining tables. The monks sat on stone benches with their backs to the wall. Above the end platform, over the table of the Prior was fastened the Crucifix and on the west side was the pulpit from which one of the monks read aloud while the others were eating. One can still see the bookcase from which he took his book, just inside the doorway to the staircase. The Cellarium was close to the kitchen door and is a low stone vaulted room, 302 feet long and 41 feet wide. It is notable because of its arch construction, an excellent example of the craftsmanship of the early days. To those interested in ruins the Cellarium and the other buildings in the care of cellarer at Fountains offer a very interesting study. The large tower the eastern and western guest houses, and the Bake House are also well worth careful and leisurely inspection, and give one a vivid idea of the way the monks lived a thousand years ago.

From Fountains Abbey the party motored to Ripon, where they were met and given a kindly welcome by the Mayor and Mayoress. After tea at the Victoria Cafe, a move was made to the Town Hall where the Mayor recaptured the mediaeval spirit of the old city of Ripon for the benefit of the visitors, and gave detailed accounts of the ancient charters of the town, the Wakeman's horn, the baldric, mace, seals, punch bowls, the chalice cup and other relics and ornaments. He explained that notwithstanding the ad-

vance it had made along modern lines Ripon had lost none of its old world charm, for its quaint customs have been zealously guarded against extinction. Every evening at 9 o'clock as the curfew bell chimes in the cathedral tower, the official horn blower gives four long blasts at the market cross and then proceeds to the mayor's residence for a similar purpose. At the annual feast of St. Wilfrid, held in August, a prominent citizen attired as a patron saint and mounted on a beautiful white charger, rides around the city attended by henchmen to the strains of ancient music. At the close of the Mayor's address and the exhibition of relics by the Town Clerk, the Wakeman, attired in his three-cornered hat and green coat, blew a sustained blast on the large horn which encircled his body, and astonished the visitors by the length of the note that he held on that ancient instrument. I just forget for how many hundred years the Wakeman has blown the horn every night in Ripon, but it is one of the old customs that has never been allowed to die out. A visit to the Wakeman's House followed, and again the encrusted age and history of the city made itself felt to the visitors. Many curious things were seen at the Wakeman's House, but to many of us the most curious was a Scold's Chair, in which unmanageable wives used to be fastened and put through a series of tortures that reminded one somewhat of the Spanish Inquisition. Along this same line when we were visiting the Crypt of York Minster we were shown the ducking stool, another relic of a bygone day. The drive back to Harrogate was a very pleasant one and a concert in the Royal Hall in the evening closed a memorable day.

Monday was spent at York, which city is known to every student of history, not only as the second city in England in military, ecclesiastical, historical and archaeological importance, but also because of its famous Minster. York was founded at the time of the Roman Invasion by Agricola about the year 70 A.D. It was occupied by the Romans for 340 years, and during that time was a city of Pagan temples. When Christianity swept away the heathen worship, York became a city of churches, and centuries later on the site of some of the Roman temples there arose one of the greatest monu-



ments in Christendom, the largest Cathedral in England, containing probably one of the finest collections of stained glass windows in the world. York is one of the two walled cities of England, Chester being the other one. There are four bars or gates giving entrance to the city. These are called Bootham Bar, the entry from the north; Mickle Gate Bar, the entry from London and the south; Monk Bar, named after the monks of a neighboring monastery, and Walmgate Bar. We were taken by newspaper friends in York around the city walls during our visit and shown the various gates by which in the olden days one only could gain entry to the city. Our first duty on arriving at York, was to pay our respects to the Mayor. A civic reception was held at 9 o'clock in the morning in the Guildhall. The Guildhall at York is a famous building. It was built in 1446, on the site of the old Common Hall of the Guild of St. Christopher. The Guildhall was built by the Mayor and community of the city, and the master and brethren of the Guilds. The Guilds retained the rights of Cellarage and the exclusive use of the hall for 10 days at the feast of St. James. The Guildhall is built alongside the river and we were all taken down through the passage ways to the stone platforms outside the cellar doors at the river's edge. There are various stories told about the significance of these passages to the river. An interesting feature worth noting is that the supporting pillars of the Guildhall at York are formed out of single oak trees. After the welcome by the Lord Mayor our party was shown all the exquisite gold and silver plate belonging to the city. In various cities that we visited we were shown the civic plate, but we doubt very much if there was any other place that has such a superb collection as the wonderful city of York.

After the civic reception was over we were taken to the various places of interest in the city. Our first visit was to St. Mary's Abbey, a Benedictine Monastery which was built in 1089. It was from this Abbey in 1132 that sixteen monks dissatisfied with the discipline at St. Mary's and desirous of keeping a stricter rule, migrated to Skeldale and founded the celebrated Cistercian abbey, of Fountain. At the dissolution of St. Mary's Abbey, there were

Abbot and fifty monks. For the first time since the dissolution High Mass was sung in the abbey ruins in June of this year, on the occasion of the Roman Catholic annual pilgrimage to York Tyburn. Many other interesting places were shown to the visitors including the King's Manor, which stands upon the site of the House of the Abbot of St. Mary's Abbey. This spot was selected by Henry VIII, as suitable for the official residence of the Lord President of the Council of the North, but at the present time it is used as a school for the blind. We were also shown the ancient Merchants' Hall of York, which during the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was the rallying place for those northern merchants who were engaged in a ceaseless endeavor to wrest north sea trade from the German merchants. The great interest of the party centred, however, upon York Minster. We had seen Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, Exeter Cathedral, and a number of other famous churches, but for noble dignity and massive grandeur York Minster surpasses them all. This famous cathedral was begun in the year 1215, and completed in 1472. The length is 519 feet; length of Nave 264 feet; length of choir 223 feet; breadth transept, 222 feet; height of central tower 213 feet. As we were conducted through the Cathedral we were amazed at its enormous size. It is the largest Cathedral in England, and is famed not only for its size, and its beautiful west front, which has been compared with that of Rheims Cathedral, but also for its wealth of ancient stained glass in 109 windows. The centre of attraction was the great east window, which represents a stained glass surface as large as a full sized tennis court, and on which are depicted 220 biblical subjects. The gem of the Minster is the beautiful Chapter House. One of the stained glass windows was in the process of being cleaned, while we were there, an arduous and highly technical operation and it was remarkable what an improvement was being made by the restoration of the original brilliant coloring. After a luncheon tendered to us by the Yorkshire Newspaper Society, we entrained for Edinburgh and reached that city in the evening.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### Edinburgh—The Beautiful and Historical Capital of Scotland.



WERE one to start to write at length of Edinburgh, of its ancient and historical associations, dating back as some writers tell us to some period anterior to the Christian era, of the days of Malcolm Canmore, of the Alexanders, of the Stewart period, of Mary, Queen of Scots, and of the Cavaliers and Covenanters, he could fill many columns, and then the half, nor the quarter, would not be told. Or even were one to try to deal with a more modern period, dating from that May day in 1707 when Scotland was formally united with England, including such historical events as the Porteous Riots and the interesting and exciting days of Bonnie Prince Charlie, he would find much of tremendous interest to write about. For the city of Edinburgh is full of literary and historical interest. We shall, however, merely try to tell our readers something of modern Edinburgh, with possibly one or two allusions to the great historical events of this capital city of the land of the mountain and the flood.

The first thing that strikes the visitor to modern Edinburgh is its great beauty. It is said to be the most beautiful city in the British Isles. Princes street with its magnificent gardens, the castle, in the distance, and the fine buildings on the side of the hill leading up to it, make a picture that is at once a delight to the eye, and a satisfaction to the soul. Princes street, admitted to be without a rival as a promenade in Europe, is 1579 yards long, from its junction with Shandwick Place to the last house in Waterloo Place. It is therefore slightly under a mile in length. On the one side it is occupied by beautiful shops, magnificent hotels, and clubs, and various office buildings. On the other side are the splendid ter-

raced gardens originally planned by Skene of Rubislaw, the friend of Sir Walter Scott. In these gardens are many fine statues and monuments erected to the memory of Edinburgh's mighty dead, the most prominent being the magnificent monument erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. This monument takes the form of an open Gothic Cross or tower, 200 feet high, the central spire being supported by four arches which form a canopy, beneath which is a figure of Scott, seated wrapped in a shepherd's plaid. Above the centres of the first arches are niches filled by four statuettes, of Prince Charles Stuart, The Lady of the Lake, Meg Merrilies, and The Last Minstrel. Higher up on the monument in every available niche are placed statuettes of the principal characters in Scott's poems and the Waverley novels. The total cost of the monument was about \$80,000.

In the Gardens a little to the West of the Scott monument are two more statues, the first that of Adam Black, the eminent publisher and for some years Lord Provost, and of Professor John Wilson, a poet, essayist, philosopher and citizen, and a foremost citizen of Edinburgh in his time. Further along in the Gardens are statues of Allan Ramsay, and Sir James Simpson, the eminent physician and discoverer of chloroform. A little further along Princes street, in which thoroughfare, we might say, are some of the very finest shops in Scotland, is a place called The Mound. This Mound bisects the valley above which towers the castle and the lofty lands of the Old Town, and is an accumulation of earth. It is said to contain two million cartloads. On the Mound are situated the Royal Institution. This building houses a School of Design, a Gallery of Sculpture, and the Board of Manufactures. A little to the north, and facing Hanover street, is a colossal statue of Queen Victoria.

The National Gallery is situated right behind the Royal Institution. It consists of two ranges of galleries forming five large and five small octagonal rooms. The eastern portion is occupied by the Royal Scottish Academy from February till May in each year, while the western wing is permanently used as the National Gallery of Scotland. The collection in this gallery includes some very fine

specimens of Van Dyck, Titian, Tintoretto, Valesquez, Paul Veronese, Rembrandt, and also some splendid examples of the world's greatest portrait painters. It is not always the work of the greatest artists that impress the amateur art viewer. The pictures that we most admired were Van Dyck's "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian"; Rubens' "The Conversion of St. Bavon"; Trepolo's "The Finding of Moses"; Melville's "Christmas Eve"; Ellis' "Benjamin Slaying the Lionlike Men of Moab," and Lockhart's "Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Grenada."

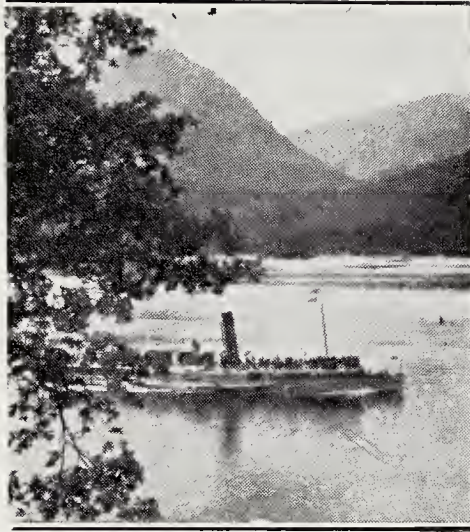
The most interesting feature of Edinburgh to the average visitor is, of course, the Castle, and we spent a most delightful afternoon exploring this historic pile. We passed through the quadrangle of New College, and saw therein the excellent statue of John Knox by John Hutchison, R.S.A. We entered the Castle by the esplanade, which is 170 yards long and 100 broad. This esplanade was in days gone by the scene of many executions by axe and stake. It was here that Lady Jane Douglas was burned to death in sight of her son and husband on July 17th, 1538. On the right hand side of the Esplanade we noticed a very fine statue of the Duke of York, also monuments to the officers and men who fell in the Indian Mutiny and the Afghan Campaign. We entered the Castle by crossing the drawbridge over the old moat, and passed through the battlemented gateway beneath Argyll's Tower. A most interesting feature of this tower is the portcullis drop, a huge sheet of solid iron which dropped from a groove above into a socket in the stone walk and effectually barred all progress. On the edge of the cliff is what is known as the Argyll Battery, overlooking the West Princes street gardens. The battery is of historic interest, but we were more interested in the magnificent view, which extended right over the city away to the Pentland Hills. It was hard to realize on that beautiful July afternoon, that the city bathed in the sunlight below us was often called "Auld Reekie" because of its smokiness.

A little further on is the Armoury, with its bomb-proof magazine large enough to contain 30,000 stand of arms. Immediately be-

hind it is the old Sally Port, through which the body of Queen Margaret was carried off by Turgot, despite the watchfulness of Donalbain. Here also took place the historic interview between "Bonnie Dundee" and the Duke of Gordon, when Dundee climbed up the face of the rock, while the town drums beat the alarm in his ears, in the hope of inducing Gordon to join him in raising the Highlands. Of greater interest, however, is the monster gun Mons Meg. This massive old gun is said to have been made at Mons in 1486, yet some claim it was made by a Galloway man. It is made of thick iron bars held together by massive rings of metal. It is 12 feet long and its bore has a diameter of 20 inches.

We visited St. Margaret's Chapel, erected by the good Queen of Malcolm Canmore. She married Malcolm in 1070 and died in 1087 of consumption said to have been induced by the religious austerity of her life. To Margaret is said to have been due much of the civilization and refinement introduced into Scotland at that time. The chapel could hardly be called a cheerful place. The interior is only about 17 feet by 11 feet, and its thick walls and small windows don't let in much warmth. An old woman, who picked up a few pence selling picture postcards was hovering over a little stove in an effort to keep the chill out of her bones. Passing around to the Old Palace Yard we visited Queen Mary's Room. This room is very small. It was here that James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England, first saw the light of day on June 19, 1566. Tradition asserts that the child was let down the face of the precipice to the foot of the rock in a basket from the window (which has been fitted with beautiful stained glass) and conveyed for safety to Stirling Castle. The wall of the room is decorated with the initials M.R., a crown surrounded by thistles, and some quaint lines which read:

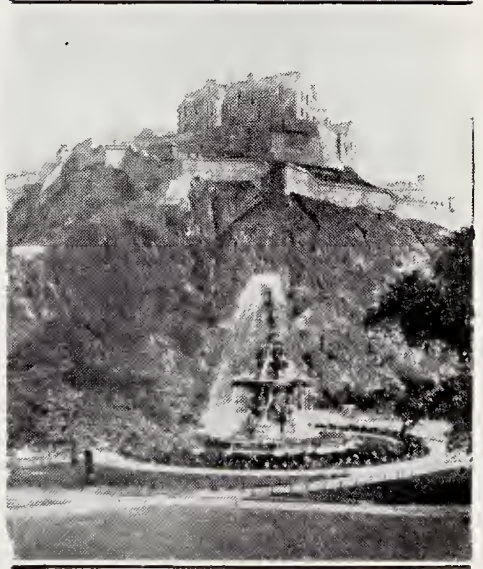
"Lord Jesu Chryst, that crounit was with Thornse  
Preserve the Birth, quhais Badgie heir is borne,  
And send His Sonee successione, to Reigne stille,  
Lang in this Realme, if that it be Thy will,  
Als grant, O Lord, quhat ever of His proseed  
Be to Thy Glorie, Honer and Praise, Sobied  
19th IVNII, 1566"



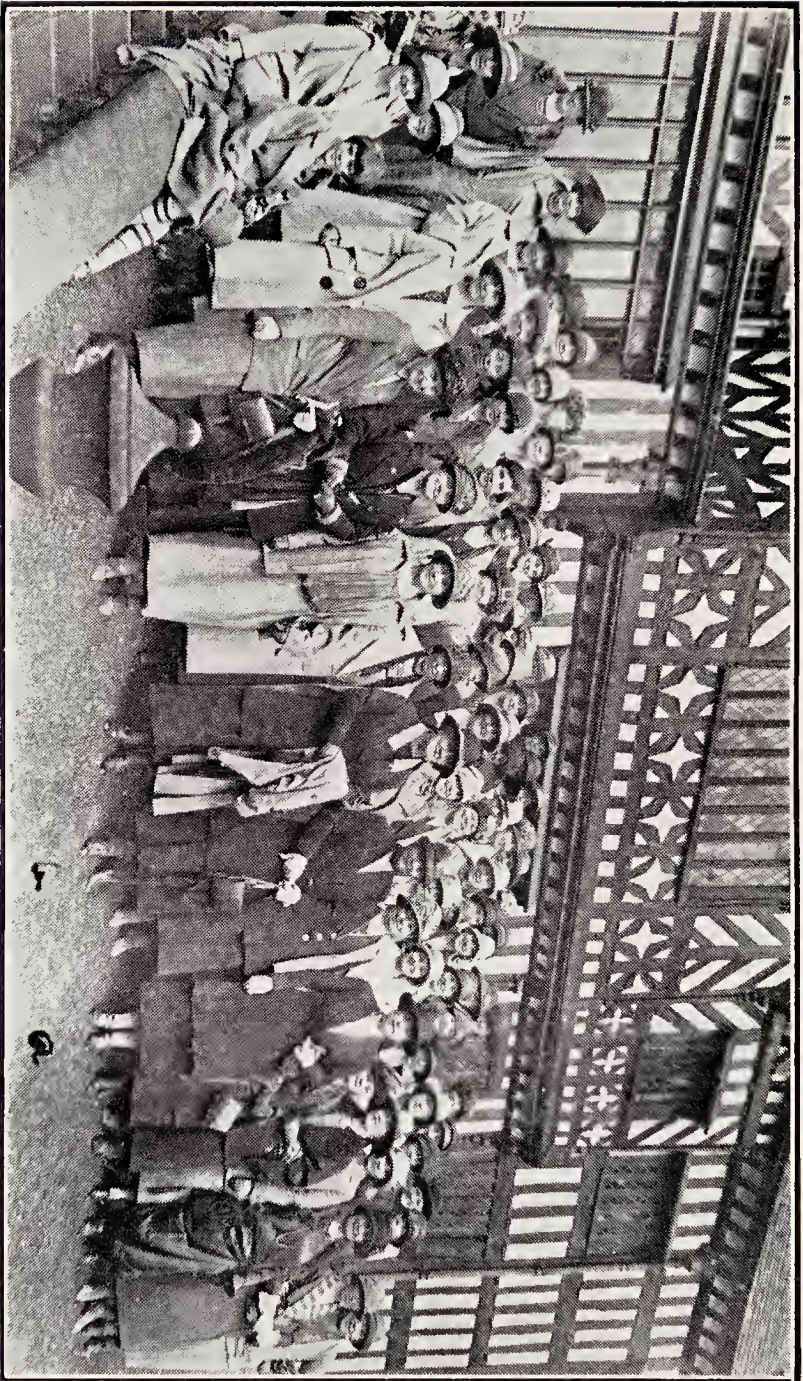
*Canadian Press Party sailing  
down Loch Lomond*



*Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh*



*The Castle, Edinburgh*



*Photograph of the ladies of the party taken at Bramhall Hall, near Stockport,—a famous Elizabethan Mansion. Among the hostesses of the party were the Mayoress of Stockport (a) and Mrs. Wm. Astle (b) whose home is close to Bramhall Hall.*



Adjoining Queen Mary's room is a room of much interest. Here, secure in a strong iron cage and carefully guarded, are to be seen the Scotch Regalia. They consist of a crown, sceptre, sword of State, and other crown jewels. With them are exhibited the golden collar of the Garter, conferred by Queen Elizabeth on James VI., with the George and Dragon, the badge of the Order, believed to be the most superb jewel of the kind existing, which was bequeathed by Cardinal York, the brother of Prince Charles Edward, to George IV., and sent to Edinburgh Castle in 1830. In this room, too, is the large oak chest, in which the regalia was deposited at the Union, and in which it lay concealed for over a century before it was discovered, owing, it is said, largely to the efforts of Sir Walter Scott. The jewels were again placed in the chest and carefully guarded during the recent war. Some of this regalia was worn by King George V. when he held court at Holyrood last year.

To us the most interesting part of this historic Castle was the Great Hall, or as it is officially called the Parliament Hall. This hall is where the earlier meetings of the Scots Estates or Parliament were held, amongst others the Parliament of James II. in 1437. It was in this hall, too, that the famous "black dinner" was given by Chancellor Crichton and Governor Livingston to William Earl of Douglas, then 16 years of age, and his brother David, a boy still younger, and the caretaker of the hall seems to take a sort of morbid pride in exhibiting the buttery hatch through which the black bull's head was handed to the waiters, and the door through which the poor boys were dragged to their death. Many other banquets were held in this famous hall, among them the one given to Charles I. in 1633 on the occasion of his first visit to Scotland, and also the one fifteen years later given by the Earl of Leven to Cromwell and Hazelrig. For years this hall was used as a hospital for the garrison. To adapt it to this purpose it was divided by floor and partitions, and for years parts of the beautiful walls and highly decorated raftered roof were hidden from view. In 1887, however, the room was restored, and we are told it now presents to

modern eyes much the appearance with which it greeted those of its founder's bride more than three hundred years ago.

At the present time this Great Hall is used as a sort of armory-museum. Its walls are decorated with all kinds of shields, armor, spears, guns, etc. It is interesting to observe the gradual changes made in the corslets of steel—from all one piece to strap-hinged hip covers in 1630 and brass hinges in 1640—and also the evolution of the rifle, and broadsword. In this room is the gun carriage that bore the remains of the late Queen Victoria from Osborne to Cowes in 1901. Here, too, is a collection of the arms used at Culloden, and also at Shariffmuir, and a real old Scotch claymore of the variety famed in song and story.

Among the most interesting of the various arms is a 7-barrelled carbine used in 1730. This is a most ingenious affair, the flash-hole going around each barrel in rotation. In principle it is something similar to the modern machine gun. Even more interesting perhaps is an old arquebus matchlock musket, of the 10th century. It loads at the muzzle, and has a flashpan at the chamber and in communication with the charge. There is a little shutter to cover the powder and a burning torch on the side, which is worked by the trigger, being pulled to the charge to set it off. According to the uniformed encyclopedia in charge of this collection of man-killing devices this was the style of weapon from which the famous saying "Trust in God and keep your powder dry" originated. One other ingenious contrivance that attracted our attention was a shield of the 15th century, which had a small cannon protruding through the centre, and a small hole to look through. If the inventor of this wonderful weapon, a combination of offensive and defensive, had only lived in Canada in the 20th century, he might have shared the honors of the "spade shield" with the young lady who was the secretary of an illustrious Minister of Militia and Defence.

Coming down from the Castle we were very much interested in the "Closes" or as we used to call them in Wales "Shuts." In days gone by these were the residences of people of some importance. Today they are nothing more nor less than slums or tene-

ments. The narrow little entries leading to these Closes were usually crowded with idle loiterers and a stranger making his way through them was an object of considerable curiosity. However, we persevered, and when we got inside a small boy would run up and recite a "patter" that he had evidently learned with an eye to a penny or two occasionally. There was Boswell's Court, named we are told after the great biographer, though we could not find anyone who knew whether the great "Bozzy" ever lived there or not. A little further down is the Outlook Tower, which was formerly the town house of Sir Andrew Ramsay, the Land o' Cockpen. There was a small admission fee to the tower, but the entrance was not inviting so we had to forego the view.

Next is Semphill's Close, which contains the house where formerly the Earls of Semphill lived. We then passed the rear of the Free Church Assembly Hall, which stands on the site of the palace erected by Mary of Guise, and inhabited by her after she became Regent of Scotland. Near is also St. John's United Free Church. Near here, too, at the head of the West Bow, now occupied as a sort of soft drink emporium, is the shop where the founder of the immense Nelson publishing house began business. Opposite is Mylne's Court and a bit eastward James' Court, where David Hume formerly lived. When Hume left it, we are told Boswell took it and here it was he received Dr. Johnson. There is also Lady Stair's Close. It was much like the rest of them, except that the house where Elizabeth, Dowager Countess of Stair, lived, and referred to in one of Scott's novels, has been restored by Lord Rosebery, of whom she was an ancestor. We also visited Riddle's Close, Fisher's Close, Brodie's Close, etc., and we learned to our great surprise that in nearly everyone of them Bobbie Burns had either lived, or slept or done something or other at some period of his life. Bobbie Burns was certainly a wonderful man, for there is hardly a place in Southern Scotland that he did not have something to do with, according to the local historians. Passing into the County Square we noted the County Buildings, the statue to Francis Walter, Fifth Duke of Buccleuch, descendant of "the good Earl Walter," and the heart

outlined in the causeway that marks the spot where stood the Old Tolbooth, and where the opening incidents of Scott's great novel, "The Heart of Midlothian," took place.

Later in the day we continued our journey, starting at St. Giles' Cathedral. In St. Giles' Cathedral Church, one of the oldest edifices in Edinburgh, are many monuments to noted people, among them being John Knox, Robert Louis Stevenson, the Marquis of Montrose, the Marquis of Argyle, and others. The church is a beautiful building 206 feet long and 129 feet broad. Over the west doorway are twelve niches containing statues of monarchs and ecclesiastics historically connected with the venerable pile. They are Alexander I.; David I., Alexander III., Queen Margaret, Margaret, Consort of James IV., Robert Bruce, James I., James IV., Garvin, Douglas, John Knox, William Forbes, the first Protestant Bishop of Edinburgh, and Alexander Henderson.

The open space to the south of St. Giles was formerly the graveyard, attached to the church, but is now known as Parliament Square. In this cemetery John Knox was buried in 1572, but the only memorial of the fact at the present day is a small metal plate about 12 or 18 inches square, inserted in the roadway, marked with "J.K. 1572," on it. Near the grave is an equestrian statue of Charles II., erected in 1685. The Parliament House is a very old building dating from 1632, and here are held the Courts of Session. The Scots Parliament met here from 1639 till the Union in 1707. There are many buildings of interest near, but time will not permit us to dwell on them. Entering the High Street there are many more "Closes" of more or less interest, Carruther's Close being in the "more" category to us because it was here that Ramsay's Theatre stood which was later turned into a church, where Edward Irving—an ancestor—frequently preached. Entering Blackfriars street, we learned that it used to be one of the most fashionable and aristocratic quarters of the town, the abode of princes, cardinals, archbishops, peers, etc. At the present time it is inhabited by the poorer classes—and there seems to be lots of them even in beautiful Edinburgh. We eventually reached John Knox's house, however, which

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was saved from destruction when the street was remodelled by the Free Church, but which seems out of place, in its now rather sordid surroundings. Of course there are some who doubt that Knox ever lived there, but it is exhibited as his manse anyway. It's a quaint looking place with steps running up from the street to the first storey. Above one of the ground floor windows is an effigy of Moses, and extending over nearly the entire front above the ground floor are inscribed in large letters "The first and great commandment, and the second which is like unto it"—"Lufe God above al, and thi nychtbour as yi-self."

We entered the historic Canongate, which extends for about a third of a mile from St. Mary's street to Holyrood. We regret that we reached Holyrood Palace too late in the day to gain admission to the interior, so will not attempt to describe that part of it. As everyone knows who knows anything at all of Scotch History the old abbey of the Holyrood and the Palace were burned by the English in 1543. The palace was handsomely rebuilt and was the residence of Queen Mary and of her son James VI, up to the time when he ascended the English throne. It is said Cromwell quartered some of his troops there after the battle of Dunbar. A new palace was built by Charles II. The plan of the building is a quadrangle, the portions open to the public being the Picture Gallery, Lord Darnley's Apartments, Queen Mary's apartment and the ruined Chapel Royal. These are all said to be interesting and we hope that when we next visit Edinburgh a threatened tie-up of all the railroads will not curtail our visit and hurry us back to within walking distance of Liverpool, before we have visited them.

Leaving Holyrood we proceeded through Abbey hill up to Easter Road past the Royal High School and the Burns monument. This monument is a reproduction of the Greek peripteral temple of Lysicrates at Athens. We ascended the Calton Hill where we had a glorious view from the summit. The elevation is 355 feet above sea level, and from this height one can see for miles across to Fife and the stragglng lines of the Pentlands. On top is the National Monument, a reproduction of the Parthenon at Athens. It was des-

igned to commemorate the gallant achievement of the Scotchmen in the Peninsula War, the foundation stone being laid by George IV. in 1822. Owing to the enormous cost of the undertaking it was never finished. On the southern slope of the hill is the Nelson monument, with the usual museum inside. The old and new observatories are also on Calton Hill, and there, too, are monuments to Professor John Playfair and Dugald Stewart.

Just below is the old Calton Burying ground, another spot of particular personal interest to the writer because within it lie the remains of a great grand uncle, Robert Mitchell, a former master at Edinburgh Academy, and close friend of Thomas Carlyle. The residential and suburban sections of Edinburgh were viewed from a chara banc. Edinburgh is possessed of many beautiful homes and gardens, which add much to its attractiveness as a city.



*Mr. Gourlay, president The Glasgow Herald; Sir Robert Bruce, the editor-in-chief, and two other  
Scottish editors, photographed with a few Canadians just before the Montclair sailed  
from Glasgow.*



*A couple of hard looking tramps snapped in the Trossachs by Molly Dooney.*



## CHAPTER XX.

### Glasgow, the Great Scotch Mercantile Centre.



THE party arrived at Glasgow on the morning of Wednesday, July 23rd, and after a tour of the city left St. Enoch's Station for Ayr, where an afternoon of rare delight was spent visiting the birthplace of Bobbie Burns, the bridge which proved to be a haven of shelter to "Tam o' Shanter" upon his famous ride, "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," the Twa Brigs, the Burns Monument, and other places of interest. Tea was served in the beautiful gardens beside the banks of Bonnie Doon, and during the meal a very hearty welcome was given to the Canadians by Provost MacDonald, who referred in glowing terms to what the sons of Scotland had contributed towards the development of Canada, and welcomed the Canadians as brothers from across the sea. A very apt reply was made on behalf of the editors by Jock Mackenzie of The Strathmore (Alberta) Herald, whose Scotch accent was considerably broader than that of the Provost, and whose Scottish home is only a few miles from Ayr. That evening a civic reception was given at the Glasgow city hall by the City Council. Glasgow, like many other British cities, boasts a magnificent city hall and here the entire party was entertained at a reception. A luncheon was also given in our honor by Glasgow Newspaper men. Thursday was occupied by a trip through the Trossachs where the tourist has an opportunity of viewing the hills and glens of Bonnie Scotland, and of sailing on beautiful Lochs Katrine and Lomond. Part of the journey is made by train, part in motor bus, and part in high coaches drawn by four horses driven by coachmen in picturesque red coats. On the way up to Callander we passed Stirling Castle, which has played such an important part in Scotch history, and many other points of interest.

Glasgow with its population of over a million is of world-wide repute as a great commercial and shipbuilding centre, It is a city that is rich in literary associations, but is probably better known as the great commercial metropolis of the north. Three things impressed us above all others during our altogether too brief stay in Glasgow: Its "busyness," its cleanliness, and its splendid tram system. The visitor cannot help but be struck at once with the fact that Glasgow is a commercial centre of the highest importance. The streets were crowded with people, Argyle street, Sauchiehall street and Buchanan street being almost impassable at times. The shops are the equal of any that we saw in Liverpool or Manchester and in the high-class and exclusive shops the displays were magnificent. Prices seemed to be a bit high, however. Boots which in Renfrew would, we feel sure, not cost more than fourteen or fifteen dollars at the very outside, and probably not that, were priced from 72 to 90 shillings a pair in Glasgow. Other things, too, of the better qualities, seemed to be high, but nothing is really cheap in the Old County at present. We could not help but note the clean and tidy condition in which the streets were kept. Men were busy with brooms all the time, and boys with brushes and pans were everywhere cleaning up the refuse, and dumping it down iron trap-doors in the sidewalk. Just where it went to, we did not ask, but it was quite evident that the Glasgow city council have learned the importance and also the art of keeping a city clean. We had often heard of the Glasgow tramways system, and it has not been over-rated. Cars are running in all directions at all times, and the rates are surprisingly low, In Edinburgh it costs twopence to ride from one end of Princes street to the other. In Glasgow one can ride from the heart of the city out to the University for three cents, and short rides for a penny. As an instance of the efficiency of the system, we might mention that we saw the system held up near Victoria bridge by a funeral, and by the time it had passed there were 14 cars waiting on one side and fifteen on the other, and of course, endless motor cars and trucks. The double-decker cars used in all the big cities here are a great help to carrying the traffic,

and it is a wonder that cities like Toronto do not adopt something similar. In addition to its splendid system of surface cars, Glasgow is also served with a subway system of about thirteen miles in length, two parallel tunnels of six and a half miles encircling the city.

One of the first places we visited after exploring the principal business streets was George Square, of which we had often heard. This Square is spacious and the statues arranged around it add much to its beauty. It is surrounded on all sides by imposing buildings, which include the Municipal Buildings, the General Post Office, the Bank of Scotland, Queen street station, and the Merchants House. The Municipal Buildings are very striking, and to one who appreciates fine architecture, offer a fine study. We were much impressed by the frieze which tops the front entrance three storeys high. It is of the Glasgow coat of arms supported by winged figures, and adds much to the decorative beauty of the building. In this building are situated the council hall and also the banqueting hall. The Square itself is of great interest. In the centre is the beautiful Scott monument, a fluted Doric column with a massive pedestal, rising to a height of eighty feet, and surmounted by a colossal standing statue of Sir Walter Scott, by Ritchie. Flanking it on the east and west are equestrian statues of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. Other statues are those of James Watt, David Livingstone, said to be the best likeness of the great African traveler extant; Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, who was a native of Glasgow; Lord Clyde, Robert Burns, Thomas Campbell, the poet; Sir Robert Peel; Dr. Thomas Graham, a former master of the Mint; James Oswald, M.P.; and William Ewart Gladstone.

One of the finest and most interesting buildings in Glasgow is the Cathedral, which was founded in 1123, during the reign of David the First, by Achaius, Bishop of Glasgow. The style of the Cathedral is pure Early English Gothic, and is said to be the most perfect specimen of pre-Reformation Gothic architecture in Scotland. We were told that the roof rests on a hundred and fifty mas-

sive pillars, and light is afforded by 160 windows of all sizes. Probably the most beautiful of all these windows is the large one with four panels representing the four apostles, situated at the end of the chancel. The Cathedral possesses some very fine stained glass windows, many of them memorial windows. There is the Buccleuch window, which was erected by Archibald Campbell of Blytheswood, as a memorial of many mercies bestowed upon himself and family. Another is the gift of Walter Stirling of Drumpeller; another the gift of James, Earl of Glasgow, on which is the inscription "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." There is also the Laurie window, erected to the Lauries of Laurieston; the Napier window, the Somerville window, the Crawford window, and many others which add much to the beauty of this fine old edifice. In the nave are many modern monuments and tablets. Here also is a glass case containing many interesting relics, including the Reader's Bible, which was used after the Reformation, was lost for a time, and more recently restored to the Cathedral by a gentleman into whose hands it had fallen; the Communion tokens, used from 1725 to 1776; and the ancient plates and fragons used in the Communion Service years ago. The Cathedral is open to visitors at all times. They are greeted on entering with a little card hanging in a frame containing the following injunction: "Whosoever thou are that enterest this church, remember it is the House of God, and leave it not without a prayer to God For Thyself, For This City, and for all who serve and worship here."

The Necropolis, which adjoins the Cathedral, is situated on a hill which rises to a height of three hundred feet, and from which a splendid view of the city can be obtained. The most conspicuous monument is that of John Knox, which crowns the summit. The figure represents him in his Geneva cap and gown, and is twelve feet high. There are many other monuments of great interest in the Necropolis, but we found the ancient burying ground which surrounds the Cathedral of greater interest. Here were many massive old tombstones, with very quaint inscriptions on. In days gone

by it seemed to be the fashion to give a man or woman's personal history on their tombstone and we know of few more interesting pursuits than wandering through old graveyards and studying them. There were many in the grounds around the Cathedral which attracted our attention.

On the northern side of Cathedral Square is situated the Royal Infirmary. It occupies the site of the old Bishop's Palace, which was originally built in 1426. The Infirmary was opened in 1794. In front of the building stands a statue of Sir James Lumsden, done in bronze. Leaving Cathedral Square, we found our way back to one of the main corners of the city, and from there took a car out to the University. On the way out we passed many fine buildings, including the fine new building which houses the Young Men's Christian Association; the Royal Institute of Fine Arts, and St. Aloysius' Church and College. The University is situated on Gilmorehill overlooking the beautiful Kelvingrove Park, and commands a magnificent view from its terraces. The building which was begun in 1867 and of which King Edward VII. laid the corner stone in 1868, is a fine example of architectural skill. It is rectangular in form, 600 feet long and 300 broad. The University Library, which contains some 100,000 volumes, includes the library of the late Sir William Hamilton. The most interesting feature to us, and the one which was the main reason for our visit, was the Hunterian Museum, which is named after its founder, William Hunter, M.D. It contains Dr. Hunter's celebrated collection of anatomical objects, and also many valuable paintings and manuscripts, including a number which are beautifully illuminated. Some of the books were the work of William Caxton and other early printers, and clearly emphasized the fact that the printers of the early days were most clever and ingenious. We noticed among the many rare volumes, a first edition of Spencer's "Faerie Queen," a first folio edition of Shakespeare, dated 1623; an ancient edition of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. We were particularly impressed with the many fine bindings displayed. In another section of the museum is a wonderful collection of stuffed animals, and also their skeletons. The most interesting

case was that showing baboons, monkeys, etc. It contained a specimen of an Arabian baboon from Abyssinia, a chimpanzee, and various other kinds. Along one side was arranged several skeletons, evidently intended to show the ascent of man. They were of a chimpanzee, an orang-outang, a guerilla, which was about 6 feet tall, and a man. It is an interesting study, but those who have read H. G. Wells' article on "The Coming of the True Man" will of course be doubting the generally accepted theory that man belongs to the ape family. Apropos, we find that H. G. Wells is not taken seriously by many of his fellow-countrymen, and many of his theories are ridiculed by thinking people over here. But a prophet is of course never without honor, save in his own country. The museum contains many ancient and historic tablets, and also a Roman chariot wheel of great age, which was found in England many years ago. It is broken, but put together in the case.

What is said to be the chief architectural feature of the beautiful Kelvingrove Park is the Corporation Art Galleries, which are of French Renaissance design, and were erected in 1901 at a cost of over a million dollars. To lovers of art they offer a rare treat, although we are inclined to the opinion that no gallery that we have yet seen since arriving in this country compares with the Liverpool gallery for a wealth of fine pictures. The Glasgow gallery is, however, a large one, and contains besides pictures many other things of interest and great beauty. On the ground floor is the Corporation Museum, with its wonderful collection of statuary, among which are to be found models of all the great masterpieces. A fine statue of Robert Louis Stevenson, and near it one of "Isaac and Esau," at once attracts attention. "Venue di Milo," "Hebe," "The Bather," and dozens of others, form a most interesting and instructive study. In another room are models of all kinds of sea-going craft, from the smallest yacht to large ocean liners, including a full model of a Viking ship. In the natural history section are stuffed animals of every possible description, including lions, tigers, leopards, tapirs, gnus, buffalo, walruses, seals, elephants, musk ox, and many others, but about the most interesting was the one containing the giraffes,

which were fully 20 feet tall. One had been mounted to show the position these long-legged animals assume when eating.

In the picture gallery we were at once attracted by Whistler's painting of Thomas Carlyle, of which we have long possessed a small print. It depicts the sage of Chelsea sitting on a chair, with his great coat or rug across his knees and his hat resting on them. His right hand rests on his stick and his left lies carelessly on his knees. This picture was first exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877 and along with the picture of the artist's mother constitutes Whistler's greatest achievements in painting. It is considered to be the masterpiece of the gallery by many. Another striking picture is Sant's "St. Helena—the Last Phase," the only painting we have ever seen of the "little corporal" showing him with the seamed countenance of an aged man. We never have been a Burne-Jones enthusiast, but his "Danae, or the Tower of Brass," is a most striking picture, showing Danae watching the erection of the brazen tower in which she is to be immured by command of her father, who has dreamt that he would be slain by the son of his daughter. Another striking picture is Millais' "The Forerunner," showing John the Baptist with a skin girding his loins, in the act of making a cross. "The Crayfisher" is a characteristic example of Corot's dreamy landscapes; "The Frugal Meal," by Josef Israels, reminds one that with all the wealth and luxury of our modern age, there are still with us families that have perforce to keep the word "thrift" ever before them. Rubens' "Nature Adorned by the Graces" is a beautiful and striking picture, as is also Frank Brangwyn's "The Burial at Sea," but to us one of the most interesting pictures in the gallery was Sir James Guthrie's "A Highland Funeral," showing the sturdy old Scotchmen gathered around the coffin, which sits on two chairs outside the door, and "the meenister" saying the last words.

## CHAPTER XXI.

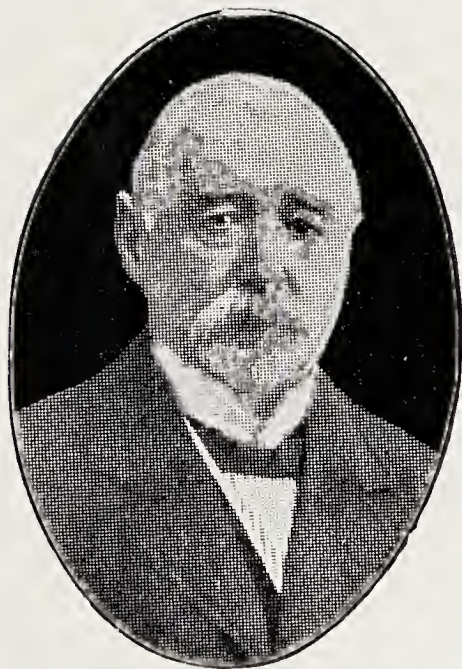
### A Day in Belfast—The Voyage Home.



WE sailed from Glasgow about five o'clock on Friday afternoon, July 25th, for Belfast. That we were able to spend a day in Belfast was due to the kindness of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company, which held the boat over in order to permit us this privilege. A committee headed by Sir Robert Baird, the well known and highly esteemed publisher of *The Belfast Daily Telegraph*; Mr. Boyd, the President of the Ulster Institute of Journalists; Mr. Blackburn, the Secretary of the Institute; Mr. McCalla, Canadian Pacific Agent, and others had arranged an excellent programme, and while a great many deeply regretted their inability to stay longer than a day in Belfast, and to have an opportunity of visiting Dublin and some of the other important Irish cities, everyone felt that the day had been well spent, and it aroused in their minds a great desire to see more of that country.

Belfast is essentially a modern city with a population of half a million. It has fine streets and fine buildings, and as everyone knows, is the centre of the great linen industry. Immediately upon our arrival we were received in the city hall, one of the most beautiful in the British Isles. The grand staircase is lighted by a series of stained glass windows, which record the history of the city for the past three hundred years. Here the party was welcomed by the Lord Mayor, Sir William Turner, after which we were taken for a motor drive all over the city. Mr. Lorne Eedy replied to the Lord Mayor. At noon a luncheon was tendered to the party by the Ulster Institute of Journalists. Mr. Boyd, the chairman, presided, and others present were the Lord Mayor, the Attorney General, Mr. Samuel Cunningham; Mr. Tom Moles, another Cabinet Minister; Sir Thomas Wilson; Sir Robert Baird and others. The health





**SIR ROBERT BAIRD**

*Who personally superintended every detail of our  
delightful day in Belfast*



*The Lord Mayor of Belfast bidding farewell to the writer at the dock just before we embarked for Canada*

of the Lord Mayor was proposed by the writer, and in reply Sir William Turner spoke of the number of Ulster men who had earned fame and fortune in Canada, among whom was the late Mr. Timothy Eaton, the founder of the great stores in Toronto, Replying to the toast of the visitors proposed by the Right Honorable Tom Moles, Mr. H. P. Moore of The Acton Free Press was able to say that his great-grandmother, whose name was Nancy Cunningham, was born in Ballymena. This statement brought forth loud applause. Mr. Moore spoke of the many delights of the trip and the friendly, hospitable and courteous people that it had been the pleasure of the party to meet during the tour. To him, however, the day in Belfast had capped the climax. In that city the editors were struck with the spirit of prosperity and progress that was a credit and a pride to the North of Ireland.

It so happened that on the day the Canadian editors were in Belfast the Duke and Duchess of York were concluding a visit of several days to that city, and places were found for the Canadians near the harbor commissioner's office, where an official reception was taking place. An enormous crowd turned out to see the Duke and Duchess, and they were heartily greeted all along the route of march. Irish hospitality seemed to know no bounds, and before leaving on the tender for their boat, the Canadian party was entertained to tea in the city hall. Many enjoyable days were spent during the visit to the Motherland, but owing to the cordiality of the reception and the warmth of the hospitality extended, the last day of all will always have a very warm place in our hearts.

Particular honor was paid to the party by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress who came down to the dock to bid us all bon voyage. We were accompanied out to the Montlaurier by Mr. Blackburn of the Ulster Institute of Journalists; Mr. McCalla, Canadian Pacific Agent of Belfast, and several other friends. During the journey Mr. McCalla taught us a new song which became exceedingly popular during the voyage across the Atlantic. It is a song about a native of a small town just outside of Belfast who left his home

to seek fame and fortune in a big city ; and the first verse and chorus run as follows :

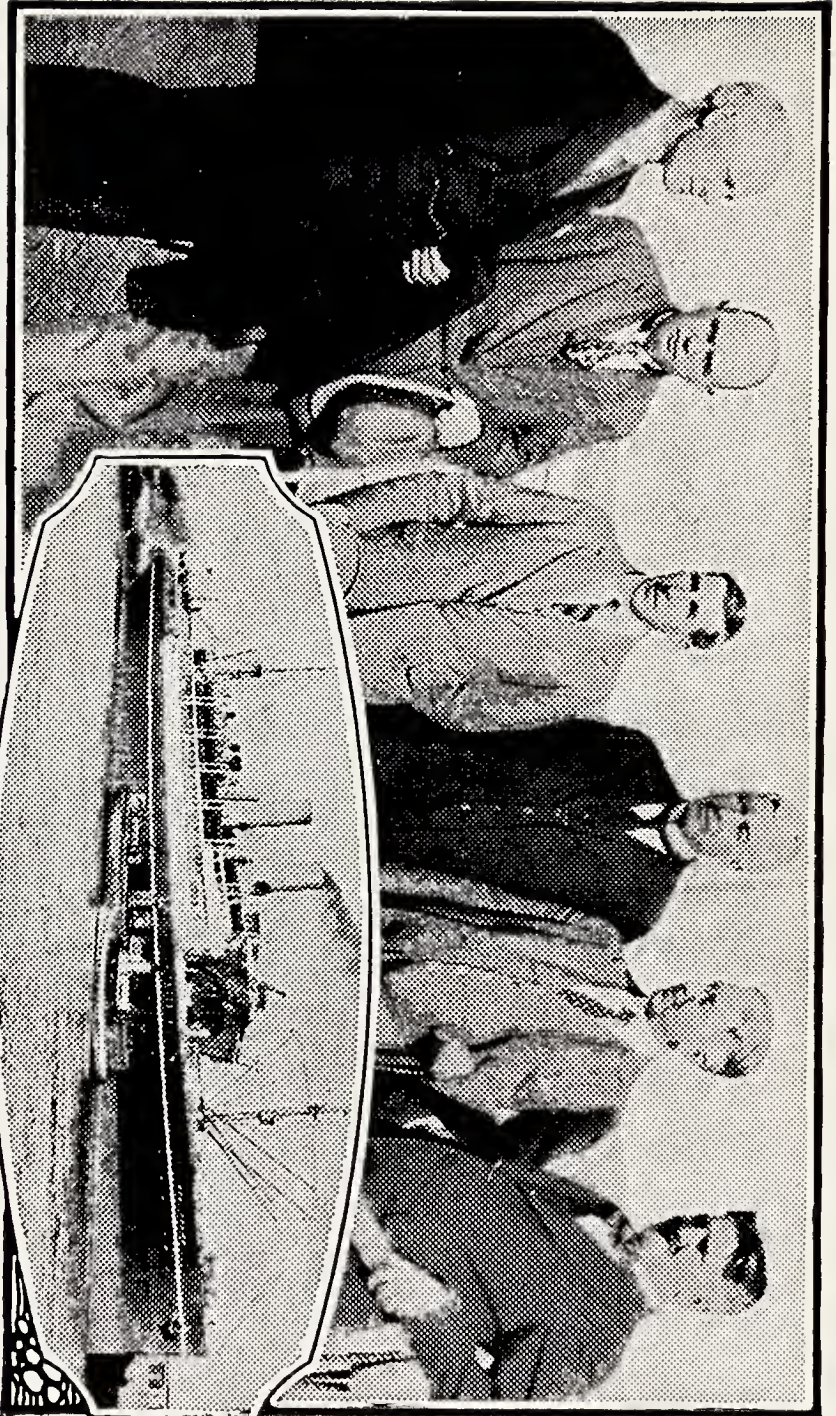
Take me back to Donaghadee  
Donaghadee is my home  
Take me back to Donaghadee  
Far away over the foam,  
For I'd rather sit by my old turf fire  
Than live in your smoky town  
So take me back to Donaghadee  
In dear old county Down,

Tra la la Tra la lee  
For it's five miles from Bangor to Donaghadee.

The voyage home was uneventful. We left Belfast Lough about 8.30 p.m., on Saturday, July 26th, and landed at Quebec early on the following Saturday morning. There were many congenial souls aboard the Montlaurier, including Mr. Wm. Prentice, the president of Cassidy's Limited, Montreal, also the Canadian Olympic Games Committee. It was a pleasant voyage and Capt. Turnbull and his staff did everything they could to make it enjoyable. Nevertheless, all were glad to reach dear old Canada again, for while we had spent eight weeks literally "mid pleasures and palaces," we were all ready to agree with John Howard Payne, that no matter how humble it be, there's no place like home.



CITY HALL AND DONEGAL SQUARE, BELFAST



**ON BOARD THE MONTCLAIRIER AT GLASGOW**

*Left to Right—J. A. MacLaren, The Examiner, Barrie, Ont.; Geo. H. Mitchell, The Post Hanover, Ont.; Harold F. Garret, The Leader, Davidson, Sask.; Cameron McIntosh, The News, North Battleford, Sask.; E. Roy Savles and W. Rupert Davies.*

# APPENDIX





### Miss Hellems of the Kingsville Reporter Views Rural England for the First Time.

I append the following article from The Kingsville Reporter, written by Miss Bertha Hellems for her father's paper. I am including it in this book because it is particularly well written, from an entirely different angle to any of my own articles. I love the land of my birth and boyhood and in my anxiety to tell my readers so much about the many beauty spots we visited I know that at times I have been prosy and dull. Miss Hellems with, as she says, five generations of Canadians behind her, confesses her lack of interest in old and ancient things, yet with a deft and scholarly touch has given us a brilliant and striking picture of that never-to-be-forgotten Sunday we spent in rural England, and has also paid a fine tribute to the greatness of the British Empire:

Stevenson said "After a good woman and a good book and tobacco, there is nothing so agreeable on earth as a river."

I am sure if he had accompanied our party down the Thames on the lovely Sunday morning when as the guests of Messrs. Knapp, Drewett and Sons, Ltd., we were taken by launch from Richmond Bridge to Hampton Court, his opinion of the place that a river takes among the good things of the earth would have been altered; he would have said with no qualifications whatever "There is nothing so agreeable on earth as a river."

Mr. Valentine Knapp, one of the hosts on that occasion, was with us on all our tour through England. As a member of the committee of the British Newspaper Society, no one could have done more toward making our stay in England a pleasant one. I remember on the occasion when I first met Mr. Knapp and his charming wife, that some one spoke of my aeroplane trip across the channel and he said that "he had no desire to fly; he would wait until he had wings himself." I thought, here is an example of the unbounded assurance that they say every Englishman possesses. Now as a less assured Canadian I had said in the words of Omar: "Ah take the cash and let the promise go, nor heed the music of a distant drum." But while this one quality of Mr. Knapp's was very English, no one could have understood the Canadians better than he when as his personal form of entertainment he gave us a river trip. I was interested in the cathedrals and castles; in the art galleries and the museums, because I felt, as part of my education, I should be interested in them, but the fact remains I was a Canadian with five generations of Canadian ancestors who had the sky and the stars for the domes of their cathedrals, who had lived in log houses on the banks of some river, so there was no traditional instinct to thrill me as I stepped into their cathedrals or stood within the gates of their castles. I was shown beautiful tapestries hundreds of years old, but I might just as well be frank, I did not appreciate their beauty; I only thought of the dust and germs of ages that must be in them. I was shown relics of the olden days, old horns, old swords, old sceptres of departed kings and noted with what reverence the Englishmen who displayed them to us, touched them, as though they were sacred things, and I did not understand it; and when in one place we were shown through the ruins of an Abbey and the guide explained to us that the remains of forty monks who died of the Black Death were walled up there, I had a vision of all

those Black Death germs and their descendants for the last 300 years dancing around me and had a frantic desire to get outside where I could see the sun shine and hear the birds sing and feel the air blow across the open spaces.

Now, when I vision my trip, it is not the cathedrals and the art galleries and the castles that I see. It is the lovely forests of Belgium, the garden at Versailles, the River Thames on that lovely Sunday morning, the peacock on the lawn at Warwick Castle and the hills of Scotland, purple with their heather. I am proud to be British—if I couldn't be I wouldn't want to be at all. I believe the British Empire, with all its imperfections, is the nearest an ideal state of any that ever has existed. I admire the English above all other races and since I have visited their country and listened to their statesmen, I believe they are struggling heroically to understand their colonies, to administer justice fairly and to preserve unity of Empire, but I realize that to a great extent we as countries are entirely different. I do not understand them as well as I understand our neighbors, the Americans. Our two nations, both composed of many races, have grown up side by side. We have the same customs, the same manners, crude as they may be, the same type of brain and the same sense of humor, so there is a tendency among a certain element in this country and in the States to feel these characteristics, which we have in common, make it that we would advance better if we were one country. I believe that if this ever came to pass, it would be most disastrous for Canada. For after all, our ideals, which are the only thing in life worth while, are British. Their national sense of honor we want to keep as ours. The discipline, which is a marked characteristic of the English race, and which we, as Canadians and Americans lack, we want to struggle for. Their senses of National duty, which you instinctively feel as you listen to their statesmen, should be something which if we have not yet developed, for the sake of the soul of our country we should strive to do so, and the only way that we can accomplish this is by remaining in the Empire, by striving to draw closer together the units that form the Empire and by trying to understand each other better.

Mr. Knapp is to be especially thanked for providing one of the lasting memories of my trip, and I only wish I had the words and the power to paint the beauty of the Thames as I saw it that Sunday morning—its banks with the lovely sloping lawns and the rose covered houses; the hundreds of boats, small tubby ones and long slim sculls and wonderful houseboats like little fairy castles moored to its banks. One of the latter ones I remember particularly. It was called the "Cigarette" and was all white and gold with its doors wide showing the daintiest of interiors. And everywhere were hundreds of happy, healthy faces smiling at us from the river as we steamed along.

At Hampton Court, which is the largest, as well as one of the finest of the Royal palaces, we had a very limited time. This palace was built by Cardinal Wolsey in 1515 and contains about twelve hundred rooms, all most beautiful. The larger part of it is now turned into apartments which are occupied by aristocratic families, who are granted the privilege in recognition of service to the Crown. Cardinal Wolsey gave the castle to Henry VIII, and here he lived with his six wives. We saw the place in the garden where he stood awaiting the sound of the canon in London that would announce the beheading of his fifth wife Catharine Howard, and from whence he rushed in to the castle chapel later to be married to his sixth wife, Catharine Parr.

It is a peculiar thing how the spirit of Henry VIII. dominates English history. I remember as a child how delighted I was when we came to his reign, and in England so many of the castles seem fairly alive with stories and memories of this King. There have been many other kings who have lived, good men, who were true to their wives, and kind to their children, and

loyal to the best interests of the State, and they lie buried and forgotten. But Henry VIII. who was apparently nothing but a brutal egotist, through some strange force of personality, has been able to transcend death. He still stalks in the Gardens of Hampton Court and Hever Castle. You still feel his coarse, caustic tongue as he calls his fourth wife, Anne of Cleves "a huge Flanders mare," and it is he you first seek out in Madam Tussaud's wax works and stand fascinated before his massive bulk, as with his six wives grouped around him he overshadows all the other celebrities in the room. Shakespeare truly said "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones," and so it is with Henry.

There are many other interesting historical events connected with Hampton Court. Here Queen Mary passed her honeymoon with King Philip and Queen Elizabeth entertained so extensively. It was in this palace that Charles I. and his family spent some of their happiest days, and Oliver Cromwell occupied it during his reign. William and Mary lived here a great deal but it was never occupied as a Royal palace after the reign of George II. The grounds and park surrounding it are wonderful. Queen Mary's bower is a lovely intertwined arch of Scotch elms one hundred yards long and fourteen feet high under which she and her maidens used to sit engaged in needlework. Then there is a huge grape vine, the girth of the stem of which is 48 inches and which at times has borne over a ton of grapes; and there is also the oldest tennis court in England, built by Henry VIII. and used by him, though judging from the statues that you see of him, I would not think that he would have played what you would call a speedy game. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Charles I., Charles II., Edward VII. and many other Royal celebrities played on this court, and Pettit, the American, here won the championship of the world.

Henry VIII's pond garden was one of the loveliest of all the lovely gardens that we saw in England, but if you have any ideas regarding the moral effect that beautiful surroundings have on character, you begin to wonder why they did not seem to exert a more beneficial influence on Henry.

On leaving Hampton Court we drove to the beautiful country home of Colonel Grant Morden, M.P., and Mrs. Grant Morden, where we were entertained to luncheon. I never drove through the lovely English country, with its green hedges and vine covered walls, and quiet, sleepy villages, I never met the people, so simple, so sincere and so kind, that I did not think of Rupert Brooke's poem "The Old Vicarage, Grantchester." If anyone has caught the spirit of all that is the loveliest in the country and in the people of England, he has done so in the following verses, selected from that poem.

But Grantchester! ah, Grantchester  
There's peace and holy quiet there,  
Great clouds along pacific skies,  
And men and women with straight eyes,  
Lithe children lovier than a dream  
A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,  
And little kindly winds that creep  
Round twilight corners, half asleep.  
In Grantchester their skins are white;  
They bathe by day, they bathe by night;  
The women there do all they ought;  
The men observe the Rules of Thought,  
They love the good; they worship truth;  
They laugh uproariously in youth;

Ah, God! to see the branches stir  
 Across the moon at Grantchester!  
 To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten  
 Unforgettable, unforgotten  
 River-smell, and hear the breeze  
 Sobbing in the little trees.  
 Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand  
 Still guardians of that holy land?  
 The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream,  
 The yet unacademic stream?  
 Is dawn a secret shy and cold  
 Anadyomene, silver gold?  
 And sunset still a golden sea  
 From Haslingfield to Madingley?  
 And after, ere the night is born,  
 Do hares come out about the corn?  
 Oh, is the water sweet and cool  
 Gentle and brown above the pool?  
 And laughs the immortal river still  
 Under the mill, under the mill?  
 Say, is there Beauty yet to find?  
 And Certainty and Quiet kind?  
 Deep meadows yet, for to forget  
 The lies, and truths, and pain? - - oh! yet  
 Stands the Church clock at ten to three?  
 And is there honey still for tea?

Sir Wm. Bull has called Heatherden Hall, "the Halfway House of the Empire," so great is the hospitality of these former Canadians who have now taken up their abode in the old land. The luncheon was particularly enjoyable, as among the speakers on the occasion were Colonel Grant Morden, the Earl of Birkenhead, whose address I gave you in a former article, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., and Sir Hamar Greenwood. There was nothing on my trip I enjoyed more than listening to these Englishmen, prominent in public and political life, express their opinions. I will admit at times I did grow weary when members of our own party persisted, in spite of admonition from all of us, in expressing their opinions at too great length. I often thought on those occasions of the story of Sandy and Maggie. Sandy had been courting Maggie for several years, but being a quiet, careful Scotchman, had not committed himself. One night, however, after a long silence, he said "Maggie, will ye marry me" to which Maggie very promptly responded "Yes, Sandy" Again there was a long silence and at last Maggie said "Why don't ye say something, Sandy?" to which Sandy replied "I think there's been too much said already." In fact sometimes when they continued even beyond a reasonable length of time, I thought of the long winded orator, who said to his audience "I am speaking for the benefit of posterity," At which one of his exasperated listeners shouted "Yes, and if you don't get through soon, they'll be here."

But while listening to men like Colonel Grant Morden, Canadians who have chosen England for their home, I could not help feeling sorry that our country had not been able to keep them here. You cannot blame them when you see the lovely homes, such as Heatherden Hall, which they enjoy, and realize the broader lives they are able to live there; and yet I wished that Canada could summon to her aid such musicians as the Pipers who bade us farewell at Glasgow with the heart moving strain of "Will ye no come back again?" that they might pipe to these sons who have left us a strain so plaintive and compelling that they would return to their homeland and help with

all the power of their minds in the building up of this young country, so great in possibilities and yet so badly in need of efficient leadership.

You cannot listen to speakers such as we heard in the old lands without feeling that there is indeed a race of super men in existence, men whose minds are as superior to the ordinary mind as the stars are high above the earth. Men who see world conditions clearly and entirely, and possibly have within their minds a real solution for the difficulties that confront the world today. I am sure that nothing but the fact that I was born and reared on the American border saved me from developing an inferiority complex while listening to them.

From Heatherden Hall we motored to Hall Barn, the country home of Lord Burnham. Here we had the pleasure of meeting for the first time, Lord and Lady Burnham. As we entered the grounds, the village band welcomed us with the strains of "The Maple Leaf" which we understood they had started to practice as soon as they knew our party would be entertained here. Their rendering of it not satisfying Lady Burnham when she heard it that morning, they had religiously practiced it all day long and by the time we arrived, it sounded forth with a melodious enthusiasm and gusto that would have done credit to any Canadian band. We imagine though that for a few weeks following our visit they would prefer to play "Why Did I Kiss That Girl" or something of a similiarly frivolous nature to relieve the patriotic tension which they must have labored under.

The grounds of Hall Barn are very beautiful. It has the oldest lawn in England, a wonderful stretch of velvety green sward that only time could produce and which I am sure is without equal any place in the world. The poet Waller laid out the gardens several hundred years ago, and their chief beauty lies in their natural simplicity. It is a fitting home for the present occupants, for no place did we meet people of such charming simplicity with such true natural kindliness as Lord and Lady Burnham. After exploring the grounds we were entertained to a most lovely and informal afternoon tea. Sir Harry Brittain, M.P., of the Empire Press Union was with us here, as on many other occasions, and this added greatly to our pleasure as he was an outstanding favorite with the entire party.



**The Speech Delivered by Mr. David Lloyd George at Lord Beaverbrook's  
Dinner at the Queen's Hall, on Monday, July 7th, 1924.**

(From The London Daily Telegraph.)

Mr. Lloyd George, proposing "The Press of the Empire," welcomed the guests, not as strangers within our gates, but as comrades and kinsmen, to the old hearthstone. (Cheers.) They represented the Press of the greatest Empire the world had ever seen. Of no other Empire that ever existed could it be claimed that for centuries it had consecrated its might and strength to rescue human liberty from peril, and to establish human right where it was assailed. Within four centuries the British Empire had four times risked its existence in order to protect menaced right and freedom beyond its own frontiers. It was the great Empire of fair play in world affairs. The Press constituted the tribunes of this great Empire, and, he might add, its lictors, for they carried the big sticks. (Laughter.) Their steadiness and their steadfastness inspired and sustained the greatest effort this Empire had yet put forth. In the great world war, without their unwearied support, even the indomitable spirit of the brave peoples who constitute this mighty Commonwealth might have flagged and failed. In no part of the Empire was their power and devotion more helpful than in the great Dominions. We had not forgotten what our partners in Empire meant to us, and did for us, in the day of trial when, in the sacred cause of humanity and honour, we accepted a challenge, the most formidable ever hurled at our heads in the whole history of this fateful land. We were not a demonstrative people. We were commonly reputed to be phlegmatic. We were certainly not as effusive as the nations who forgot as soon as danger was driven from their doors, nay, from their very hearths—those without whose help they would have perished. We were mindful; we were grateful. (Cheers.)

The British Empire raised over 9,000,000 of men for her Armies and her Navies in the Great War, and of this gigantic total of men who bore arms the Dominions contributed over 1,000,000 of the very best. (Cheers.) The response to the call came without pressure or urgent appeal. He had often meditated with a sense of fear and trembling as to what might have happened if the million had not come. (Hear, hear.) Even with them it was a near thing. He remembered the anxious time when the armies of three of the Allies were completely broken and dispersed, and a fourth was overwhelmed with a great disaster. France thoroughly exhausted and her army forced to rest, Britain almost at the end of her man power, and America without a regiment in the trenches. What could we have done if the hundreds of thousands of brave men from Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and Newfoundland had not been with us in France or available to reinforce those who were already there, and the hundreds of thousands of gallant sons of India had not been there to help us in the East? (Cheers.) No, we had not forgotten, and we ought not to forget. Europe was not as satisfactory as it might be even now, but it was steadily improving. Let those who were discontented with the progress made just imagine what the condition of Europe would have been like to-day if the Allies had been overthrown and Prussian militarism had been enthroned on that Continent. We should have been flung back bruised and broken into the age of selfish force.

The British Empire saved humanity from that catastrophe. (Cheers.) The title of the Dominions to nationhood was won in rendering the greatest service to mankind ever achieved by any young people in history, and on that

record the old nations of the earth assembled at Versailles gladly admitted these heroic young nations into their ancient and honourable fraternity. The Great War was a revelation of the infinite possibilities of the British Empire. Canada was, in many respects, comparable with Scotland, and if it were populated at the same rate as Scotland they would have a population of 600,000,000. Australia was capable of maintaining a population at least fifty times as great as that which now lined its fertile shores. New Zealand, South Africa, Newfoundland, they could all maintain incredibly more numerous populations than anything they had to-day. The prospect in front of the British Empire staggered the imagination. It was not a dream—it was a purely arithmetical calculation. What its possibilities were for tomorrow, any man could calculate for himself. But to realise all these possibilities one must also study and comprehend thoroughly, not merely its capabilities, but its limitations and dangers. (Hear, hear.) These consisted in the immense distances which had to be traversed by the bonds of union, in the variety of its races, creeds, traditions, and interests. The task of the true believer in the policy of consolidation was to assist in minimising all these difficulties so as to knit the Empire more closely together. (Cheers.) But we must first of all recognise the difficulties without reference to prejudices or predilections. In reference to this aspect, he wanted to make an earnest appeal to all true friends of the British Empire everywhere. He was a profound believer in the British Empire—(cheers)—for what it now was, and for what it might become, for what it had done, and for the greater things it was capable of accomplishing.

#### Fervent and Honest Appeal.

On a recent occasion he went to the extent of voting against his own party on an Imperial issue submitted to the British Parliament. (Cheers.) That did not blind him to the danger of seeking unity merely on the basis of a controversial issue, and his fervent and honest appeal to all loyal sons of the Empire was this: That unity between the various parts of the Empire should be sought along lines which did not promote discord inside a single province of the Empire. There were in all the provinces of Empire, including Britain, internal issues which provoked controversy, some economic, some historical, some racial or religious. If possible, unity ought not to be sought along lines which roused any of these controversies, traversed any of these issues, or offended any of these susceptibilities. The unity of the Empire must not be made a party question, a racial question, or a religious question—(cheers)—if it could be achieved in any way by uniting all parties, sects, creeds, and races. (Cheers.) He believed this could be done with patience, forbearance, and a resolute endeavour to avoid making Imperial unity a factional question. It must not be a Conservative Empire, or a Liberal Empire, or a Socialist Empire, nor yet an Anglo-Saxon Empire or a Protestant Empire. (Hear, hear.) Its pattern must be woven out of threads of different material and of diverse colours. Race would not keep the Empire together; creed would not hold it in union. There were in it powerful and growing communities who resented fiercely the suggestion that they were Anglo-Saxon. There were thronging and spreading millions that were not Protestant. There were hundreds of millions who were not Christian. We must find a foundation for Empire that would cover all these formidable multitudes, and until it was found and accepted the Empire was not secure. (Hear, hear.) He urged a closer consultation between all parts of the Empire with a view to reaching a common policy. The war brought that end visibly nearer. During the last year of the war and the first six months of the peace an Imperial Cabinet, representing all parts of the Empire, sat in London to determine Imperial policy. All the treaties were settled by the closest consultation and after conferences between the Ministers and Princes who represented the nations of the Empire. That is why he deeply regretted the Lausanne episode.



(Hear, hear.) It was a set-back to Imperial unity, and he sincerely trusted it would never be repeated. (Hear, hear.) He also urged an improvement in the communications of the Empire. In spite of years of discussion we had made no real progress with this idea. If achieved it would encourage intercourse between the peoples of the Empire, and it would enable the produce of each country inside the Empire to reach the markets of the other countries in less time and at less cost than was possible to-day. Do not let us seek a quarrel about Empire. (Hear, hear.) Quarrels impeded progress. Let us seek unity in the paths of union. (Cheers.) The British Empire was the great democratic Empire. The Press alone could make a democratic Empire possible. The Press were the eyes and the ears and the voice of democracy to-day. This company represented the living agency which reconciled democracy and Empire, and made the combination a success. The British Empire was worthy of our best, our most sustained, and our most chivalrous endeavour. The Press could secure the triumph of the noble ideal of a United Empire of free nations which should be the watch tower and citadel of peace, liberty, and fair play in the world. (Cheers.)

In addition to the Canadian editors and their wives the guests at Lord Beaverbrook's dinner included:

The Earl of Birkenhead, Mr. Winston Churchill, The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Mr. Timothy Healy, Lord and Lady Burnham, Hon. Janet, Hon. E. H. Armstrong, Right Hon. Wilfred Ashley, M.P., and Mrs. Ashley, Sir A. Shirley Benn, M.P., and Lady Benn, Hon. R. B. Bennett, Sir Rowland Blades, M.P., and Ladys Blades, Sir A. and Lady Griffith-Boscawen, Sir Reginald and Lady Brade, Sir Harry E. Brittain, M.P., Colonel Sir George McLaren Brown and Lady Brown, Sir William Bull, M.P., and Lady Bull, Hon. H. and Mrs. Colebatch, Sir Martin Conway, M.P., Sir Dadiba and Lady Dalal, Sir D. Dalziel, Mr. Taylor Darbyshire, Sir Hugh and Lady Denison, Sir Robert and Lady Donald, Sir N. Grattan Doyle, M.P., and Lady Doyle, Sir James Dunn, Sir George and Lady Fenwick, the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn FitzGerald, Rev. Archibald Fleming, D.D., Baroness de Forest, Judge Forin, Lady Foster, Mr. J. Heddle, Sir Charles Higham, Sir Samuel Hoare, M.P., Mr. Justice Hodgins, Sir Osborne and Lady Holmden, Sir Joseph Hood, M.P., and Lady Hood, Sir Thomas and Lady Horder, Sir Robert Horne, M.P., Major-General Garnet and Mrs. Hughes, Lady Hulton, Lieut.-Colonel S. B. Joel, Sir Roderick and Lady Jones, Sir William Jury, Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy, M.P., Admiral Sir Charles and Lady Kingsmill, the Hon. P. C. Larkin and Miss Larkin, Sir Hedley and Lady Le Bas, Sir William Letts, Sir Hardman and Lady Lever, Sir George and Lady Lewis, Colonel Arthur Lynch, Right Hon. and Mrs. Ian MacPherson, Lord Marshall, Hon. Gwendolyn Marshall, Right Hon. C. F. G. Masterman, M.P., and Mrs. Masterman, Right Hon. C. A. and Mrs. McCurdy, Sir Harry and Lady McGowan, Commander and Mrs. McGrath, Earl and Countess of Minto, Lieut.-Colonel W. Grant Morden, M.P., and Mrs. Grant Morden, Hon. C. W. and Mrs. Noxon, Sir Duncan and Lady Orr-Lewis, Lady Maude Orr-Lewis, Lady Parker, Hon. Newton and Mrs. Rowell, Mr. Gordon Selfridge and Miss Selfridge, Sir Harold and Lady Snagge, Sir William and Lady Sowden, Brig.-General E. L. and Mrs. Spears, Sir Charles Starmer, M.P., Brig.-General, Sir Ronald and Lady Storrs, Major-General Sir Frederick and Lady Sykes, Hon. F. C. and Mrs. Wade, Sir Edgar and Lady Walton, the Duchess of Westminster, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Mathew and Lady Wilson, and Lord Wodehouse.



## LORD BIRKENHEAD AND CANADA.

### The Preference Decision—"Not Irrevocable and Shall be Revoked."

(The Manchester Guardian)

Lord Birkenhead, addressing on Sunday, July 6th, a gathering of Canadian newspaper editors at Col. Grant Morden's country home, alluded to the recent decision of Parliament on the Imperial Preference issue. "I most deeply deplore that decision," he said. "We do not seek to involve you in our domestic political disputes, but I say it plainly and frankly that that decision does not represent the views or the settled conclusion of the people of this country. As one who has not always been wrong in his predictions of the future, I ask you to carry back to Canada this message—that the decision which has been taken in the teeth of our protest is not only not irrevocable, but it shall be revoked.

"Tell them that there exists in this country many men not without the power of recommending their views to their fellow countrymen who, unlike those who took this decision, are still aware on the material side of the incomparable resources of the mighty Dominions and the advantages of the preference which you voluntarily gave us many years ago, and on the moral side who never forget that at the greatest crisis in our history you, like Australia, in the very early days of the war ranged yourselves on our side not only with material support but with the moral support of an unquenchable spirit of courage, which was even more valuable to us."

Referring to the development of Canada and the United States, Lord Birkenhead said: "We had the opportunity years ago of being the custodians and trustees of a nation which is to-day the most wealthy and the most equipped in versatile resources of any nation in the world. We lost—if ever it could have been preserved—the opportunity of continued association without the breach and without bitterness with the United States through the stupidity of Lord North and those who surrounded him. The problem which requires settlement to-day, which requires all the statecraft in your country and mine, is whether or not in close and harmonious association on terms of equal co-operation we may preserve the British Empire—the greatest constitutional wonder which the changed political and sociological developments have ever afforded, a loosely-associated free and equal brotherhood of great and self-respecting communities.

"If that association is to be preserved certain fundamental postulates must be made. First and foremost amongst these I put this, that there is absolute equality between each daughter State and the home country. There must be no question of our dictating policy to you, nor you dictating policy to us. People sometimes say that memories and gratitude are short. It is only the memories of the unworthy people that are short. Many things, mostly untrue, have been asserted against Englishmen, but no one can assert that we are ungrateful or that we forget our friends. Of all friends give me those who rally to your side, not in moments of prosperity, but of danger. I test the Dominion of Canada by that formula. There has been no moment in the last thirty years when our fortunes have been dark and menacing, in which Canada has not flung everything into the balance in our cause. Your young and brilliant manhood, all the resources of your material wealth, the incomparable comfort of your moral associations with our point of view—all these things have been ungrudgingly contributed, and none of them will be forgotten."

## An Impression of our Canadian Visitors.

(From The Harrogate Advertiser.)

It is difficult to over-estimate the value of our Canadian cousins' visit to this town, though we have outgrown the dismal state of which Kipling wrote so bitterly,—thinking our Empire still "is the Strand and Holborn Hill." We have yet much to learn of those dominions beyond the seas, which the feet of our young men have traversed, sometimes in travail, but always with courage and hope. There is an unfortunate tendency to reflect too much on the effect of England on our overseas visitors. This is wrong. One of the things that matters is the effect of our visitors on us. England is the mansion in which, as it were, the head of the family resides, surrounded with the pomp and pageantry of yesterday. Here the young visitors (no Colonial ever grows old) repair to look upon the stately avenues and tranquil lawns, which long ago they left. It behooves us to be careful gardeners! To keep our hedges trim, our roadways spotless. To let them know that our house is swept and garnished for their arrival, remembering that they come for more than amusement—they come for instruction and inspiration. The unaffected pleasure of our visitors last Sunday, the joy and pride with which they surveyed our town and countryside, must be a tremendous delight to the citizens of Harrogate. It was the privilege of the present writer to accompany a detachment of the journalists for the whole of their Sunday pilgrimage. Our chief impression of the day is the fact that one is heartily ashamed of oneself. The only soothing reflection is that there are doubtless many others who feel the same. We were prepared for questions, but not for the nature of the inquiries which we endeavoured to answer. In the main, they were entirely agricultural. Journeying by motor coach along the highways to Knaresborough, and later to Ripon and Fountains, the visitors looked at the land with the eyes of lovers—and experts. An untidy, badly farmed field (fortunately these were rare) provoked much irritation. The price of cattle, methods of hedging and ditching, the state of the roads, agricultural finance—these and a thousand more inquiries were directed at the present scribe, whose answers, owing to the lamentable ignorance which prevails among so many on these points, must have been singularly unsatisfactory. The glories of our antiques, the magnificence of our towns, the hospitality with which they were met—all these impressed our visitors, but the ruling passion was the land. The knowledge that such a large number of our people have left it saddens them. The Canadians are pre-eminently an agricultural people. They have their own superb cities, but they never, as we do, over-estimate their importance. The average Englishman is too often inclined to leave farming to farmers, devoting his energy and time entirely to civic affairs. The Canadian outlook is very different. To them the land comes first. Circumstances and the march of progress have changed the Englishman's environment, altering at the same time his mental perspective. One does not expect the community to be experts on farming matters, but we do feel ashamed of our comparative indifference. To dream entirely of commercial enterprises, to concentrate solely on municipal life, is an attitude of mind which must inevitably breed disaster. For these and many other reasons visitors from overseas act as a tonic, and also as discipline. Once upon a time England was an agricultural country. Conditions of life drove many of our young men to bring their knowledge and traditions to virgin soil and unhewed forests. We have seen the splendid results of their adventure. Some of them return. They are filled with admiration at our commercial achievements, the splendour of our docks and factories, the excellence of our trim and well planned towns. In spite of these things they think agriculturally.

Like Falstaff, they "babble o' green fields."

## A HAPPY FUNCTION AT CHESTER.

Presentations Are Made to W. Rupert Davies, Organizer of the Tour and to E. Roy Sayles, Manager of C.W.N.A. and Treasurer of the Tour.

The following article is taken from The Montgomeryshire County Times published at Welshpool, Wales. It is appended to this book, in order to publicly recognize in this permanent record the kindness and generosity of the members of the party to Mr. Sayles and the author:

A large party of proprietors and editors who are members of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association, including a number of ladies, who are at present touring this country, arrived on Wednesday at Chester from Swansea. They were met by Mr. C. P. Gasquoine (Editor of the Border Counties Advertiser), President; Mr. David Rowlands (County Times and Shrewsbury Chronicle) Honorary Secretary, and other members of the Shropshire and North Wales Newspaper Owners' Association, the proprietors of the Chester newspapers, and the President of the Newspaper Society, Mr. William Astle, Stockport. Shortly after their arrival the party, numbering 190 were entertained to lunch at the Grosvenor Hotel by the Shropshire and North Wales Newspaper Owners' Association and the proprietors of the Chester newspapers. Mr. Gasquoine occupied the chair, and among others present were the Mayor of Chester (Mr. C. P. Cockrill), the Mayoress, the Sheriff (Lieut.-Col. W. A. V. Churton, D.S.O.), and Mrs. Churton, the Town Clerk (Mr. J. H. Dickson) and Mrs. Dickson, the Chief Constable (Mr. T. C. Griffiths), Mr. William Astle and Mrs. Astle, Mr. David Rowlands, Mr. W. Rupert Davies, Renfrew Mercury, Ontario, organizer of the tour; Mr. Lorne A. Eedy of the Walkerton, Ontario, Telescope, President; and Mr. E. Roy Sayles, business manager of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association; Mr. F. Coplestone (Editor), and Mr. C. Smith (manager) of the Chester Chronicle; Mr. C. Cooper (Editor) and Mr. J. A. Birchall (manager) of the Chester Courant and Cheshire Observer; and Mr. John Anderson, Editor of the County Times.

Grace was said by the Rev. A. H. Moore, Rector of St. John's Parish, Quebec, and editor of the St. John News, St. John Quebec.

The Chairman, after the loyal toast, on behalf of his own association and the proprietors of the Chester newspapers, extended a very hearty welcome to the guests. It had been a great pleasure to them to arrange for that gathering, and as president of the association, he expressed his thanks and the thanks of his colleagues to their friends of the Chester newspapers, for making the arrangements for entertaining them that day. (Applause). Their Canadian colleagues were visitors, they were not strangers. They had come from the sumptuous hospitality of South Wales, and were going on to enjoy the hospitality of the capitalists of Lancashire and of his friend of the Newspaper Society at Stockport. But there was no point on their journey where they would have a more hearty welcome than on that borderland of Chester. (Applause.)

The Mayor, on behalf of the Corporation, gave the guests a very hearty welcome. They in Chester and North Wales looked upon the visitors as their kinsmen, comrades, and friends, and hoped their visit to this country would cement the members of the Empire into closer fellowship. (Applause).

Mr. W. Astle, as president of the Newspaper Society, joined in the welcome accorded the guests.

Mr. W. Rupert Davies returned thanks for the hearty reception. They had everywhere met with nothing but the warmest hospitality and kindness since they landed in this country, and it seemed to get better as they progressed northwards. (Applause). This party of Canadian weekly newspaper men and women was over to learn something of this country, its ways and methods, and its problems, and one of the things they had learned was that the English people were not a cold-hearted people, but a very warm-hearted and hospitable people. (Applause.)

A happy little ceremony ensued, in the presentation of a beautifully illuminated and engrossed scroll and a cheque for a handsome amount inside a silver cigarette case, to Mr. W. Rupert Davies, head of the committee that organized the tour, and similar gifts were given to Mr. Roy Sayles, treasurer of the party, who is secretary of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association in Toronto. Mr. Rupert Davies is a native of Welshpool, who went to Canada thirty years ago and is now the proprietor of a successful weekly newspaper in that Dominion. Chester was selected by the overseas party as a suitable place at which to make the presentation to him, on account of its being the nearest point to Welshpool at which the party has halted.

Mr. Lorne A. Eedy called upon Mr. Hugh Savage, director for British Columbia of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association, to read the address. It paid a high tribute to Mr. Rupert Davies as a business man, referred to the fact that he is a past-President of the Association and thanked him for having proposed and so ably organized the tour on which the party is now engaged.

The gifts were handed to Mr. Davies and Mr. Sayles by Mr. David Williams, Collingwood, and Mr. S. M. Wynn, of Yorkton, Saskatchewan.

Mr. Rupert Davies and Mr. Sayles acknowledged the gifts. Mr. Davies spoke of the pleasure it had given him to be the means of bringing his colleagues of the Canadian Weekly Press to visit this country, and he remarked that he had the previous day left the party in order to pay a visit to his native town of Welshpool, accompanied by his wife and young son. That day spent in his native town, renewing his acquaintanceship with old scenes and with old friends, had been one of the happiest days of his life.

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#### Group of Canadian Pacific Officials.

Sir George MacLaren Brown, European General Manager; H. L. Dring, European Passenger Manager; W. McCalla, Agent Belfast, Ireland; Major M. L. Duffy, General Agent, Glasgow; W. D. Grossett, Managing Director Antwerp, Belgium; L. H. R. Plummer, General Agent, Brussels, Belgium; A. V. Clark, Managing Director, Paris; and H. M. MacCallum, Assistant Steamship General Passenger Agent, Montreal with whom we conducted all the steamship negotiations and to whose courtesy and co-operation it is a pleasure to testify.

## “WHO’S WHO”

Giving a list of the Members of the Party. Taken from  
Official Handbook of Tour.

**ANTHES, MISS L. FRANCES**—Born at Kitchener, Ontario, and educated at Trinity College, Toronto. She is editor of The St. Hilda’s Chronicle. Has previously traveled in Europe.

**ARENBURG, H. R.**—Born at Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, in October of the year 1892. Graduated from Lunenburg High School in 1909. Attended Dalhousie University in the years 1911 and 1912; and Acadia University in the years 1913 and 1914. Became associated with The Progress-Enterprise as its editor-manager at the time of the re-organization of the Company in December, 1917. Unattached.

**ANSLOW, HARRY B.**—Born at Newcastle, N.B., in 1876. In 1892 he joined the mechanical staff of The Union Advocate owned by his father, the late W. C. Anslow. Upon the death of his father, he assumed control with his brother, the late Chas. W. Anslow. Sold out interests in Newcastle in 1907 and removed to Campbellton as editor and manager of The Campbellton Graphic. Hobby, hunting and fishing. He is accompanied by Mrs. Anslow, who is a native of Inverness, Scotland.

**AVARD, C. C.**—Born in Point de Bute, New Brunswick, in 1875. Was educated in the common schools, Provincial Normal School, Mount Allison and Dalhousie Universities. He is managing director of The Sackville Tribune, semi-weekly, The Wesleyan, weekly, and The Busy East, monthly. Has many interests including lumber, paper boxes, etc. Hobby: Silver black foxes. He is accompanied by Mrs. Avard.

**APPLEYARD, W. J.**—Who is a representative of The Dunnville Chronicle, was born in Humberstone, Ontario, in the year 1883, educated at Welland high school and Niagara Falls Collegiate. Is Past Master, Amity Masonic Lodge, Past Zed McCallum Chapter, Past Preceptor St. Bernard de Clairveaux Preceptory, Dunnville. Has been President of the Dunnville club for past four years, and is also President of the Dunnville Amateur Athletic Association.

**ARCHER, ALFRED**—Born at Blackpool, Lancashire, England in 1874, and learned printing trade there. Moved to British Columbia, later going to South Africa where he had charge of Government Printing Works, Pretoria. Joined the Linotype organization in 1906. Now general sales manager of Canadian Linotype, Limited. He is accompanied by Mrs. Archer.

**BALLANTYNE, W. B.**—Born at Brussels, Ont., in 1870 and educated at the public schools of that town. Worked in Vancouver 1891-2 and in 1896 purchased The Emerson Journal, of which he is editor and proprietor. He is accompanied by Mrs. Ballantyne.

**BASSETT, R. N.**—Who is representing The Pickering News, was born in Oshawa, 1880. Lived in London, Ont., in 1901-02. Came to Whitby in 1902. Mayor of Whitby ’23 and ’24; also director of the Ontario Ladies College. Accompanied by Mrs. Bassett.

**BELL, HAROLD W. B.**—Of Strathmore, Alberta, who with Mr. Mackenzie, is representing the Strathmore Standard, was born in North Aberdeenshire, Scotland, on May 18th, 1887. Went to London in 1904. Farmed in Alberta 1910 to 1916. At present Mayor of Strathmore and President of Board of Trade.

**CORSON, R. J.**—Born at Markham, July 8th, 1857, and is descended from U. E. Loyalist stock. He was educated at the Markham High School and after serving an apprenticeship in the office of The Economist became the partner of his father in the business in 1878. He is now editor and proprietor of The Markham Economist and Sun. Is a director of the Horne Telephone Co., and Ralph R. Corson Ltd. Hobby, his garden. He is accompanied by Mrs. Corson.

**BRITTON, BYRON O.**—Was born in Gananoque, Ont., and nurtured in a printing office. Associated with his father in editing and publishing from youth until 1905, when he assumed full control of The Gananoque Reporter. Greatest hobby is work, but relaxes among the beauties of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. He is accompanied by Mrs. Britton.

**CLARK, CHAS.**—Is the editor and publisher of The Times at High River, Alberta. A director of C.W.N.A. Hobby, hunting.

**CAVE, MISS HAZEL**—Is representing The Beaverton Express, published at Beaverton, Ontario, of which her father is editor.

**CORMIER, MAX D.**—Is editor and proprietor of Le Madawaska, a French weekly published at Edmundston, New Brunswick. Mr. Cormier is a well-known Eastern editor and visited the west with the C.W.N.A. in 1921.

**CAUSGROVE, MISS R. L.**—Was born at Thamesville, Ontario and received her education in the public, high and normal schools. She is representing The Thamesville Herald of which she is contributing editor. Hobby, music.

**CALNAN, A. E.**—Born on a farm at Hillier, Ontario, May 23rd, 1867. Became managing editor Picton Gazette in 1913. Is now proprietor. Was the first president Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association, 1919-20. He is accompanied by Mrs. Calnan and daughter, Miss Marjorie Calnan.

**CREECH, R. N.**—Proprietor of The Exeter Advocate. Was born at Exeter in 1876, and received his education in Exeter, Clinton and London. After teaching school for seven years he joined The Exeter Advocate as part owner in 1903. Chairman of the Exeter Board of Education; Past Master Masonic Lodge; Past Grand Oddfellows Lodge. Hobby, sports. He is accompanied by Mrs. Creech.

**CRESWELL, MRS. G. H.**—Was born at Teeswater, Ont., and educated at Pembroke. Now resides in Lachute, Que., and is attached to The Watchman.

**DAVIES, W. RUPERT**—Was born at Welshpool, North Wales, in 1879. Educated at Oldford Grammar School. To Canada in 1894, joining staff of Brantford Expositor. Published Thamesville Herald 1908-19. Purchased Renfrew Mercury 1919, and The Journal in 1923. President Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association 1920-21 attending Imperial Press Conference Ottawa in that capacity 1920. Member Empire Press Union and Board Directors C.W.N.A.; President Selected Weeklies of Ontario. Is accompanied by Mrs. Davies and son Robertson.

**DENHOLM, JAMES MERCER**—Was born in London, Ontario in 1880. Educated Toronto University. Was raised in the rural newspaper business, his father, the late Andrew Denholm having conducted papers in Woodstock, Kincardine and Blenheim. Has been operating Blenheim News-Tribune since 1902 and built a model print shop in 1920. Made previous tours of Great Britain and Europe in 1900 and 1923. Issued series of interesting letters of both trips in book form.



**DOWNEY, MISS MOLLY**—Is a free lance journalist who inherits the writing gift from her father, Mr. J. P. Downey, ex-M.P.P., superintendent of the Ontario Hospital at Orillia, who for thirty years was active in Ontario journalism, and was well-known as the brilliant and eloquent editor of The Guelph Herald.

**DOUGLAS, MRS. A. P.**—Of New Glasgow, N.S., was born at Stellarton, Pictou Co., N.B., and educated in the Stellarton Public School and the Girls High School of Montreal. She is the wife of the editor and proprietor of The New Glasgow, N.S., Enterprise, and is associate editor of that paper. Mrs. Douglas take a keen interest in all public movements in church, town and state.

**DUBUC, VINCENT**—Born at Chicoutimi 1894. Educated Chicoutimi Seminary. Three years at Laval University with degree of L.L.L., 1917. After year of work in pulp industry, became managing-proprietor of Le Progres du Saguenay. Is managing-director of Provincial Public Utilities and Director of Quebec-Saguenay Telephone Co., Saguenay Securities Co., Insurance; Cote-Boivin & Co., wholesale merchants; also director C. W. N. A.

**EEDY, LORNE A.**—Who has just been elected president for 1924-25 of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association, was born 1881, son of John W. Eedy, publisher St. Marys Journal. Graduated Toronto University 1904. Had training in daily, weekly and trade newspaper work. Publisher of Walkerton Telescope since 1915. Active on Church, Board of Trade, High School and Public Library Boards. Mrs. Eedy who is prominent in women's work, accompanies him. Have three children.

**ELLIS, A. W.**—Proprietor of The Petrolia Advertiser-Topic was born in Walkerton in 1881. He attended Walkerton Schools. Served three years on Walkerton Herald, and was with Montreal Herald 1899-1900. Bought Wyoming Enterprise 1902, sold it in 1905 then to St. John, N.B., advertising department, Red Rose Tea. 1908-10 Vancouver, B.C., Business Manager B.C. Fruit Magazine. Bought Petrolia Advertiser in 1910 and Topic in 1917. Secretary Lambton County Mothers' Allowance Board. Hobby, motoring.

**EVANS, F. L. E.**—Was born at Delaware, Ont., in the year 1861, and educated in Strathroy. Entered journalism with his brother in 1882, when they purchased "The Age," Strathroy. Has managed paper continuously ever since. The Strathroy Dispatch was absorbed by "The Age" in 1921. Hobbies, Art and sports. He is accompanied by Mrs. Evans.

**FIELDING, MRS. URQUHART, JEAN**—Educated in Public Schools and Nova Scotia Academy. Editor and half owner of The Windsor Tribune. Has taken charge of the editorial work of the paper since 1905. She is a descendant of the Urquharts of Aberdeen, Scotland where the majority of her relatives still are. The first lady member of the Board of Trade in Canada, is on the Board of the Payzant Memorial Hospital. Is a member of the Red Cross Council of Canada and Vice-President of the Red Cross of Nova Scotia.

**FLEMING, C. A.**—Of The Sun-Times, Owen Sound. Born 1857, Connected with the printing business 36 years. President of Fleming Publishing Co., Ltd., publisher of Sun-Times. Twenty years ago acquired the Sun and six years ago amalgamated The Times. Hobbies—radio and hunting. Accompanied by daughter, Miss Lillian Fleming.

**FORBES, MISS ANTOINETTE, B.A.**—Born in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. Academic education at Pictou Academy. Became Vice-Principal of the Hants County Academy, Windsor, N.S., when she retired to take up newspaper work in The Windsor Tribune, which she had with Mrs. Jean U. Fielding purchased in 1905 at Sheriff sale. Has since continued in the work as business manager and secretary of The Windsor Tribune Publishing Co. Ltd. After teaching for some years, Miss Forbes entered Dalhousie University at Halifax, Nova Scotia, graduating in Arts and taking prizes in Greek and other languages.

**FRY, W. A.**—Was born at Dunnville, in 1872. In 1896, founded The Dunnville Chronicle, and found a wife, who is chaperoning him on this trip. Edits one and think he manages both. Chairman Dunnville Public Utilities Commission and President Ontario Hockey Association, whose seniors recently won the world's championship at Chamonix, France. Director C. W. N. A.

**FRENCH, V. C.**—Was born near Oshawa, Ont., in 1876; joined Exeter Times staff in 1890. Later was employed on Monetary Times. Was foreman of Mitchell Recorder, also Clinton New Era. For past twenty-three years has been editor and proprietor Wetaskiwin Times (Alberta). Is a past president and director of the C.W.N.A. Hobby curling. He is accompanied by Mrs. French.

**FREDERICK, CHAS. W.**—Was born at Glencoe, Ont., in 1883. Served apprenticeship in office of Glencoe Transcript. Edited several papers in Western Canada before establishing Peace River Record in 1914. Also owns Northern Review, Waterloo, Alberta. Mayor of town of Peace River. He is accompanied by Mrs. Frederick.

**FRENETTE, ALFRED**—Was born at St. Luc, County of Champlain on January 29th, 1889, and educated at Three Rivers Academy. He was formerly connected with the "Bien Public" of Three Rivers, and is now the owner of Le Canadien, Thetford Mines, Que.

**GALBRAITH, F. W.**—Editor and publisher of The Red Deer Advocate of Red Deer, Alberta. Learned the newspaper business with The Guelph Daily Mercury 1884-1906. Has conducted the Red Deer Advocate 1906. Member of City Council 1924. Accompanied by Mrs. Galbraith—nee Jessie H. Robson, Napanee—graduate Toronto University 1889. Taught at Deseronto, P.S., Walkerton H.S., Guelph, C.I.

**GARRETT, HAROLD F.**—Editor and publisher of The Davidson Leader, Davidson, Saskatchewan. Was born at Bradford on August 4th, 1883, and was educated in that town. Has been associated with the publishing business in Eastern and Western Canada, in the latter with The Saskatoon Phoenix, and The Regina Daily Standard. Purchased The Davidson Leader in '09.

**GILES, J. S.**—Was born at Southampton, England, in the year 1869 and was educated there. Served his apprenticeship with Eyre & Spottiswoode of London, England. Came to Canada in 1891 and joined staff of Daily Witness, Montreal. In 1897 bought The Lachute Watchman of which he is editor and proprietor. He is accompanied by Mrs. Giles.

**GIROUARD, ARTHUR**—Was born at Drummondville, on June 30th, 1883, and educated at McGill University. Is editor of Le Canadien of Thetford Mines, Que. Is accompanied by Mrs. Girouard.

**HALE, C. H.**—Was born at Orillia in 1874, and has been on the staff of The Packet, which was founded by his father and uncle, even since he left school, filling every post from devil to editor. He takes chief outside interest in public and civic affairs, and he is at present chairman of the Water, Light and Power Commission. A Conservative, and an Anglican. Vice-President Selected Weeklies of Ontario.

**HASTINGS, MRS. M. E.**—Was born at Widewake, Sask. Is assistant editor of The Herald at Cupar, Sask., a member of the C.W.N.A. and sister-in-law of Fred Whiskin owner of The Herald.

**HEAMAN, MRS. W. J.**—Was born in St. Paul, Minn., and educated there. Is the wife of Major W. J. Heaman, 161st Overseas Battalion. Represents Exeter Times. Fond of bridge and travel.

**HELLEMS, MISS BERTHA.**—Is representing The Kingsville Reporter of which her father is editor and publisher. She was born in the town of Essex and educated in Toronto and Chicago. In addition to qualifying as a journalist, she is a specialist in physical culture.

**HUNTER, J. J.**—Was born at Brantford in the year 1867. Joined the editorial staff of The Expositor in 1881. Has edited papers both in Eastern and Western Canada. In 1905 bought The Kincardine Reporter of which he is editor and proprietor. Is President of Bruce Telephone System, and a director of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association. Was Mayor of Kincardine in 1920. Is a well known political campaign speaker, and has on two occasions been chosen as Liberal candidate for the Federal House, once in Toronto and once in North Bruce. He is accompanied by Mrs. Hunter.

**HURLEY, JAS. J.**—Was born in London, England, December 24th, 1863. His widowed mother emigrated to Canada in 1866. Educated in Canadian Public School. Apprenticed to printing business in 1879. Is now majority stock holder and Managing Director of Hurley Printing and Publishing Co., Limited of Brantford, Ontario. Was alderman of city of Brantford and is a Past-President of Liberal Association of that city. Is an authority on printing costs. Hobby, gardening. He is accompanied by Mrs. Hurley.

**JACQUES, FRED B.**—A representative of The Vernon News, born at Flesherton, Ont., 1865. Went west in the early days and took a prominent part in the early history of the Okanagan Valley where he settled. A keen fisherman, prominent in Masonic, Oddfellow and other lodge circles and has occupied many positions of public trust.

**JACQUES, MISS HAZEL**—Was educated at Sault Ste. Marie, Toronto and the Macdonald Institute at Guelph. Is at present residing at North Battleford, and represents The Turtleford Record, to which she is contributing editor, on this trip.

**JONES, DAN A.**—Was born at Carlton Place, in the Ottawa Valley, on December 7th, 1881, and received his education at Eganville, Renfrew Co. He learned the printing trade in the office of The Eganville Enterprise, and in 1906 purchased the business. In 1911, purchased The Pembroke Observer, which he still owns and edits. Has taken an active interest in municipal and political affairs. Was mayor of Pembroke 1920-21. Hobbies—Fishing and motoring (and fish stories). He is accompanied by Mrs. Jones.

**KENNY, J. L.**—Was born at Hamilton, February 3rd, 1881. Joined the staff of Buntin Gillies & Co., Ltd., wholesale stationers and paper dealers, March 1st, 1897. Representing The Hamilton Prospect. He is accompanied by Mrs. Kenny.

**KRUG, WELLINGTON G.**—Of Chesley, Bruce county is one of the representatives of The Enterprise of that town. He was born October 2nd, 1890, and educated in the Chesley Public and High schools. He is accompanied by Mrs. Krug.

**KERRY, L. L.**—Born in England 1892. Came to Canada in 1910. Was surveying in Alberta and British Columbia until the outbreak of war, Joined the staff of The Vernon News in 1919 and is now in charge of advertising and circulation. The Vernon News is one of the outstanding weeklies of Canada and in 1923 won the Brennan silver cup given for the best all-round weekly newspaper in Canada.

**LANCASTER, T. P.**—Is the owner and editor of The Standard published at Havelock, Ontario.

**LEGG, GEORGE**—Was born at Gifford, Oxford, England, in 1861. Served apprenticeship Banbury (Eng.), Guardian 1875-82. Married Miss Jean Carter, Aylesbury (Eng.) 1888. Honeymoon trip to Canada. Superintendent Southam Press, Montreal, 1889-1900. Located in Granby, Que., October 1900. Organized Granby Printing & Publishing Co., Amalgamated Leader and Mail. Now owns controlling interest. Hobby, Photography. Accompanied by Mrs. Legge.

**LOVE, T. ALFRED**—Was born in Dufferin County, Ont., 1883; educated Toronto schools; served on Alliston Herald, afterwards editing Gazette, Rainy River, Ont.; Chronicle, Morden, Man. In 1911 acquired Gazette at Grand Forks, British Columbia, the hub of the finest fruit valley on earth.

**MACBETH, MALCOLM**—Was born in Brant township, Bruce county, November 15th, 1868. Educated in Walkerton High School. Was employed for a year on Walkerton Telescope. Purchased Milverton Sun in 1893, and has edited and managed it since that time. Is also postmaster of Milverton. Interested in education and collector of Canadiana. He is accompanied by Mrs. MacBeth.

**MOORE, REV. A. H. (M.A.)**—Born Kingsey, Que. in 1869. Educated University of Bishops College, Lennoxville, Que. Founded "The Mitre," the University magazine. Edits "The Montreal Churchman," official organ of the Diocese of Montreal. Editor of "The News," St. John, Que., and president of company publishing same. Governor of Bishop's University. Chairman Editorial Committee C. W. N. A.

**McDONALD, J. E.**—Of New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, who represented The Eastern Chronicle on the trip to the coast in 1921 is again representing that paper on this trip. He is accompanied by Mrs. Macdonald.

**MacBETH, ANDREW**—Was born in County Bruce, Ont. Organized Monkton Times and Linwood News. Taught School in Stratford, Ont. Moved to Regina, Sask., in 1908, and became connected with The Regina Leader. Is also manager of the Mutual Life of Canada at Regina. Was Federal Liberal Candidate in Regina 1917. Alderman 1917 and 1918 in Regina. Now member Public School Board. He is accompanied by his sister, Miss Nellie MacBeth of Regina, Sask.

**MACDONALD, JAMES**—Born at Stirling, Scotland in 1878. Educated at Inverness and Ayr Academy. Served time in Ayr, Scotland. Worked in Glasgow, Dundee, Stirling. To Canada in 1905. Worked in Toronto, Regina, Saskatoon. Homesteaded. Bought Unity Courier 1915. Is president of The Saskatchewan Division of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association. Married. Five bairns, three of them boys. Hobby is Prohibition if discussed under favorable conditions.

**MACKENZIE, JOHN**—Born Rothesay, Scotland, February 1st, 1887. Learned journalism with "Rothesay Express." Arrived Canada 1909. First position reporter with "Albertan." After three months established Strathmore Standard, and has conducted same ever since, with exception of three years active service with C. E. F. For past two years President Alberta Press Association.

**MACLAREN, J. A.**—Born 1872, Wakefield, Que. Educated in Almonte and Bowmanville. In 1893 joined Chatham Daily Banner. In 1895 bought Barrie (Ont.) Examiner which he edited and published alone until 1914; since, in partnership with Mr. W. C. Walls. Has served on Education, Parks, Public Library, Hospital, Horticultural and Agricultural Boards, Hobby, floriculture. His sister Miss Jean MacLaren, accompanies him.

**MOORE, R. J. E. (B.A.)**—Born in Compton county, Que., in 1901. Educated at Bishop's College School and University. Master at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville. Representative of "The News," St. Johns, Que.

**MCDONALD, WILLIAM**—Editor and proprietor of The Chesley Enterprise, was born in Chesley in the year 1862. Was educated at Chesley Public School, Walkerton High School and Owen Sound Collegiate Institute. Was Warden of the county of Bruce in 1905 and member of the Ontario Legislature for North Bruce from 1911 to 1919. He is accompanied by Mrs. McDonald.

**McGUIRE, BLANEY**—Was born at Orangeville in the year 1860. Began the printing trade in 1874 in the office of The Orangeville Advertiser. Served on The London Advertiser, Brantford Telegram and Expositor and Tillsonburg Liberal. Established The Orangeville Banner in July 1893. In 1897 Mr. A. D. McKitrick became a partner. Since then the firm name has been McGuire & McKitrick. Hobby: Lacrosse. He is accompanied by Mrs. McGuire and daughter, Miss Ruth. Mr. and Mrs. McGuire lost two sons in the Great War. One is buried at Poperhinge and one at Reninghelst. Mr. McGuire and family will visit these cemeteries while touring the battlefields.

**McGILLIVRAY, Wm. A.**—Owner and editor of The Review of Coronation, Alberta. Was born at Walkerton, Ont., in the year 1870. Left Ontario in 1891 for Western Canada where he has resided since, with the exception of two years in Africa during the Boer War. Has been in the newspaper business since the beginning of 1917 and also has a farm of one section which he looks after as a side line.

**McINTOSH, CAMERON R.**—Was born at Dornoch, Grey County, Ontario in the year 1871. Educated in Public Schools of native county, Durham High School and Owen Sound Collegiate. Graduated (B.A.) Queen's University. Principal Athens and Perth Public and Model Schools 1901-1911. Came west 1911. Purchased North Battleford News 1912; Turtleford Record 1916. Representative for Saskatchewan, on national executive Association Canadian Clubs. President Canadian Club of the Battlefords. Hobby, politics. He is accompanied by Mrs. McIntosh.

**MITCHELL, G. H.**—Was born at Arthur, Ontario, in the year 1883, and educated at the public school of that town and the Owen Sound Collegiate Institute. Inherited The Hanover Post from his father, the late John Mitchell, who founded the paper in 1872. Sportsman. He is accompanied by Mrs. Mitchell and daughter, Miss Dorothy.

**MOORE, C. H.**—Was born at Acton, Ont., in 1878. Learned the printing with The Acton Free Press, later working in Toronto for eight years. Joined the Dundas Star in 1904, and purchased the business in 1913. Is president of the Dundas Board of Trade. He is accompanied by Mrs. Moore.

**MORTIMER, MRS. SARAH**—Was born in Priceville, Grey Co. Ontario. Since the death of her husband, R. L. Mortimer, who was for many years editor and publisher of The Shelburne Free Press, she has continued to conduct that paper with marked success. Mrs. Mortimer is accompanied by Miss Kaye of Detroit.

**MORPHY, WALTER, S.**—Who is representing The Brampton Conservator, was born at Brantford in 1860. He received his legal education at Osgoode hall and is crown attorney for Peel Co. He is accompanied by his wife and his daughter, Miss Evelyn Morphy.

**MOORE, H. P., J. P.**—Editor and president of The Acton Free Press. Was born in Acton on October 18th, 1858. Was educated in Acton Public School, Rockwood Academy, Albert College, Belleville, and graduate Chautauqua C. S. C. L. Ex-President Canadian Press Association; member executive Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, Magistrate of the town of Acton. He is accompanied by Mrs. Moore.

**NICKLIN, H. R.**—Was born in Perth Co., 1889. Taught school in Eastern and Western Canada. Graduated Queen's University 1916. Three years overseas with C. A. M. C. Representing The Monkton Times.

**NOLAN, A. V.**—Was born at Uxbridge, Ontario County, in year 1888. Owned and edited the Uxbridge Times, Uxbridge Journal and Barrie Advance. Also a member of Bruce County Publishers' Association. Purchased Stouffville Tribune, of which he is editor and proprietor, in 1922. Hobby, "The Country Weekly."

**OLMSTEAD, C. L.**—Born at Scotchtown, N.B., on May 20th, 1873. Became editor and proprietor of The Victoria News in June, 1920. Accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Norval H. MacPhail.

**PARSON, H. G.**—Born London, England, 1865. Arrived Canada 1883. Joined House of Commons Press Gallery staff of Toronto Mail Sessions 1884-5. Lived in B. C. since 1887. Proprietor Golden "Star" about twenty years. Conservative M.L.A. Columbia riding for two parliaments. Actively interested in politics.

**PEARCE, P. GEO.**—Was born in Hamilton in the year 1874. Proprietor of Waterford Star since 1897. The Pearce Publishing Co., Limited, P. Geo. Pearce President, purchased The Waterford Star and The Simcoe Reformer on May 27th, 1922. Has also conducted a fruit farm as a hobby.

**QUICK, E. G.**—Was born in the Island of Jersey in the year 1885 and moved to England when six years of age. After receiving an education there he migrated to Western Canada in 1905, and after working on the staffs of papers and in job printing establishments in various cities, he took over The Plaindealer in 1917, which he has since edited. He is accompanied by Mrs. Quick and children.

**RICE, H. E.**—Was born at Wyoming, Ontario, in 1874, and educated in same place. Spent early years in mercantile pursuits. Joined staff of Huntsville Forester in 1899, and in 1913 purchased the business, becoming editor and proprietor. Has been active in municipal politics, and filled offices of Mayor and President of Board of Trade. Was candidate for Legislature in 1919 and 1923. Hobby, politics. He is accompanied by Mrs. Rice.

**SAVAGE, HUGH**—Born Stratford-on-Avon, England, 1883. Educated King Edward VI. School at that place. Served S. African war as volunteer 1901-2. Began newspaper work, when working his way around world, by contributing to New Zealand and English publications. Returned to Canada 1909. After year in Cobalt country went to Vancouver. On staff Daily Province and New Westminster dailies 1910-14. Editor and proprietor Cowichan Leader, Duncan, B.C. since 1914.

**SHORE, H. J.**—Editor and proprietor Port Colborne, Ont., citizen. Born at Campbellford, Ont., 1888 and educated at Ithaca and Waverly, N.Y. Entered newspaper business as devil on The Campbellford Despatch. Secured printing and journalistic experience in Chatham, Peterboro, Ottawa. May 1914 purchased Port Colborne Times and changed name to Citizen. Is vice-president of the Port Colborne Supply Co., Ltd.

**SERSON, JOHN R.**—Born in 1880 at Ridgetown, Ontario, Educated at Trinity College. Representing The Ridgetown Dominion. Address, Mimico, Ontario. Hobby, politics. He is accompanied by Mrs. Serson.

**SKELTON, MRS. OLIVE M.**—Was born in Woodstock, Ont., and received her education in St. Paul, Minn. She is the representative of The Hensall Observer.

**SAYLES, E. ROY**—Was born in the county of Norfolk in 1876. Was educated at Brantford, and spent some years on The Brantford Daily Expositor, Was proprietor of Port Elgin Times for ten years, becoming president of the Canadian Press Association in 1919, and represented that organization at Imperial Press Conference at Ottawa in 1920. Now general manager Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association and Treasurer of this tour. Member Tamarac Island Fishing and Shooting Club. He is accompanied by Mrs. Sayles and his daughter, Miss Eleanor Jean.

**SEARS, FRANK H.**—Was born Mount Forest, December 9, 1878, Started "devilling" on The Preston Progress in 1892, later going to The Galt Reporter, Bryant Press, Toronto and Welland Telegraph. Joined Toronto Type Foundry in 1910 and has been manager Montreal Branch and Western Readyprints since 1917. He is accompanied by Mrs. Sears.

**SHEPPERSON, J. W.**—Who is representing The St. George Sentinel, became editor and publisher of that paper about 1890. Has also been connected with papers in Brantford and Hamilton. Is interested in several industrial enterprises, being secretary-treasurer of Ham Bros. of Brantford. Has been chairman of the Brantford School Board, an alderman of that city, and was Liberal candidate for the Legislature in 1923. Hobby, golf. He is accompanied by Mrs. Shepperson.

**SOUTHCOTT, J. M.**—Was born at Exeter, Ont., in September 1886, and was educated in that town. Started with The Exeter Times as an apprentice in 1902; editor and managing-director since 1911; acquired The Hensall Observer in 1922; member of the municipal council; Past Master of Masonic Lodge; Post Grand of I.O.O.F.; Superintendent of Methodist Sunday School for five years. Likes a game of checkers.

**SCOTT, W. J.**—Resides at Peterboro, and is the representative of The Norwood Register. He is accompanied by Mrs. Scott.

**STEVENS, W. J.**—Was born in 1886, in the city of Toronto, where he resides. He is representing The Weston Times. Was educated at Toronto University. Mrs. Stevens accompanies him.

**STEWART, MRS. J. A.**—Was born at Dayton, Ohio., and educated in Bowmanville, Ontario; is representing The Exeter Advocate. Two sons fought through the Great War. Fond of "Bridge."

**TARIO, MISS M.**—Was born and educated at Pembroke. Is representing The Pembroke Standard.

**TAYLOR, ROSS, L.**—Is assistant editor of The London Free Press, and resides at 364 Princess Avenue, London. Was born in Minnedosa, Manitoba in 1898. Was educated in London and joined staff of Free Press in 1919. Served three years overseas. Hobby, tennis.

**TEMPLIN, J. C.**—Continues to live in Fergus, Ontario, where he was born. Taught school, becoming editor and proprietor of The Fergus News-Record 22 years ago. Was secretary of the Horticultural Society for many years; a member of the Board of Education, being chairman for three years; a Mason and an Oddfellow.

**TURNER, MISS IONA**—Is travelling with the party in the capacity of a free lance journalist, representing several Saskatchewan weeklies. She was born at Fort Qu'Apple, Sask., and educated there and at Regina.

**TUDHOPE, MISS MARJORIE**—Was born in Orillia and is a daughter of Mr. J. B. Tudhope, ex-M.P. of Orillia, a well-known manufacturer. She was educated at Orillia Collegiate Institute and Toronto Ladies' College. She is representing The Orillia Times.

**WOODLAND, HAROLD E.**—Was born at Ottawa, Ontario, May 17th, 1874, and educated at Toronto and Ottawa. He is representing The Gazette of Grand Forks, B.C.

**WHISKIN, FRED**—Was born at Great Yarmouth, England, in the year 1890. He joined the staff of The Cupar Herald, Cupar, Sask., in 1907 and later was on the staff of The Prairie News at Govan. Purchased The Cupar Herald in 1911.

**WILLIAMS, DAVID**—Born in Carlingford, Ontario, January 16th, 1869 and educated in Collingwood Public School and Collegiate Institute. Joined editorial staff of Collingwood Bulletin 1886. Joint proprietor and editor since 1890. Secretary treasurer of Bulletin Presses Limited. President of Canadian Press Association 1908-09. President Ontario Historical Society 1909-1911. President Ontario Library Association 1915-16. Hobby, Libraries and local history. Member Arts and Letters Club, Toronto. He is accompanied by Mrs. Williams and daughter, Miss Winnifred Williams.

**WILSON, J. LOCKIE**—Was born at Glengarry, Ontario, in 1856. Joined the Ontario Government Publications Department in 1906. Is also president of Ontario Fairs Association.

**WODELL, JOHN EDWARD**—Editor of The Alberta Farmer of Calgary, Alberta, was born in Watford, England in 1869, and was educated at Sarnia and Hamilton, Ontario. He served apprenticeship at printing business at Sarnia Canadian office. Joined Hamilton Herald reportorial staff when that paper was started; later with Hamilton Spectator as reporter, news editor and managing editor following death of J. R. Cameron. Managing director of Morning News, Lethbridge, Alberta, in 1912-13; editorial writer Calgary Herald from 1914 until assumed editorship of Alberta Farmer.

**WRIGHT, ARTHUR W.**—Editor and proprietor of The Mt. Forest Confederate and Representative. Was born in the Township of Nichol on February 12th, 1855, and was educated at Fergus Public and High Schools and Toronto University, where he graduated with honors in Moderns. Taught school in Garafraxa, Port Arthur, Fergus, Bradford, Orillia, Walkerton and Galt. Published Confederate from 1902. Purchased Representative in 1918. Secretary-Treasurer Wellington Press Association since 1905. Director C.W.N.A. He is accompanied by his daughter, Miss Anne Wright.

**WYNN, S. N.**—Was born at Palmerston, Ont. in 1885. Joined the staff of The Tribune, West Toronto in 1899. Went West to Yorkton to take a position on The Enterprise in 1905 and took over the editorship of that paper the following year. He has been identified with The Enterprise in that capacity ever since and is now secretary-treasurer and managing director of the company. In the fall of 1922 The Enterprise entered the twice-a-week field and now has the distinction of being Saskatchewan's only twice-a-week newspaper. Is director of Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association.

**YOUNG, W. R.**—Of The Cornwall Freeholder is associated with his father in the editing and managing of that old-established weekly. He was born in Cornwall in 1888, and educated in the Public and High Schools of that town. Spent a few years in Montreal and joined staff of Freeholder in 1912. Hobby, golf.

**ZINGG, E. S.**—Born at New Hamburg, Ont., 1872. Established "The Post" at Wapella, Sask., 1899; editor and proprietor continuously since. Was President of Western Canada Press Association 1910-11. Present mayor town of Wapella, Sask. Hobby, politics and golf. He is accompanied by Mrs. Zingg and his sister, Mrs. Marrin.







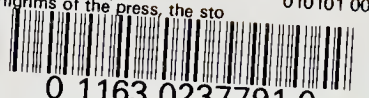








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Davies, William Rupert

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